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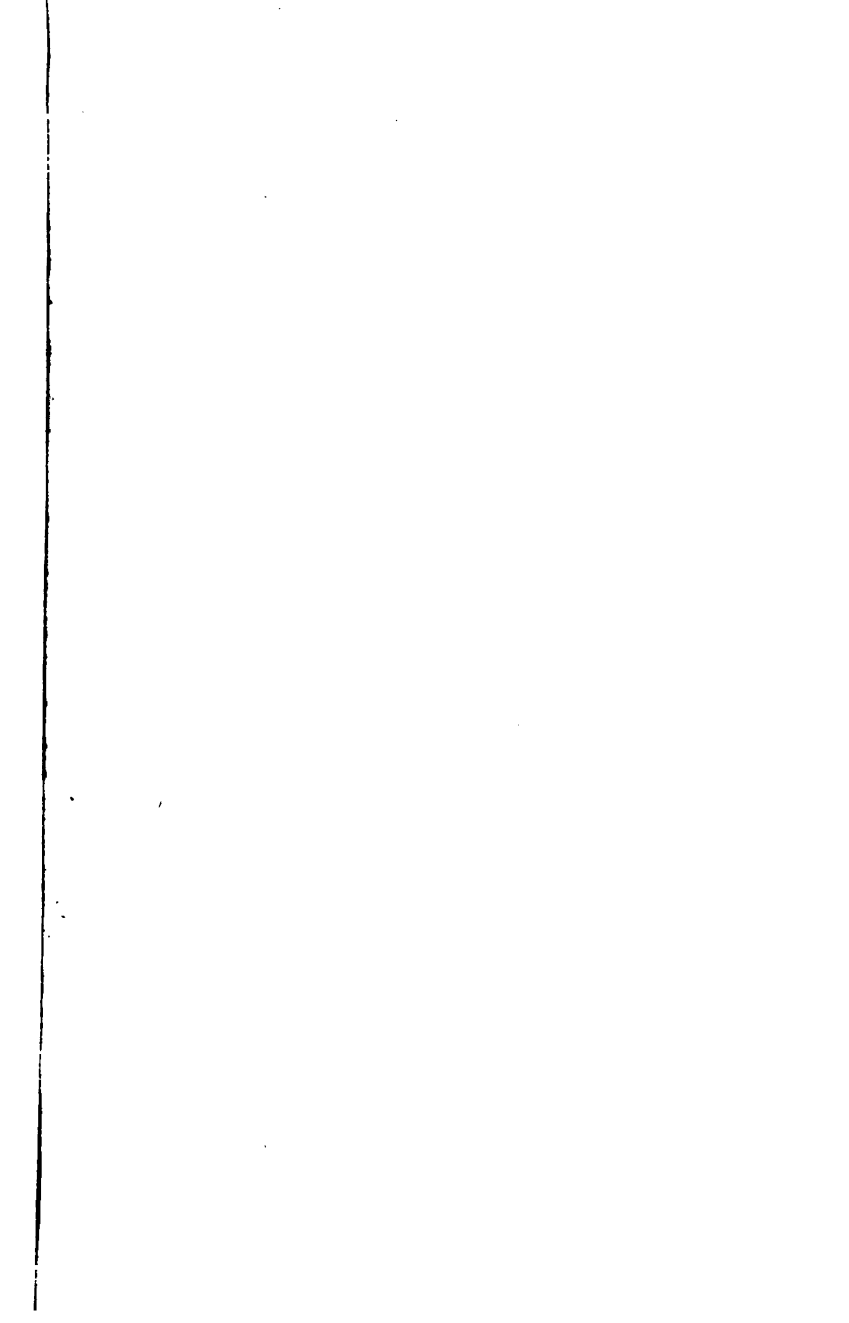


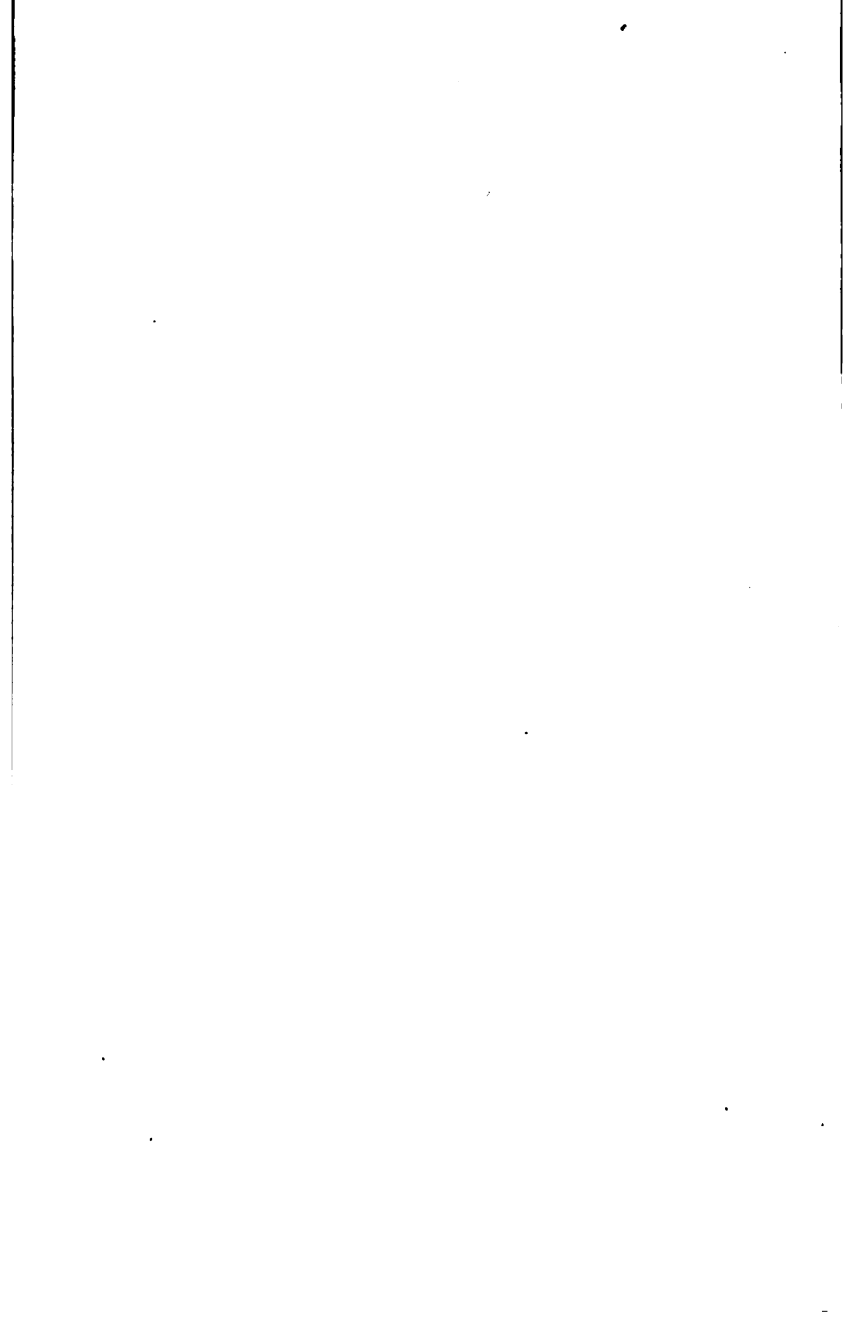
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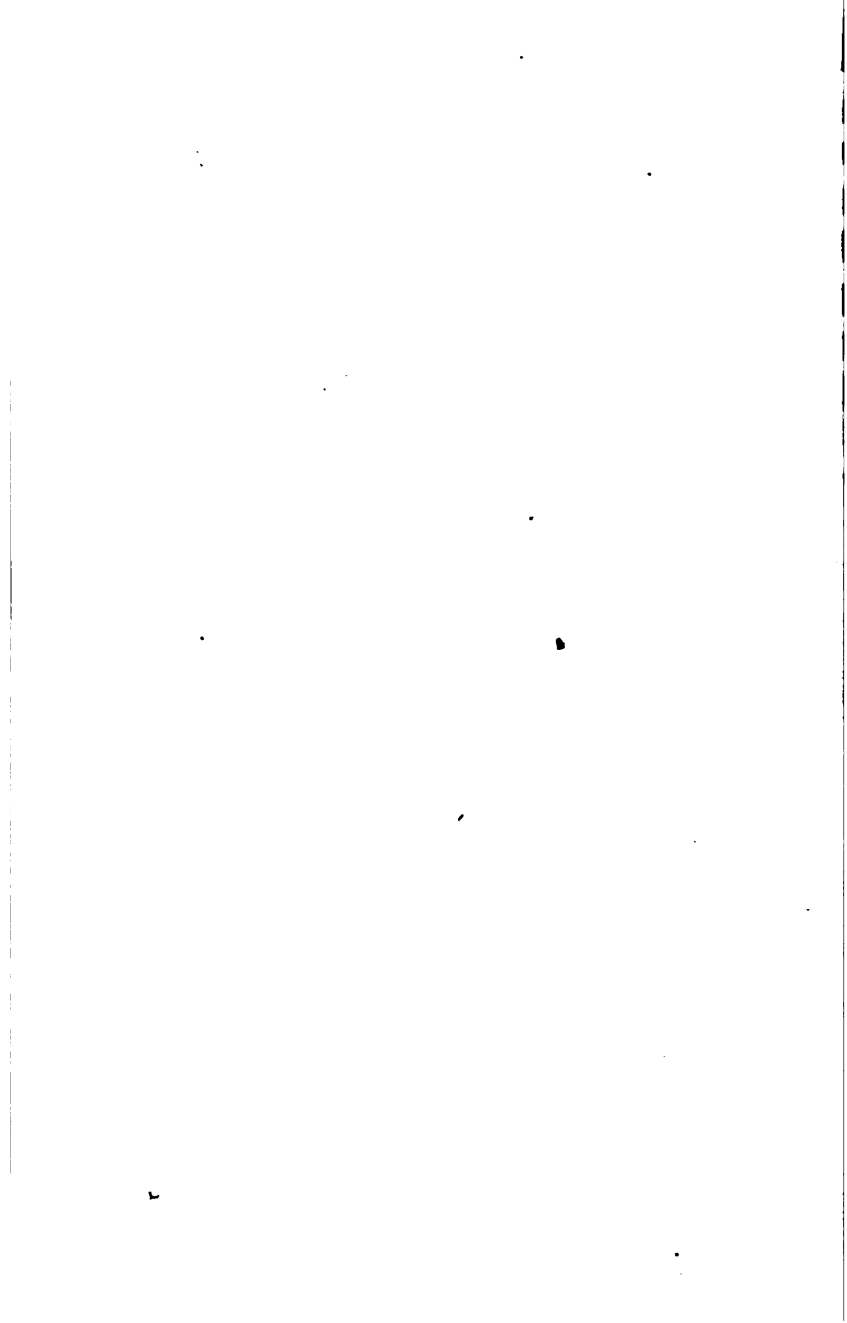




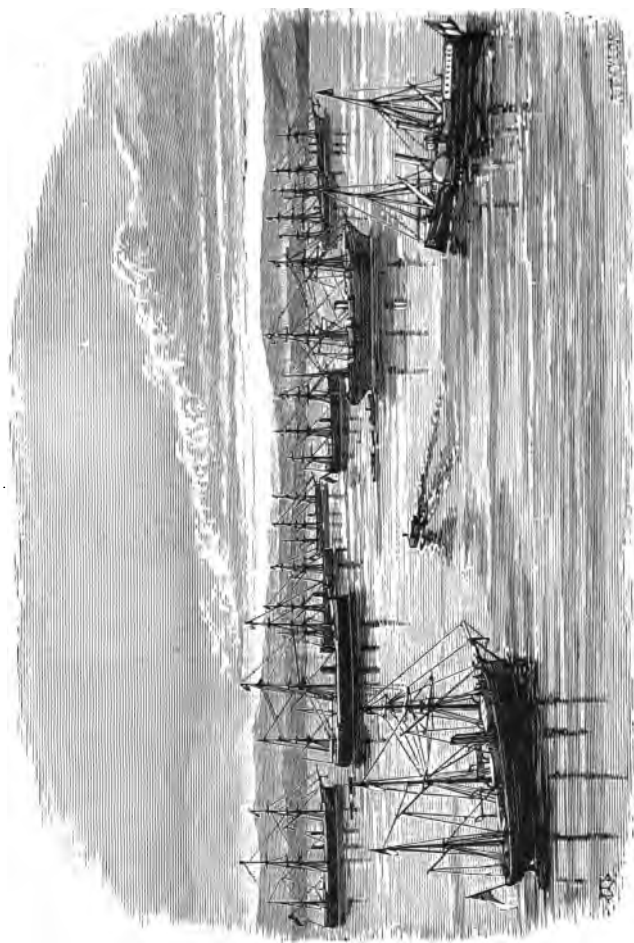


**THE CRUISE OF THE RESERVE SQUADRON.**









THE RESERVE SQUADRON AT GIBRALTAR.

# THE CRUISE OF THE RESERVE SQUADRON.

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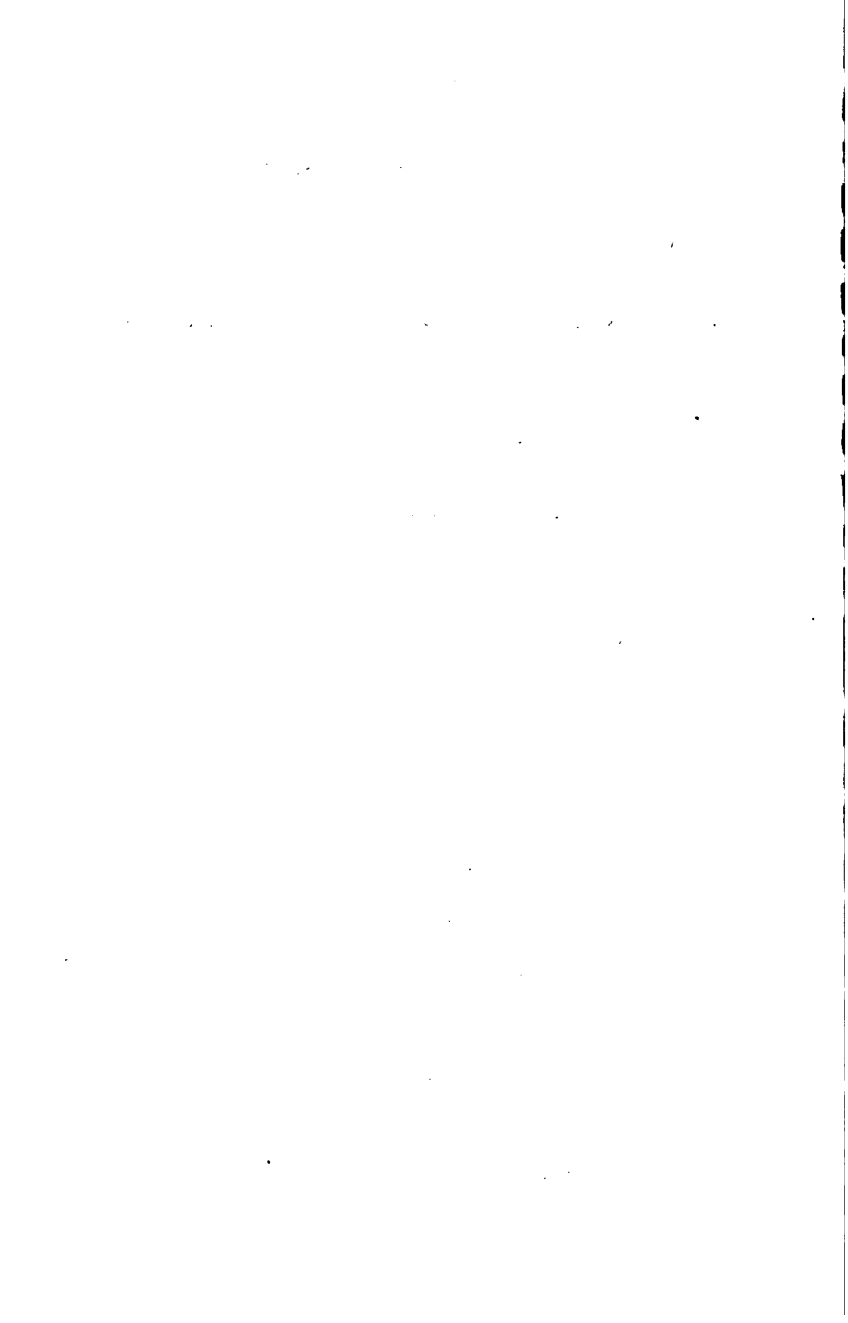
BY  
CHARLES W. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF  
"THROUGH HOLLAND," "ROUND ABOUT NORWAY," "IN THE  
BLACK FOREST," ETC.

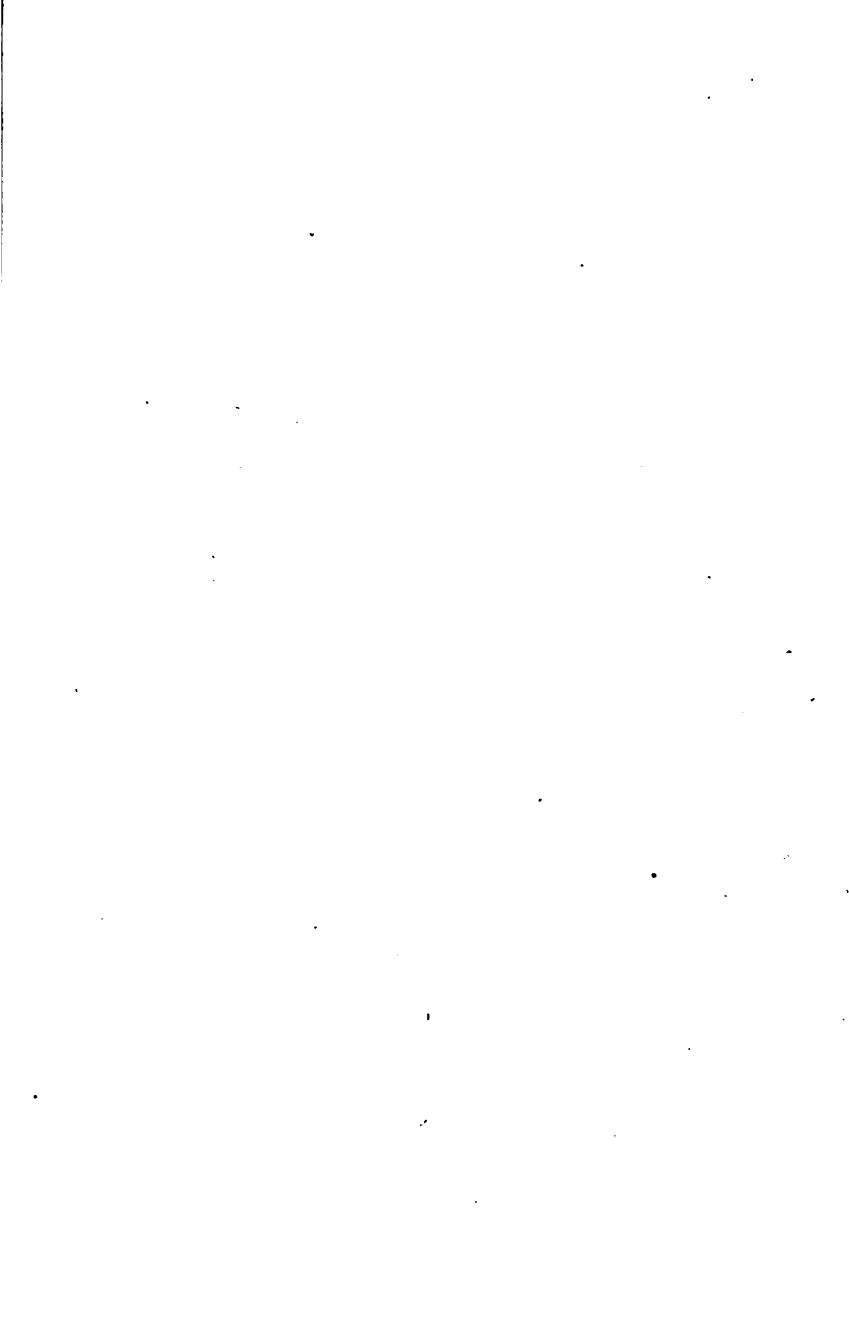


LONDON  
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Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

1883.



TO  
MY FRIEND,  
**Arthur Charles Burgoyne Bromley,**  
IN MEMORY  
OF  
MANY HAPPY DAYS.



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THE

# CRUISE OF THE RESERVE SQUADRON

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## CHAPTER I.

*The Reserve Squadron—Broadley—Weymouth—Portland—On board H.M.S. "Defence"—The Ward-Room—Van Stoker—Pyramid—The M.B.—Captain Jago—The Captain's Quarters—Ministering Angels—Scrubbing Decks—Severe Discipline—The Fatal Hour—Mr. Edward Jago—Our Programme—The "Lively"—Order of Sailing—Outward Bound.*

THE Squadron of the First Reserve, under command of Admiral H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, was to sail for a six weeks' cruise on the 15th of June, 1882.

Once a year the First Reserve Squadron takes a cruise for the drill and exercise of those men who form the Reserve strength of our Navy in times of emergency ; and in days of peace, as coastguardsmen,

protect the shores of our island from surprise of the enemy or fear of smuggling.

About half the number are drafted each year into the eight vessels of war comprising the Squadron of the First Reserve. Thus, every coastguardsman, up to a certain age, has his turn once in two years. About four thousand men, in addition to the ship's company, join the Squadron for each cruise.

A more delightful cruise for anyone who has the somewhat exceptional privilege of sailing with the Squadron as a guest, cannot be imagined. The mere fact of the group of eight men-of-war constantly maintaining their position and their line, is sufficient to give unusual interest to the voyage. It banishes all idea of monotony; throws life into your surroundings; adds beauty and dignity to the waters the vessels ride so steadily and so proudly. Morning after morning, coming up on deck, still you find each vessel in her appointed place. You grow familiar with every outline, note every point for admiration: where one vessel excels another or the reverse, as the case may be. In a rough sea, especially, you discover that two at least out of the eight have the gift or grace of rolling: and if there is no "fine frenzy" about them, can as much be said of the small and select few in the Squadron who have not yet gained full possession of their sea legs?

In the day time, at the mast-head of every vessel a man is ever on the watch. From his vantage-ground he can sweep the seas and give timely warning of every danger that might be looming in the

distance. Forewarned is forearmed. If there is any chance of collision, it quickly passes away. Should a Van Tromp come down upon us with an Armada and an inverted besom—we are ready for him, and he and his vessels turn tail and run home. At night there are five “look-out” men stationed in different parts of the ship, whose gruff voices are heard at the stroke of every bell, notifying that they are on the alert, and whose duty it is to report any light or vessels round the horizon. Thus we enjoy a perpetual and pleasant feeling of perfect safety.

The daily drill and exercise, the tactics and manœuvres, form other points of interest in the cruise. And here, while every vessel contributes her share of the spectacle (in manœuvres for instance, and in sail drill) each vessel is independent of the others. There is nearly always something going on; something to be done or to be seen.

And the intervals of inaction are an interregnum of peace and quietness, inexpressibly delicious. There is an unusual charm in the moments of repose on board a man-of-war. The whole sweep of an immense deck is stretched before you. Every rope, every pin, the most trifling object or the most important, is in its place. This huge battlement might be the toy of a race a thousand times larger than man. Silence reigns. The men are forward, quite a long way off, it seems. Most of them are out of sight, lying upon the deck, or sheltering beneath the forecastle, or screened behind tarpaulins or hatchway covers. The skies happen to be blue and serene; the rolling

ocean is blue also, and calm as a lake. We ride majestically on her bosom ; are soothed as a child sleeping on its mother's breast ; possess the same unconscious sense of security and innocence of mind.

The officers cluster in the stern of the ship ; lean against a gun or over the sides, gazing dreamily into space ; contemplate the majesty of the surrounding scene, and administer little reflections to each other that are very edifying, bringing up the tone of one's mind to a higher level than is easily attainable on shore. When we come to think of it, no wonder that our naval men are full of lofty aspirations and impossible idcals, putting ordinary landsmen to the blush.

Or perhaps they may be in the ward-room. One (Van Stoker) far gone in love—for naval men are mortal, after all—will be inditing sonnets to a lady's eyebrows, destined for the post at the next port we touch at. Another (Captain Pyramid) will be reading up a page of Sanskrit, his favourite pastime. A third (the amiable M.B., our junior surgeon) is studying Theology for a Debating Society. A fourth (Pat Darcy : the only leaven of Irish blood in the ward-room wherewith to infuse a slight tone of dash and romance and wildness into the more sober Saxon temperament) is great in art treasures, and pores over the most wonderful collection of photographs and black paper silhouettes in the United Kingdom. He spends half his time in gazing dreamily at their beauties and re-arranging their order ; occasionally holding one up to our united and enthusiastic admi-

ration. Two frivolous minds at the other end of the table are somewhat distracting the attention of our more sober intellects by rattling the dice at a game of backgammon. Perhaps it is as well that there *are* one or two frivolous brains on board. It keeps up the balance of things, the contrast of light and shade ; prevents our becoming altogether a group of students too much devoted to the midnight oil and the study of philosophy and metaphysics, the interesting topics of molecules and terrestrial revolutions.

Finally, this cruise is especially delightful because of the companionship. There is no pleasanter, more gentlemanly, more genial set of men on the face of the globe than our naval officers. Devoid of all affectation and conceit, there is a freedom and frankness about them, a genuine straightforwardness, an apparent forgetfulness of self, which makes them the best of friends, the pleasantest of guests, the most hospitable of hosts. Entering the Service at an age scarcely beyond childhood (a point that certainly needs re-consideration), they are launched upon a long course of severe discipline—and, where the First Lieutenant happens to be a martinet, of suffering. All nonsense is knocked out of them, and arriving at man's estate, they reap the benefit of the school that has fitted them for their profession.

Our military men have not the same advantages—or disadvantages—and cannot expect similar results. They have to wait for time and the slower discipline of life. But they, too, become the pleasantest of friends and companions when the first grey



hairs begin to show themselves, and—say thirty-five—has struck upon the gong of time.

So, receiving and accepting an invitation to join the First Reserve on her cruise, I felt that pleasure and profit were in store when the actual day arrived, and the train from London steamed into the old, perhaps quaint, but certainly not very lively town of Weymouth.

Crossing the Parade, I came full tilt upon my old friend Charlie Broadley. For a moment I thought I saw a ghost—only that the apparition was scarcely shadowy enough, and was by no means transparent. Broadley is very real; there is nothing of the dyspeptic or consumptive about him to raise sentimental emotions. Had he gone into the Church, for instance, he could never have degenerated into a ladies' pet curate, but would have turned out a hard-working, thorough-going, earnest and muscular Christian. No parting the hair down the middle, or perfumed handkerchiefs; no incense or vestments; and no *Æsthetic* rooms for receiving the fair sex to five o'clock tea as a prelude to Vespers.

I thought it a ghost because he had written: "I shall *not* meet you at Weymouth. Come on to Portland, and at 5.30 you will find one of our boats waiting for you at the pier-head. Bring a supply of Serious Literature with you. We are nearly all of a hard-working, studious turn on board, given to discussing science and all the ologies, politics, the Land League and the Salvation Army; but we relax our minds at night with a little whist."



**PARADE, WEYMOUTH.**



For Broadley to say a thing is to do it, and therefore I doubted for a moment what stood before me. But his *unshadowy* form and his hearty laugh—a laugh that runs on for ever, like a brook, and is just as refreshing—assured me that no ghost was here. He, on his part, likewise thought to have seen a spirit—and, in point of shadow and substance, with more excuse for his error. For, marvellous to relate, the train had come in before its time, and Broadley, then on his way to the station, looked to wait for it. As it was, we were just in time for the next train onward ; so instead of wasting our precious moments at the Club in the frivolous politics of the day, we said good-bye to Weymouth and went round to Portland.

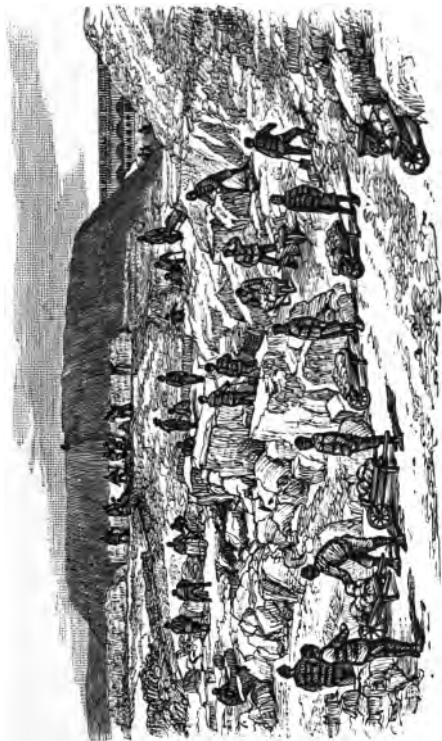
A short journey, but one that must have been taken often with a heavy heart : the end of many a man's liberty, his last look, as it were, upon the world. There was the prison-crowned hill, overlooking the sea and the breakwater. The grey walls, like battlements and fortifications, stood out in contrast with the green slopes, steep, rugged, barren. Flocks of sheep without the walls, cropping the short grass, wandered at will—whilst the unhappy human goats within laboured and sighed, and now and then rebelled, and as far liberty went, found no place for repentance. The hill reared its head, a standing monument to the sad and sober side of life. If you wander near the walls, the silence of death ever seems to reign there. Within is a busy hive, but no merry hum of bees. To-day the hill looked bright and cheerful

in the afternoon sunshine, bringing more vividly before the imagination the contrast of the little unseen world it held. Now and then a prisoner tries to escape; now and then one *has* escaped, though rarely; and when the alarm is given, the peace of the island is disturbed by the gun that booms forth its warning. What a death knell it must sound to the poor, hunted wretch, who perhaps has plunged into the sea, and thrown himself on the tender mercies of the waves, as his last chance for life and liberty.

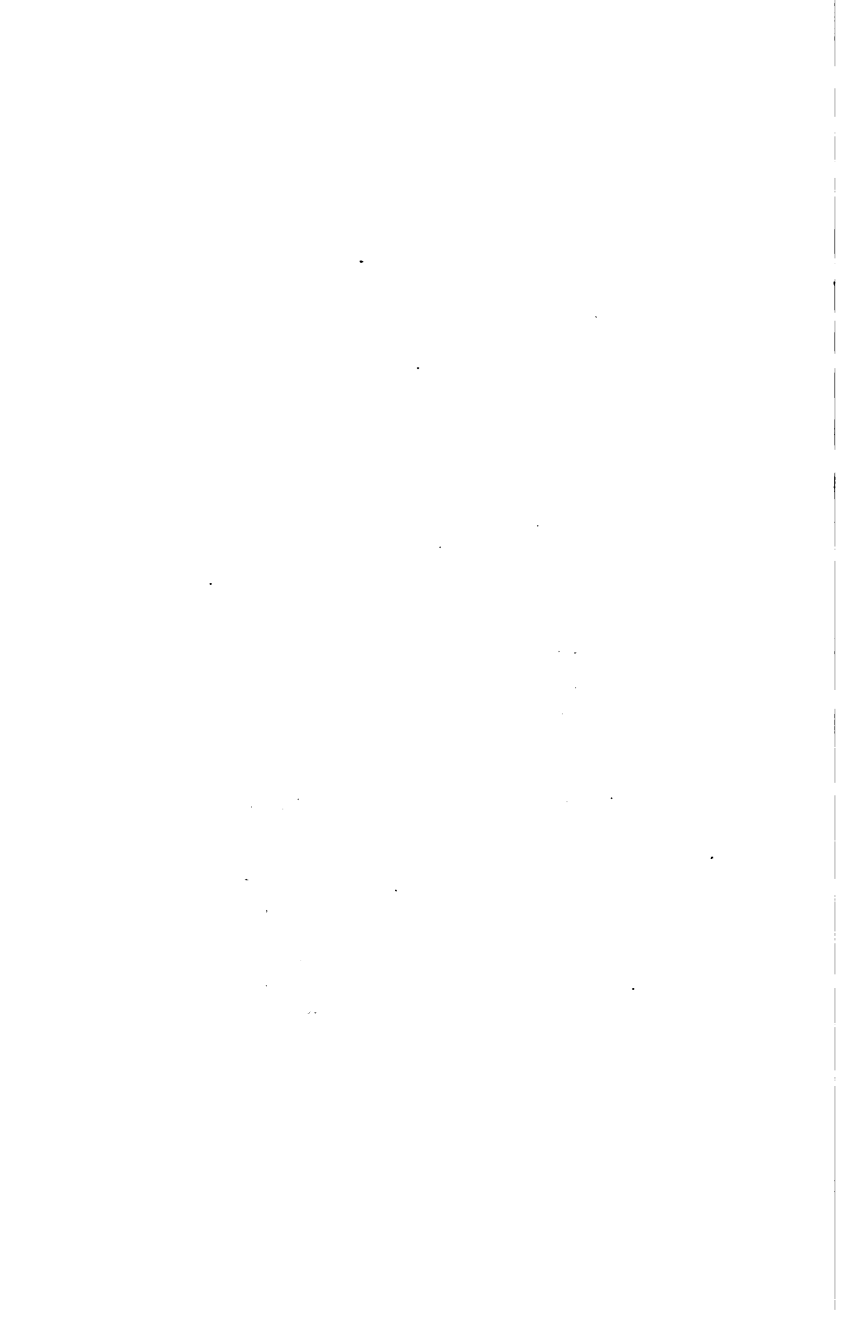
Portland is altogether an interesting little place. The town, on the other side of the hill, slopes down to the sea, and the coast sweeps round in a long, far-reaching curve. The quarries are numerous, and the stone they send forth to the world has been destined alike for palace and for prison. Across the water, jutting out on a point of land, are the grey, crumbling ruins of Sandsfoot Castle; and yet further off is a White Horse Valley, the huge representation of the animal and its rider, on the slope of the hill, just discernible from the island.

Out on the broad waters, the Squadron was at anchor: the Flagship—the *Hercules*—nearest in shore. Eight men-of-war waiting their hour for departure. Within the calm shelter of the break-water, the Fleet looked noble and stately. The more impressive, perhaps, that already in the Far East one heard the rumbling of distant thunder. The bugle-call to action was striking its first clear note, stirring up the hearts and homes of England.

At the end of the short pier, the steam pinnace



CONVICTS AT WORK.



was waiting, and in a few minutes we stood on board the splendid deck of the *Defence*. And here it may be well to state, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that a man-of-war has three decks: the upper, the main, and the lower. To the unlearned in these matters there is often a confusion of ideas between the upper and the main decks: so that they are, as it were, constantly changing places, and performing a sort of miracle that, on board, would often cause an agreeable diversion.

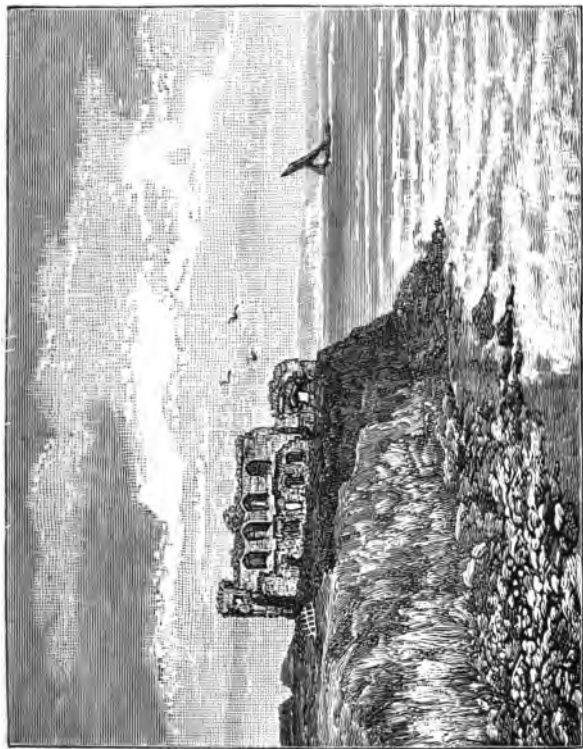
The upper deck is open to the sky, the full fresh air; you breathe freely. The main deck will supply you with sufficient air for one lung at a time, so that the lungs breathe alternately; one in and one out, like the action of a harmonium: you are in comparative luxury. The lower deck—which in the *Defence*, owing to her watertight compartments, is so cut up into sections, or what some old sea-dog originally designated "flats"—refuses to supply any air at all, and you become at once amphibious. Whenever the ward-room reaches a temperature of  $212^{\circ}$ , or boiling water point, a windsail is immediately put down, communicating with the upper deck. It is a huge, very huge funnel made of canvas; the upper portion spread out like wings, and attached to the rigging. At night it looks like a great bird of prey, seeking whom it may devour. These wings catch all the air they can, and send it down this impromptu shaft. If one, less amphibious than another, is very much overcome by the  $212^{\circ}$ , he lies flat on the floor underneath the shaft, and receives



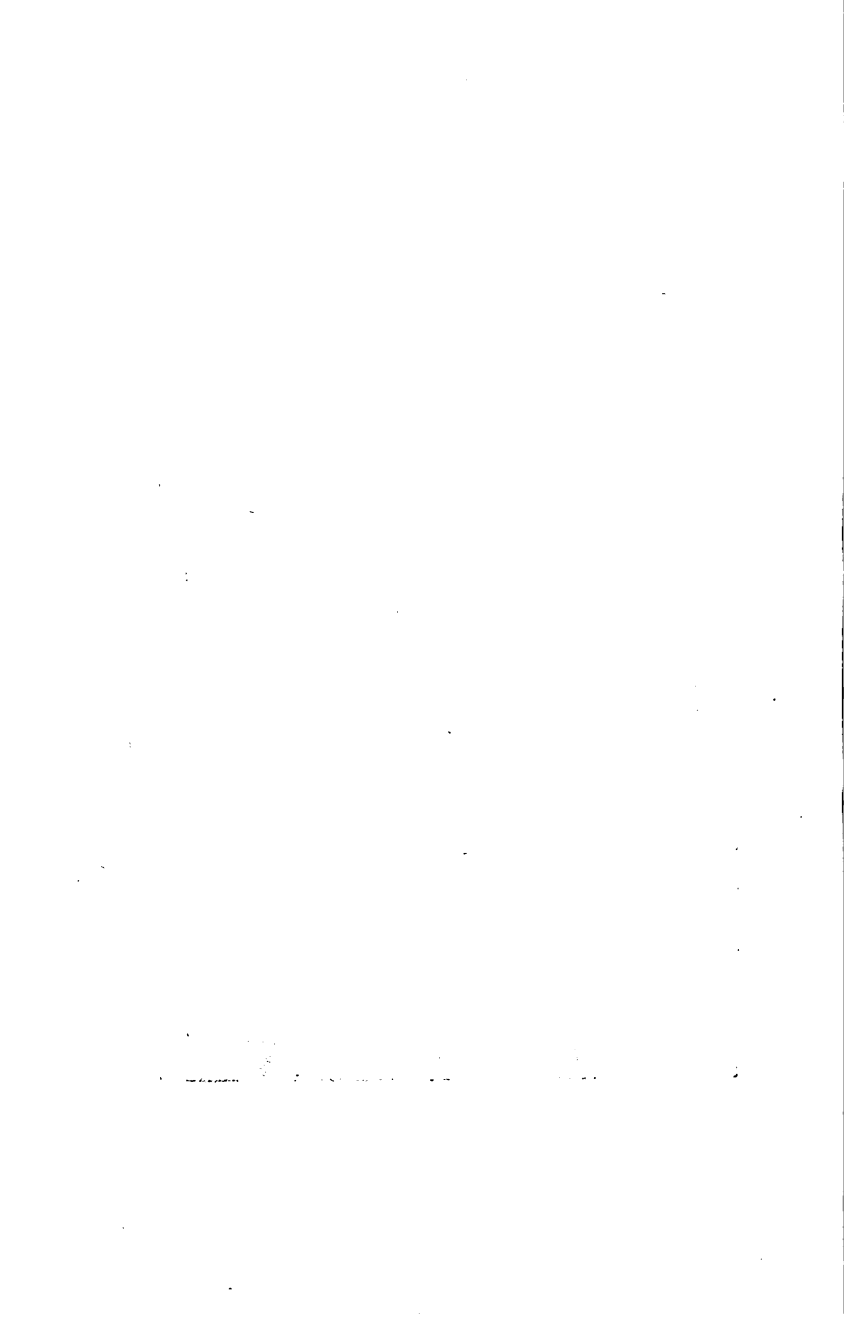
the full benefit of the air bath. Should this fail to revive him, he is then carried on deck—the upper deck—and placed in an easy chair; the doctor pays constant attention to his pulse, cooling draughts are administered, and restoration gradually takes place.

But some ward-rooms are better than others; and the more newly-constructed vessels are built with a due regard to the unnecessary sacrifice of human life. The *Defence* was about the oldest vessel in the Reserve Squadron. She had the finest upper deck, but, in revenge, perhaps the worst ward-room. And when the scuttles of the cabins leading from the ward-room had to be closed on account of danger from without, the atmosphere would sometimes bring on congestion of brain and body: cases of suspended animation: interesting as types to the doctor, perhaps, but distressing to the patient. Almost every night, someone in an adventurous state of mind would turn in with an open scuttle, and wake presently to find that a sea had washed in, and that he was lying in a salt water bath. Not a pleasant surprise.

Perhaps someone asks for an explanation of the word Ward-room. A man-of-war has its quarters and departments just like any other great institution. There are, to begin with, the Captain's quarters, in the stern of the vessel, and communicating with the main deck. Here, night and day, stands a sentry, keeping guard, as it were, over the monarch of the ship. For every captain on board a man-of-war is a king. The Captain's quarters are comparatively large



SANDSFOOT CASTLE.



and airy, and consist of several—*rooms*, a landsman would call them. On the other hand, being over the screw, they come in for all the plunging and vibration of that most useful and ingenious, but most unpleasant invention. Again, being immediately under the upper deck—which, as it were, forms the ceiling of the Captain's quarters—every sound above is heard, ten times magnified. So that occasionally you may fancy yourself in a Dante's Inferno, tormented both above and below, no rest anywhere.

All sounds had a way of amplifying themselves in the Captain's cabin. One night Wakeham, the gunnery lieutenant, went off in the steam pinnace to discharge a torpedo. He declared that he was two miles away, and yet the horrible thing shook everything upon the Captain's table and sideboard, and sent us all three jumping out of our chairs like rockets. No warning had been given to us, and you might have fancied that the torpedo had exploded within ten yards of the stern.

When my old friend Broadley left the *Defence* on his promotion (the news reached him at the Alhambra, of all lovely places in the world for good tidings), and at the invitation of Captain Trelawny Jago I became his guest, and took up my quarters with him, I was awakened regularly every morning about 4.30 by the scrubbing of decks. The men would come to the locker overhead, take out their infernal machines—*i.e.*, brushes, squeegees, and swabs—ram the handles into the brushes with a vengeance that made one think the very deck itself

would come through, and commence operations. The agonies that ensued banished all possibility of sleep. Often I would wake and find myself unconsciously quoting Hood's lines, merely changing the gender for the sake of application :

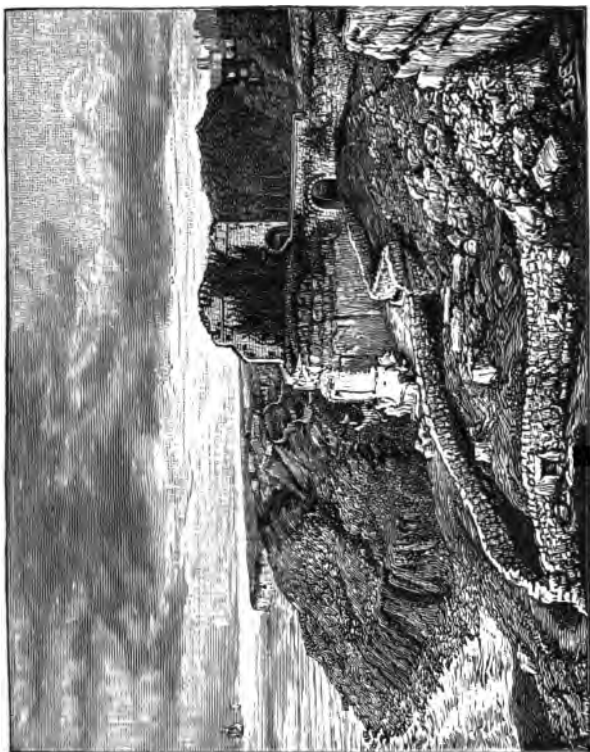
“ But his sleep was restless and broken still,  
For, turning often and oft  
From side to side, he mutter'd and moan'd,  
And tossed his arms aloft.”

Until at seven o'clock the Captain's steward or valet, like ministering angels (in all but appearance), would arrive with biscuits and a cup of coffee to restore exhausted nature, and depart with blessings in their stead.

It was only towards the very last that, in the course of conversation, I happened in a weak moment to mention the torments I had gone through with the heroism of a martyr, and the patience of a Job, in consequence of this fine frenzy for early scrubbing.

“ And you mean to say,” said Captain Jago, “ that you never rang the bell for the sentry, and had it stopp'd and the men sent to Jericho—rather than be disturbed ? ”

I should as soon have thought of taking command of the Fleet. There is a punctuality, a severity, an observance, a regularity on board a man-of-war that inspires awe in a civilian in the carrying out of the smallest rule and detail, and makes him tremble in his shoes when an unfortunate delinquent



**BOW AND ARROW CASTLE.**



is brought up for punishment. For creating a manly bearing, a firmness and decision of character, there can be no better school than the Navy. Had I ventured a very mild protest for a little less noise overhead, I should almost have expected to be tried by court-martial.

"If I had only known this beforehand," said Captain Jago, in the kindness of his heart and the fulness of his hospitality, "I would have had the scrubbing put off to a later hour." It was almost the last day of our more than pleasant cruise—and I was glad I had not spoken sooner.

The Captain's quarters, then, are on the main deck. For the ward-room of the *Defence* we descended a stage to the lower deck. The ward-room is the mess-room of the officers, including not only the lieutenants and the officers of the marines (we know how the marines distinguished themselves in the late war; proved themselves the very backbone of the army, and were always in the hottest of the fight, "*Per mare per terram*"—they were equally brave on shore or afloat), but also the Chaplain, the Doctors, the Paymaster, and the Chief Engineer.

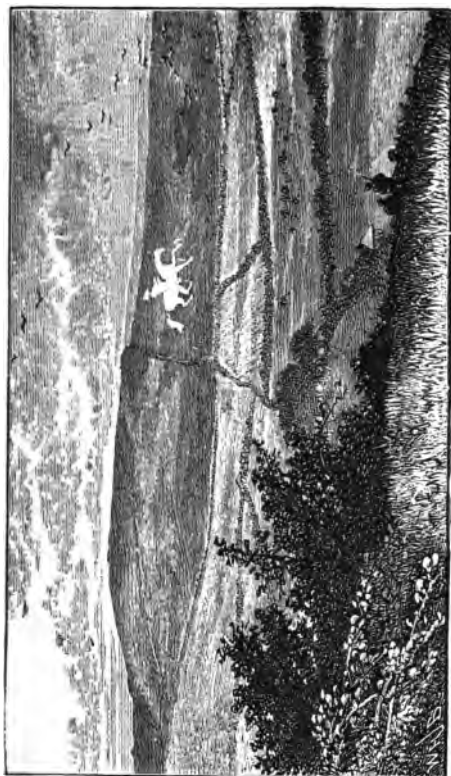
Here we messed. Here we would sit, sometimes in a temperature of  $212^{\circ}$ . Here we would discuss science, and read aloud learned treatises for the benefit of each other. Here Pyramid would study Sanskrit, and the ever-amiable M.B. would discourse learnedly on the Origin of Species; and Van Stoker would sit and sigh and moon by the hour together, and indite sonnets to his lady-love: whole reams of poetry—as I was after-



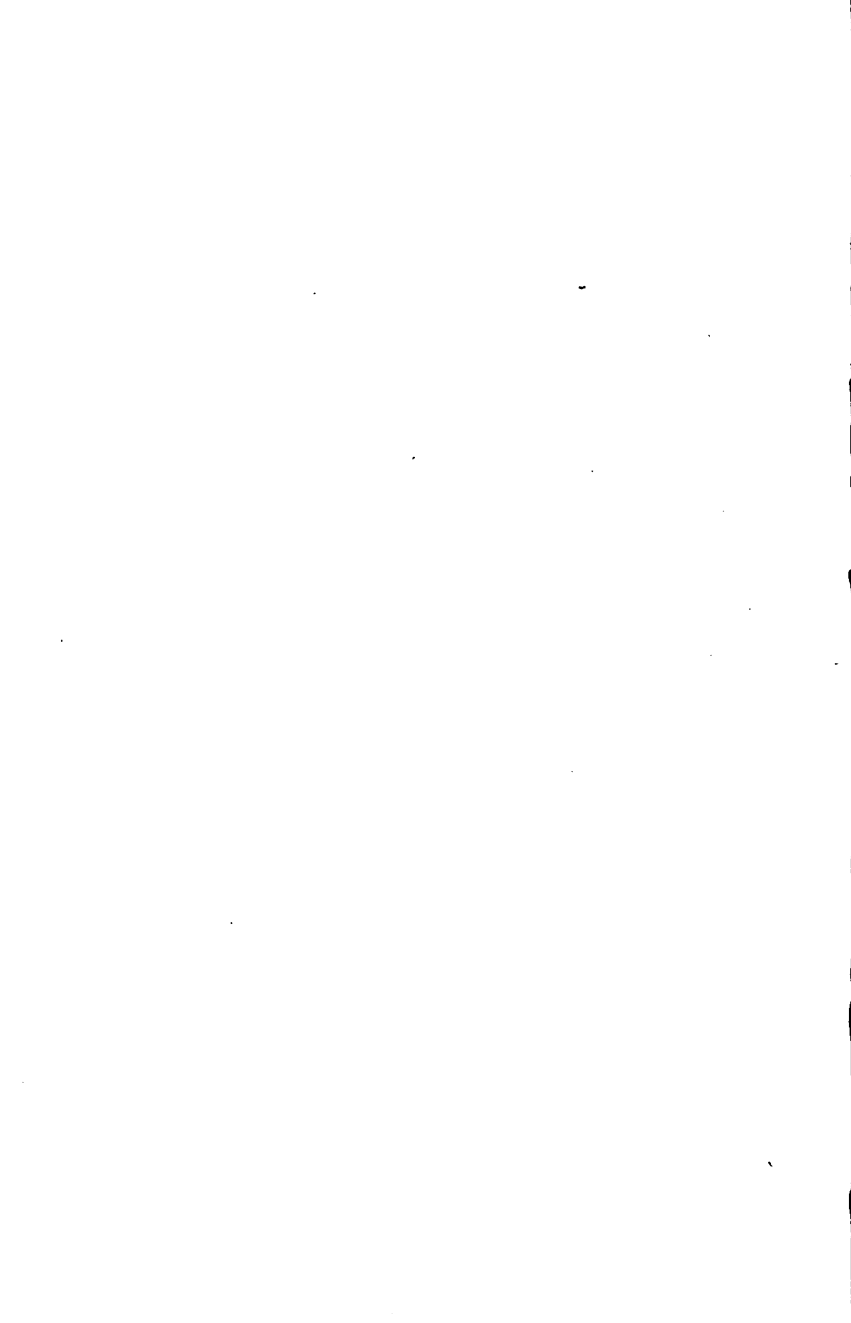
wards to find to my cost. Here the rattle of dice in frivolous hands at frivolous backgammon would be heard from early morn to dewy eve, and here at night we would relax the severe discipline of study with a serious rubber.

Punctually at eleven, enter Diogenes with his lantern—a marine whose duty it was to announce the hour—as fatal to us as midnight to Cinderella. A sort of animated Curfew. A tall, grave figure enveloped in a long cloak, the very embodiment of a walking ghost. A lantern in one hand by his side, the other hand giving a military salute, as if his life depended on it, and the muffled voice announcing the end of another day. So exact were we; so particular, conscientious and punctilious were the officers, that even if the announcement came in the very middle of a rubber, down would go cards, up we would rise, score our points, out like a flash went the lights, and in solemn procession each would depart to his cabin. If the M.B. gave a “Small and Early” in his own den, the same rigid punctuality was observed.

What a beautiful lesson this naval observance of rules and regulations sets us landsmen! How we may hide our diminished heads! We who, not being tied to any particular form or set of codes; being as it were, our own masters, accountable only to ourselves, are therefore almost more bound by honour to walk in the strict path of duty. And how thoughtful of the Lords of the Admiralty to have instituted this rule, knowing how essential it is to health and beauty that man should retire to rest at reasonable hours.



THE WHITE HORSE.



The M.B. was the only one on board who ever gave a "Small and Early" just alluded to. His servant would take round the invitations, worded as follows. We will quote the first one that comes to hand as an example. It related to the *last* "Small and Early" of the cruise, and was addressed to Pyramid.

"The M.B. requests the honour of Captain Pyramid's company, at a Small and Early to-night, Thursday, the 20th July, for purposes of Discussion and Improvement. Subject :—The evil effects of smoking as illustrated by the immoderate use of tobacco on board the other vessels of the Royal Reserve Squadron, against the extreme moderation of the officers of the *Defence*. N.B.—Fans and smelling bottles not provided. 9 to 11.30. Naval time."

But there is not space in this chapter to go into full particulars of these highly interesting and instructive little réunions. That may come by-and-bye.

And now to go back to Portland—not deprived of our liberty, beloved reader, but on the contrary prepared for flight. Standing, indeed, on the long, splendid deck of the *Defence*, I felt that for some weeks to come I had said good-bye to England, and, virtually, to shore life. The anticipation of the approaching cruise, of broad seas and glorious air, of blue skies and pleasant companionship, was keen enjoyment. It is said that pleasures are greater in anticipation than in reality. This instance was certainly an exception to the rule. But all men look at things from their own point of view. Life to one is death to another. One revels in the east wind, another would simply like

to take to his bed when that kindly-cruel, cruelly-kind scourge is abroad on his rambles. No doubt many in the Fleet would be glad enough when at the appointed day and hour we once more dropped anchor within the Portland breakwater. The gobbies\* for instance, to a man, one might be pretty well assured, were counting the hours when the ever-rolling stream of Time should restore them to the snug shelter of those little white homes that at intervals encircle our island like a safety-belt. They looked upon the cruise, not as a matter of pleasure, but rather as a sentence of Six Weeks' Imprisonment with Hard Labour.

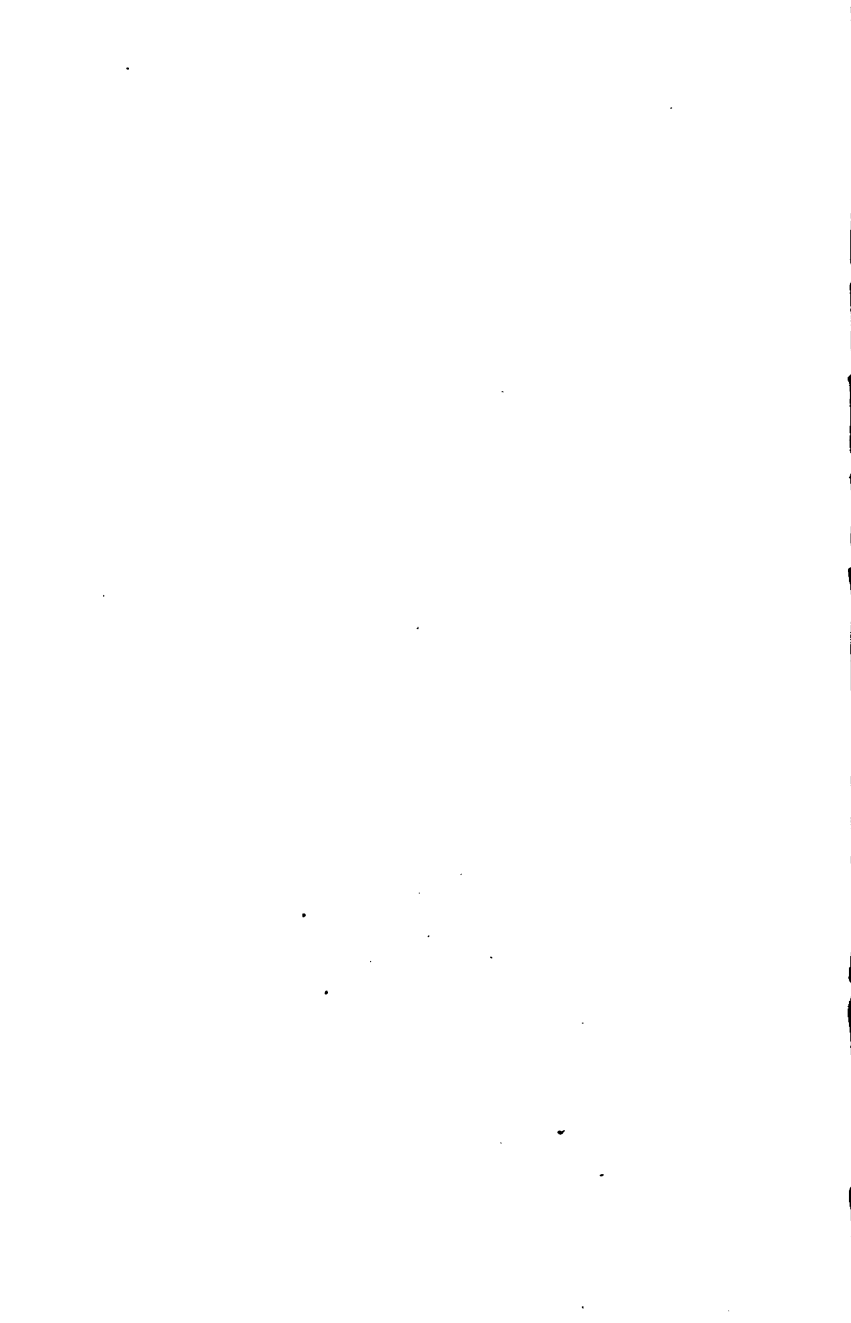
For the Reserve Squadron was not going into the excitement of action. We were not to proceed further than Gibraltar ; not to know more of the blue waters of the Mediterranean than washed the base of the great rock ; unless, mounting to the summit of that rock, we took a long, magnificent view of the tideless sea ; where, on one side, across the Straits stretched the faint outline of the shores of Morocco, and in fancy one saw uprising the mosque towers and minarets, the flat roofs and white walls of the ancient City of Tangiers, the habits and customs of a thousand years ago still prevailing there to-day ; where at night you stumble over the Moors lying in the streets, curled up in their sacks, like dogs, sleeping as comfortably as the luxury-loving European on his bed of down. "But in point of fact," I said recently to a friend, with the gravity of a sexton, "it is easy enough to avoid them, for at

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\* Coastguardsmen.



PORTLAND BREAKWATER.



Tangiers it is full moon all the year round." "Indeed," cried he, in faith and amazement, "how do they manage that? And why can't we have it so in England?" And then doubt began to dawn upon him.

With the exception of Mr. Edward Jago, the brother of Captain Trelawny Jago, I was the only civilian, the only guest on board the *Defence*. Thus he and I were, in this respect, fellow sympathizers; could keep each other in countenance; make mutual notes and comparisons of all we should do, all we should reform; the weak points to strengthen, the unnecessary discipline to relax, the rapidity with which we should promote, the thousand-and-one comforts and luxuries we should organise for the happiness of the members of the British Navy—if only we were at the head of the Department. Perhaps, too, it was this "fellow feeling" that in all our subsequent days and occasional excursions, caused Mr. Jago to add so much to my pleasure, and to the liveliness of the whole cruise.

The following was to be our programme; and for all we then knew to the contrary, we should steadily keep to it.

Sailing from Portland, we should gradually lose sight of the coast of England, and presently entering the Bay of Biscay, make for Arosa Bay. Here we were to remain several days, and then proceed to Gibraltar. After a stay of eight or nine days at Gibraltar we were to return homewards and put into Cadiz. This would give some of us an opportunity of visiting Seville, famous for its orange groves and its



beautiful women. From Cadiz we were to go on to Vigo ; and thence steam leisurely back to Portland, reaching the latter on the 24th July ; the whole cruise occupying rather more than five weeks.

The programme was a sufficiently interesting one. Moreover, it would allow those whom inclination prompted, or duty enabled to obtain leave, to take excursions into the country, and so vary the daily round and common task of board-ship life, by exploring the wonders and resources of Spain. The excitement of travel might even be heightened by an encounter with brigands, or the rescue of some fair *Señorita* from the cruel clutch and close confinement of convent walls. For even the greatest book-worms and most serious of men have been moved to deeds of heroism by the sight of youth and beauty in distress.

The encounter with brigands might be looked upon as a certainty. Indeed, later on, when starting on an excursion to the Alhambra, so solicitous was Pyramid for my safety, that he insisted on lending me a sword-stick, and offered to support it by a revolver. " You are certain to encounter brigands round about Granada," said he, " or prowling about the walls and groves of the Alhambra. If they don't attack you (though they are pretty sure to do that, and I advise every one to make his will before starting), you may reckon that a few loose stones will come crashing down upon your head, and produce concussion of the brain."

This opinion was echoed by several others, who

all spoke from a positive knowledge of facts. Had they themselves been to the Alhambra? Well, no, but they knew those who had—and never returned to tell the tale. Then who *had* told the tale? Tradition—and a post-mortem. This was startling, until it occurred to us that not one of these prophets of evil intended to visit the Alhambra. Intentions were good, but duty happened to interpose at the right—or wrong—moment. Remembering this, any one with the slightest knowledge of human nature could put two and two together and draw his own conclusions. However, whilst the revolver was declined, the sword stick was gratefully accepted. Whether or not it was used as a weapon of defence will appear in the sequel.

We were to sail on Thursday, the 15th June; but on that day the sun rose and set, and we made no sign. Certainly it was glorious weather, but that fickle element for once seemed settled, and one glorious day, after all, is very much like another. The sun rose on Friday, the 16th, in full splendour. The Duke of Edinburgh was on board the Flagship, and also the Duke of Connaught, who, for the sake of the sea voyage, would accompany the Reserve Squadron as far as Gibraltar, and thence return overland to England.

At 9.30, on Friday, the 16th June, we started. We were to have put into Falmouth, but being a day late we made straight for sea instead. This was disappointing; especially so to me. For I had hoped to get a glimpse of its good old Rector, who, in the days gone by, had been my beloved pastor and master; a

man, who, for intellect and lore, and powers of conversation, stood almost unrivalled. I knew well how he would be watching the bay from his pleasant windows for our appearance, and, like Marianna in the Moated Grange, would watch in vain.

Not many places in England equal Falmouth in the beauty of approach. Turner seems to have been one of the few to recognize this truth. The hills, repeating themselves over and over again in wave-like undulations; the crescent sweep of the bay, its green, transparent waters meeting the white sand of the shore in a long-drawn, ever moving line; the mouth of the harbour guarded so grandly by the walls of old Pendennis; the distant view of the Fal beyond, its banks one rich unbroken carpet of waving trees: all these points contribute to form an exquisite and unrivalled picture. We hear little of it, whilst much is said of the approach to Plymouth, Dartmouth, and many other spots on our fair west coast. These indeed have their beauty, and may be content; but the approach to Falmouth on a sunny day, is before them all. It possesses a grand, noble and open outline and effect altogether its own.

The *Lively*, the Admiral's yacht, accompanied us on first starting, with the Duchess of Edinburgh on board, who from the bridge watched the movements of the Fleet.

These movements were worth watching. The vessels in themselves were a grand sight. Nothing could be more stately than their manner of getting slowly under weigh, as one after another passed

beyond the breakwater into the open Channel, and gradually took up their appointed station. Everything was in our favour. The freshness of the early morning was exhilarating. The sun, already far up in the sky, poured its rays upon the water, that danced and sparkled and flashed a thousand gleams around, as if to bid us a lively farewell and speed us on our voyage.

Then, in a double line of four vessels, two abreast, we proceeded to face these kindly elements in the following order :—

<i>The HERCULES.</i>	<i>The LORD WARDEN.</i>
<i>H.R.H. The DUKE OF EDINBURGH in</i>	(Captain CATOR.)
<i>Command of the Squadron.</i>	
(Captain HENEAGE.)	
<i>The WARRIOR.</i>	<i>The HECTOR.</i>
(Captain TOWNSEND.)	(Captain CARTER.)
<i>The DEFENCE.</i>	<i>The PENELOPE.</i>
(Captain JAGO.)	(Captain D'ARCY-IRVINE.)
<i>The REPULSE.</i>	<i>The VALIANT.</i>
(Captain SULLIVAN.)	(Captain POLAND.)

Once in position, the signal came from the Flagship to perform evolutions or tactics. A prettier and more graceful sight could not well be imagined. As the eight vessels gradually changed positions (a sort of *chassé croisé*), each vessel was supposed to do its work with mathematical precision. Starting from the position of the order of sailing—two lines of four, two abreast—perhaps they gradually resolved themselves into two lines of two, four abreast. Next form into lines diagonal ; next separate, then close in ; in

fact, endeavour to square the circle, and so fulfil the plan signalled at the commencement from the Flagship. This lasted for some time, and when all was over, we fell back into our original positions.

From the *Lively* the effect must have been still more interesting than from the vessels, as the evolutions would be more distinctly marked, the graceful movements be more apparent. The morning wore on, and after accompanying us for some hours, the yacht signalled for permission to part company. This being immediately granted, the following message was semaphored to the Flagship :—

“The Duchess wishes the Reserve Squadron a pleasant cruise.”

And from the Flagship came the answer from the Duke :—

“Many thanks. Good-bye.”

Upon which the *Lively* steamed away at full speed for Plymouth, where a train would be in waiting for the Duchess. The *Lively* would then proceed to Falmouth for all letters addressed to the Fleet ; which would not, in consequence of our changed movements, reach the hands of their several owners until the *Lively* joined us at Arosa Bay. Van Stoker, being in love, was especially distraught, went about like a shadow, and lost his colour.

With the departure of the *Lively* we felt our last link with England fall away. The annual cruise of the First Reserve Squadron for 1882 had fairly commenced. A grander day had never dawned. Everything promised well for our pleasure and success.

All that day we steamed down Channel, at a leisurely and stately speed—the English coast in sight. One well-known spot after another opened up and disappeared. The red cliffs of Devonshire looked warm and glowing in the sunshine. The rocky coast was never more picturesque and inviting. With the perversity of human nature, we loved them more than ever now that we were about to lose them for a time. But every absence is a farewell, and every farewell the close of a chapter in the Book of Life ; a reminder of the *Finis* that ends the Volume. So in every farewell there lurks a minor undertone which leaves us sad and solitary, and, to some extent, takes from the mind its just estimate of passing events.

But I don't know that to-day any one was in a specially melancholy mood. There was too much brightness and sunshine over all. The anticipation of what was to come blotted out the regret for what we were rapidly losing. Plymouth and Dartmouth were left behind. Out there, on the blue waters, stood the old and the new Eddystone lighthouses, looking like sire and son ; so much larger and stronger is the new beacon than its predecessor. Our last impression of England was a combination of red sandstone cliffs and blue skies, and calm waters with long, stately rolls, that swept onwards and broke at last upon the shore.

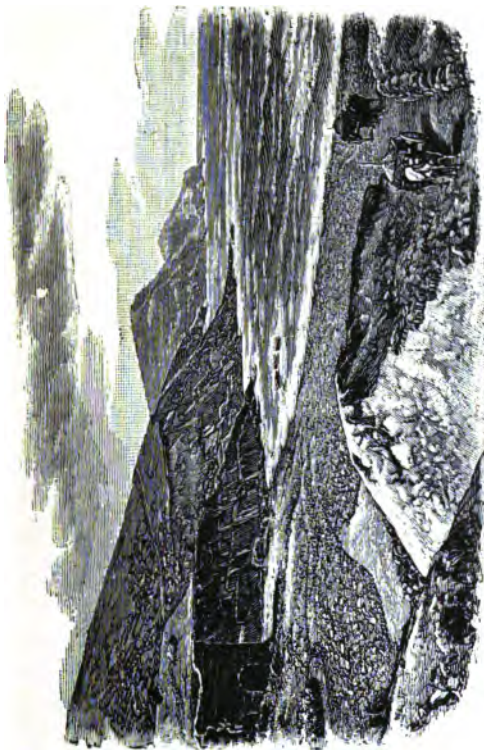


## CHAPTER II.

*Down Channel—H.M.B. "Martin"—Fowey—Up the River—Mrs. Clare—An Unknown Eden—Falmouth—The Rector—Old John—In the Bay of Biscay—Man Overboard—Daily Routine—Sunday—Service on Board—Arosa Bay—A Royal Salute—Carril—Pyramid and the Lily—A Fair Captive.*

STEADILY the Reserve Squadron sailed down Channel. Falmouth had been given up, therefore we were outward bound. Not so many months ago I had been idling in these same waters, but in one of H.M. Brigs, and not accompanied by the life and animation of the Royal Reserve. There had been no anticipation of unknown scenes and possible adventures—no cruising for weeks to come in foreign seas. And, to confess the truth, we had a less serious-minded and studious set on board the Brig. No learned debates; no profound inquiry into the Laws of Nature, the Harmony of the Spheres, or the seducing study of Metaphysics or Philology.

True, we were a smaller number in the Brig. Broadley and I—in his captain's quarters—had had it much to ourselves. The lieutenants would sometimes come in at night for a rubber; but whist, as it happened, was their weak point. And one evening,



DOWN CHANNEL: CRACKINGTON COVE.





when Bannockbairn revoked twice in the most unblushing manner, and Innisfield literally closed his eyes in slumber at a crisis in the game, we felt the time had come to break up the whist club for good. So we too fell back upon the milder dissipation of double dummy—at least a very innocent, if not a very abstruse pastime.

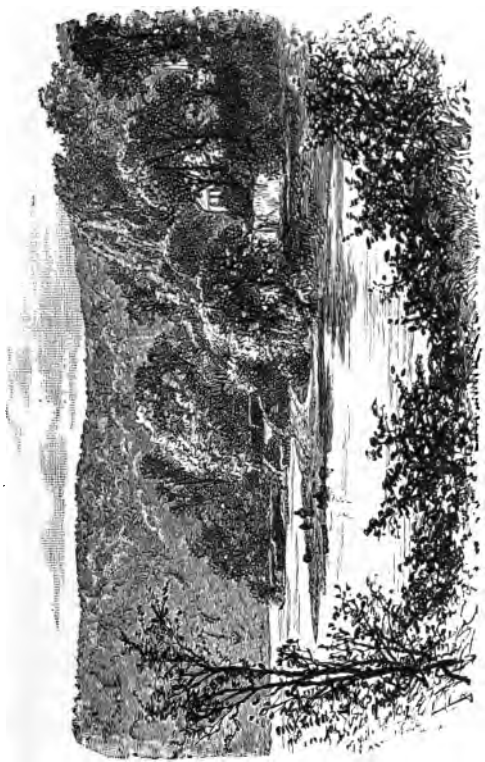
In the Brig it had been always a pleasure to watch and admire Broadley's way with the boys. His strict yet kindly manner; the stentorian voice in which he gave his orders; the indefatigable perseverance with which he saw them carried out. Sometimes, indeed, one had rather more than enough of drill. Clear decks, quiet, a *dolce far niente* existence would have been pleasanter. A favourite book, an idle lounge and talk at full length upon the stern gratings, reveling in calm seas, blue skies, soft zephyrs; surrounded by that wide expanse that man cannot touch, or spoil, or unhallow; fresh and pure as in the days when man was not: this would have been more to one's mind and mood. But duty before pleasure is the motto of all naval men; and carrying it out to the letter, they read us a beautiful lesson. It is more easy to profit by one good example than by a thousand precepts. Indirect sermons are the most telling. Lives most abundant in point, most forcible in example, most lasting in memory, are those that have played the part of unconscious heroes in the world.

I have said that cruising about the Channel in the Brig was unaccompanied by the excitement of anticipated far-off scenes and adventures. Neverthe-

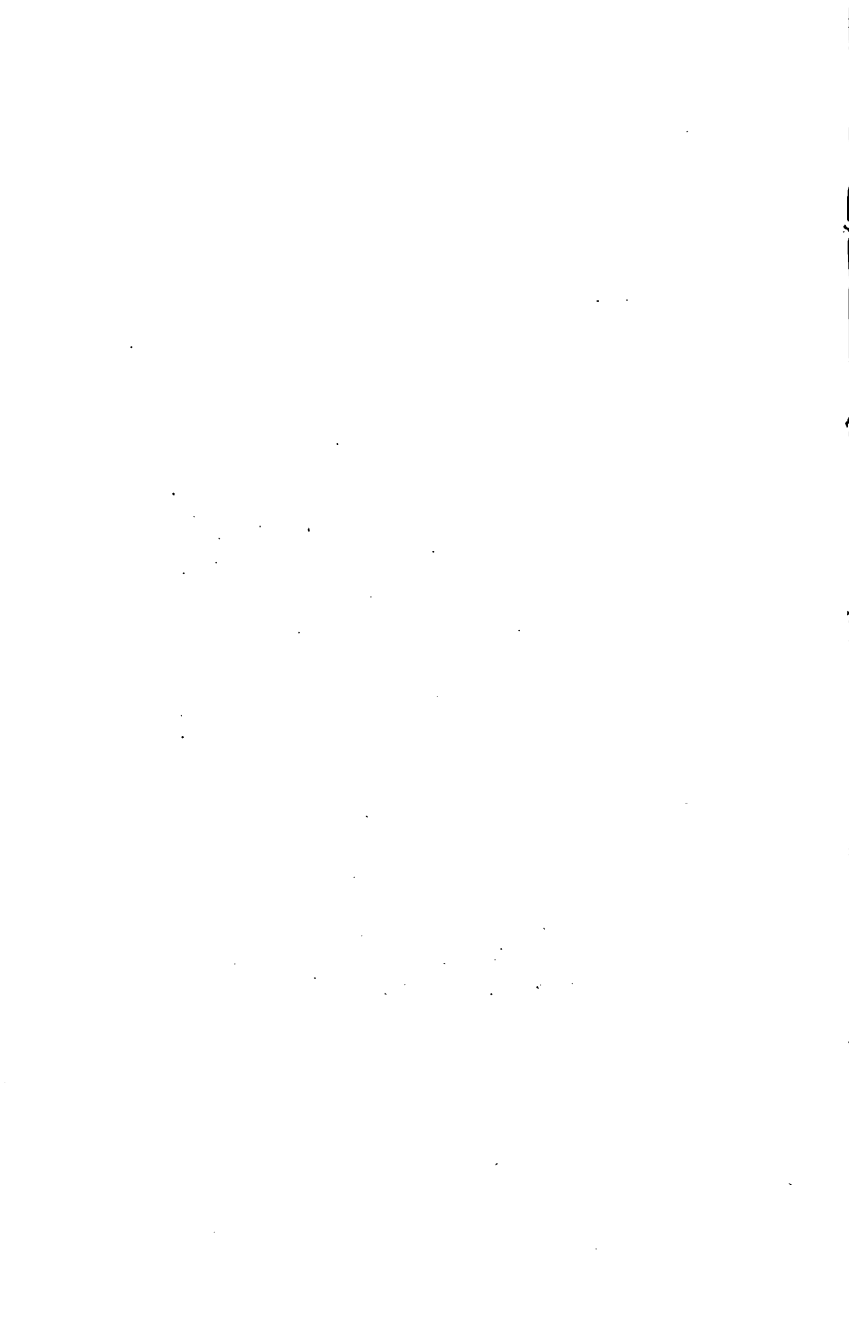
less we rang our quiet changes. Especially pleasant was the day we put into Fowey, and Mrs. Clare waved us a welcome from her sloping lawn; a light, coquettish vision on an emerald carpet. Fowey—prettiest, quaintest, most old-fashioned of places on this coast. Known to few; happily as yet unexplored by the insatiable modern tourist. Its quiet, crooked, humdrum, but charming streets (if streets they can be called), take you back to days, thoughts, and impressions now seldom met with anywhere but in old-fashioned books; an atmosphere more and more retreating before the broad light of this realistic, destroying age.

In the afternoon of that day, a year ago, Mrs. Clare, dubbing herself captain, and taking the tiller ropes, safely piloted us through shallow waters up that lovely little river, landing us at a small old-fashioned church in a secluded nook that might have been a corner in Paradise, and was worth its weight in gold. We trudged through romantic lanes, and climbed steep banks in search of nuts, dog-roses, and honeysuckle, growing in wild and what seemed prodigal profusion. Apparently we had the neighbourhood to ourselves; it was a Garden of Eden, and we its one happy family. Not a sound smote the air, save the echo of our voices, or the ripple of a long laugh, dying away, as one or other, plunging boldly up the steep slopes to secure a prize, came down empty handed and with more haste than dignity.

There are lovely spots on this Fowey river. Dreams of rural beauty that lie in the secret places



**FOWEY: UP THE RIVER.**



of Cornwall and Devon, waiting the doom of discovery. These are known, as yet, to the privileged few. The birds of the air make glad their precincts with songs of rapture, rejoicing that they have it all so much to themselves. They build their nests in the highways and hedges, and the marauding element of Young England does not pass by and wantonly destroy their hope in the future. So they sing through the live-long day.

"By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

Had we only ears to reach beyond mortal range, we might, perhaps, in that far-off ether, discover a stream of rapturous melody, travelling onwards in eternal space, sound and light mingling their inexhaustible and undying waves.

We had returned almost at ebb-tide. But for our lady-captain, who, like the birds, knew all the secrets and resources of the place, we should certainly have stranded, and had to wait until the next inflowing set us free. Long reaches of gravelly river-bed rendered our steering cunningly intricate. A heron, standing on one leg in the shallows, looked on with sleepy eyes, and croaked out a melancholy greeting. We passed one bend after another; skilful pilotage, many oars, and strong hands making sure our progress. Then the quaint little town, with houses overhanging the water, and gazing for ever at their own reflections; the somewhat primitive club-house, the old church tower that dates back to Edward IV., the fine

castellated structure of *Plâce*. Finally the steps at which we landed.

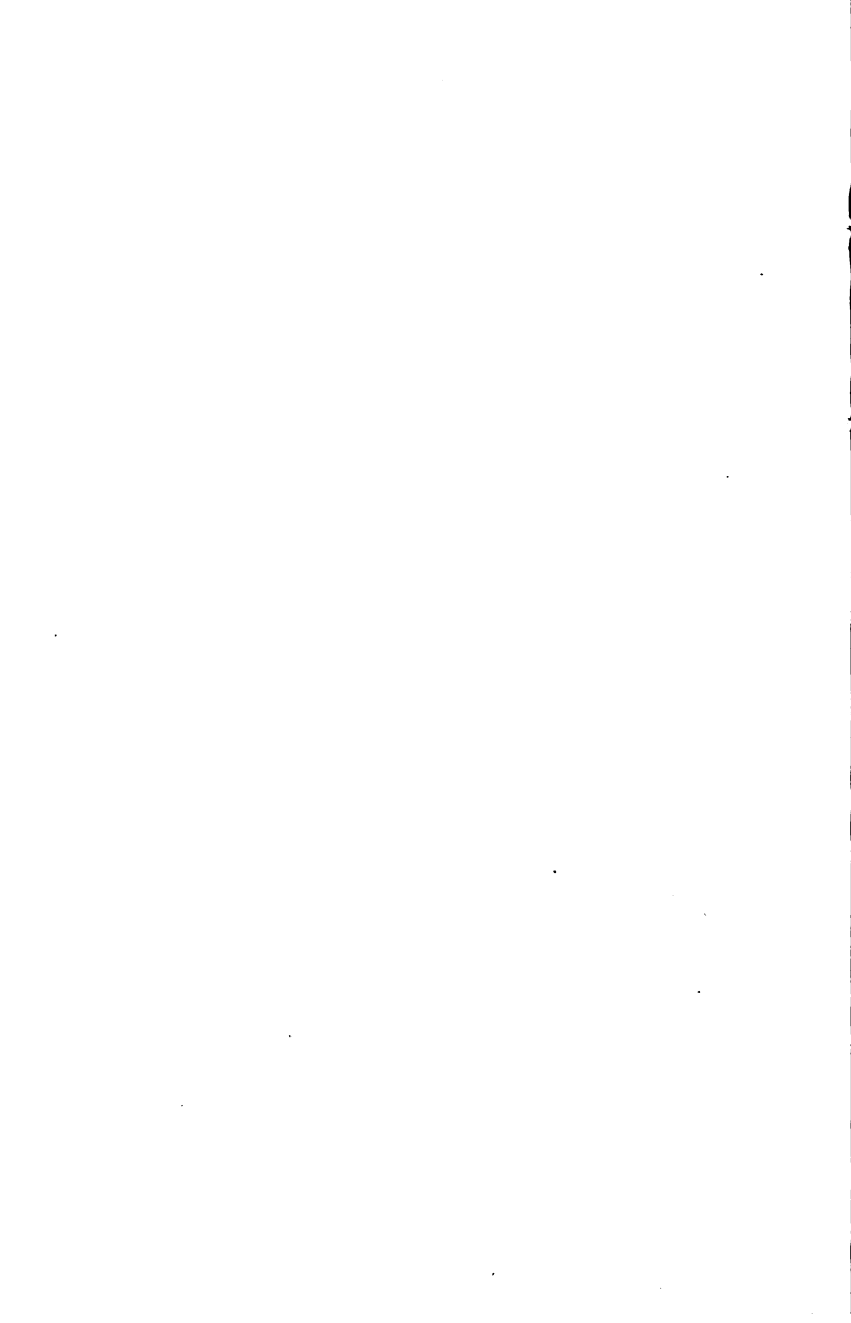
Undoubtedly it was a picturesque harbour. A large sheet of water almost land-locked, looking more like a lake than the inflowing of the ocean : low-lying hills, undulating in almost a complete circle, Fowey on one side, Polruan on the other. The cliffs, stretching upwards, boldly confront the sea, Blackbottle Head highest point of all. Near the harbour-mouth the ruined castles face each other. Here, once upon a time, a chain swung from side to side, guarding the entrance. Ages ago : when these ruins were in their youth and glory, and took part in the life of England, its wars and commotions, its rise and progress. Those walls then vibrated to the blast of the trumpet, or thrilled at the whisper of lovers' vows, impassioned as now, though perhaps delivered in less chosen strains. Then, as now, the sea broke at the foot of the crags, ebbcd and flowed, knew its storms and its calms. Nature does not change. The earth keeps young, rolls steadily on her course, putting on new life with each returning year. Man and man's handiwork alone must bow to the universal doom.

The coast-line, opening out just beyond the harbour, tower and castle crowned, is broken and attractive. A picture in a brilliant setting looked the Brig as we approached her. But she was now tossing upon the waves, which had begun to show signs of unpleasant animation. Who that has ever felt it can forget the peculiar, *all-round* motion of these Brigs when there is the slightest sea on ?



FOWEY.





A few days after, in spite of some adverse wind and weather, we worked into Falmouth, and there remained a few hours. The good old Rector was waiting to receive us with open arms. Later in the morning, when driving with him round Pendennis, and admiring the view: the old castle, the far-reaching sea, the splendid crescent of the bay, and the land that stretched to a fine point: the coachman suddenly pulled up his horses. Touching his hat with all the deference due to our venerable yet ever-youthful host, and pointing to the vessel lying in the offing, he said in tones full of the pomp and pride of a loyal English subject: "That, sir, is one of Her Majesty's Training Brigs."

The Rector received the intelligence with becoming gravity, just the right amount of interest and surprise in his expression: Broadley and I exchanged amused glances; and the carriage went on. When we got back again, and Broadley was going up the gravel walk to the house, and I, for the thousandth time, was helping my old friend to alight safely on terra firma, I turned to the grey-headed coachman (I had known him long enough to have a little fun with him, and gauge the measure of his emotions), and said: "Friend John, when you gave us that information about Her Majesty's Brig, you were not aware that you had the honour of driving the Brig's Commander."

It was worth watching the expression that came over old John's face. His glance fell on the retreating Broadley; his mouth opened, his face lengthened;

a deep flush slowly rose to the surface. "Bless my soul, Mr. Charles!—you don't say so! I humbly beg pardon." And if anything could possibly have added to the pride of driving his revered master, it was the fact recorded. John is a true, old-fashioned Conservative at heart.

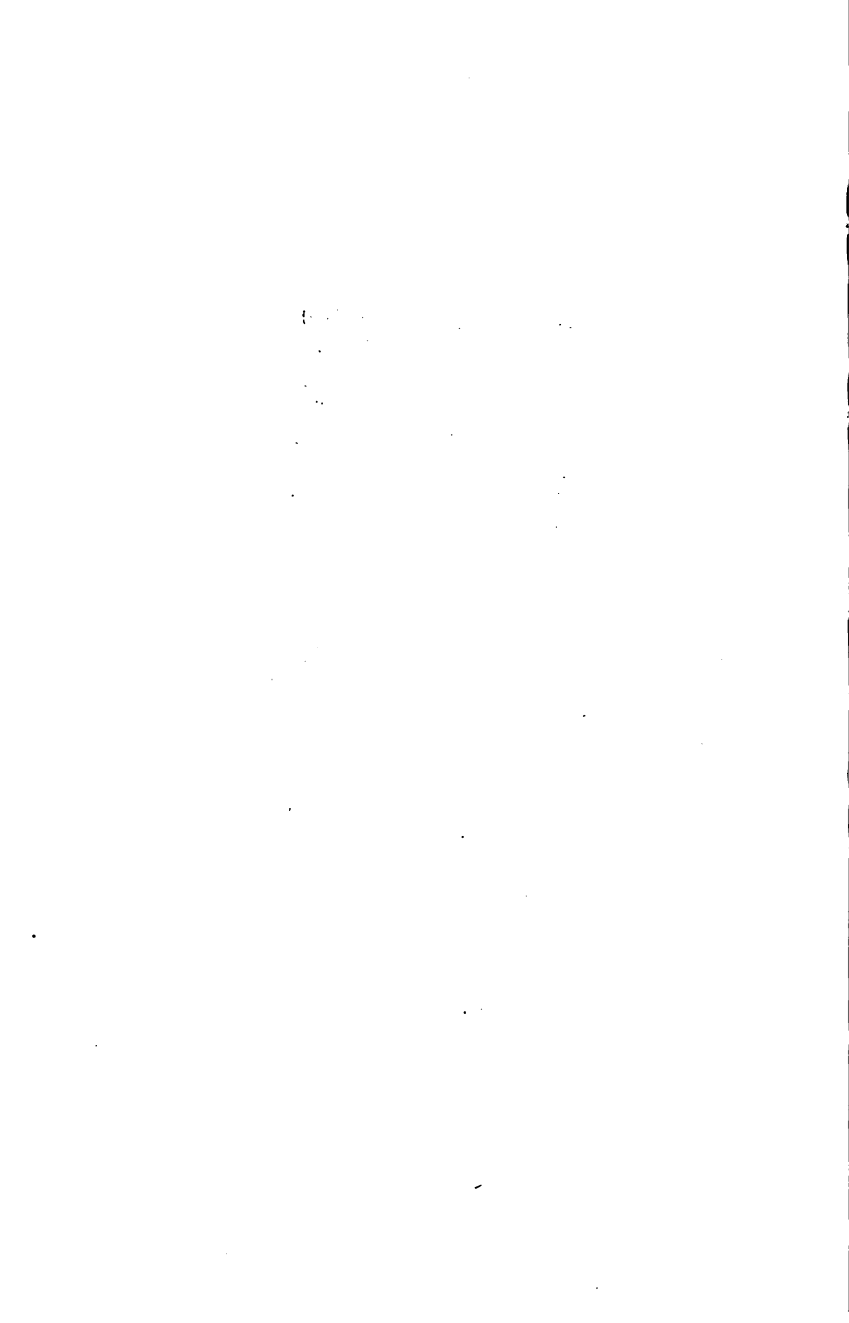
Then the Rector, grasping my arm, chuckled at old John's consternation, as we went up the path; whilst old John himself drove away in a state of bewilderment. We went in, and for nearly three hours our host poured out, in an inexhaustible stream, all the riches of his learning, all the power of his eloquence, all his amazing wit and humour; resources that never fail him; and only the more amaze you as time knits closer the bonds of friendship.

Then came the hour for leaving—always a regretted moment under that roof. A walk down hill into the narrow, tortuous streets of the town, and at the steps our boat in waiting. Before long, the little Brig, her sails set, was flying before the wind that had again sprung up—as pretty an object, surrounded by all this lovely scenery, as could be wished for. With our glasses we saw the Rector watching us from his windows, no doubt wishing us a silent God-speed. And, had the truth been known, I felt sure that old John, having begged a seat in the observatory, was directing a powerful telescope upon our movements, and recounting his day's adventures to those around him.

All these past thoughts and experiences had risen



FOWEY HARBOUR.



up in our minds like buried phantoms, as now, just one year later, we again went down Channel with the Fleet. It could not be otherwise, as one familiar landmark after another—rock, cliff, town, harbour, the long-drawn lines and curves of Crackington Cove, Torbay with its curious rocks, and all the innumerable points of interest on this coast—appeared and passed away in glowing sunshine. It was impossible to rejoice too greatly in this sunshine—these smooth waters and unclouded skies. In the Brig we had been at the mercy of the winds; here we were independent of those uncertain elements. To-day the almost dead calm only intensified our happiness and enjoyment.

So, as I have said, we left the coast of England, and swept onwards into other regions. The eight vessels kept their exact position towards each other. The effect of this was to make us appear almost stationary, especially when out on the broad seas. By Saturday afternoon we had approached the Bay of Biscay: those waters famous in history, in battle, in song; and, alas, only too famous in the sad records of the deep. "To her the love of woman hath gone down:" and in the fury of her storms she knows no mercy.

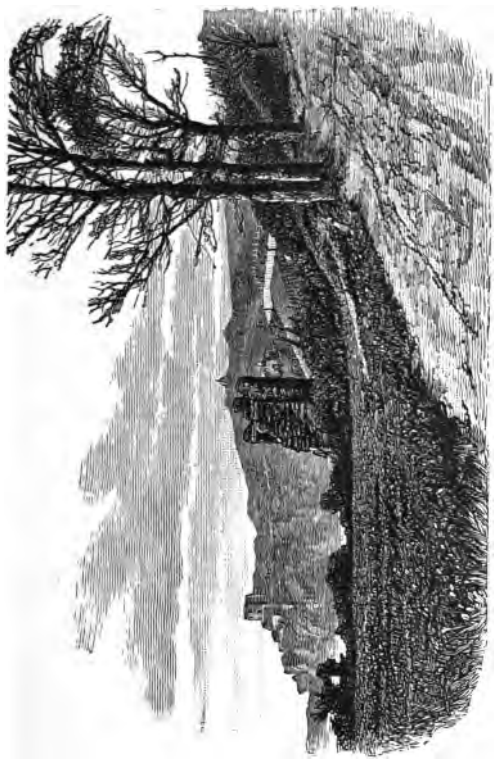
She received us in her kindest and gentlest mood; a perfect calm; nothing but a slight Atlantic roll that is seldom if ever absent. It was just enough to give life and motion to the *Defence*, and make us feel that, after all, we were not stationary and not on land. A motion rather agreeable than not; an effect sleepy

and soothing. It would have been a perfect idea of repose, but for the vibrations of the propeller.

For this reason that ideal rest at sea is only to be found in a sailing vessel, where the motion is inexpressibly delightful. There is no vibration of the screw to haunt you with its never-ceasing rhythm and tremulous quiver, finding out every bone in your spine and reducing your head to chaos. You fly through the air easily as a bird on the wing. Invisible hands seem to waft you onwards. This indeed is the case; the hands of the kindly old Wind; the best of servants, though the worst of masters; a conquering foe unsparing in his wrath. And, in a dead calm what more delicious than to lie motionless as a painted ship upon a painted ocean; work suspended, absolute, enforced idleness upon you? It is our nearest approach to Elysium; and, so far, a feeling unknown on board a steamer.

The ships of the First Reserve were, of course, all under steam. But vessels of this size, again, yield a different experience from those of smaller build. The one will toss and struggle with every wave; the other cuts through the trough of the sea—is on one wave before she is off another, and so maintains a tolerable character for steadiness. But two out of the eight ships of the Fleet had a bad habit of rolling under the slightest provocation, and, unfortunately, the *Defence* was one of them.

It has been remarked that life on board ship must be monotonous. This certainly is not the case. Especially it is not so in a cruise taken for such a



**FOWEY : ESPLANDAE.**





purpose as that of the First Reserve Squadron. The life is not an idle one, nor always easy. The men have to be worked and drilled, though there must be intervals of relaxation. Suddenly, perhaps in one of those do-nothing periods, the wind blowing gusts, the Flagship signals for some evolution to be performed aloft—perhaps “Make sail.” At once the men crowd the rigging: swarm up like locusts; hang on from yard-arms apparently by a thread, or as flies from a ceiling. Those who lately were snugly housed in their little white Coastguard cottages, or patrolling their beat on substantial ground, are now racing aloft like cats; and, though it may be blowing like two gales lashed together, the work has to be done.

The decks meanwhile are crowded with men running about, pulling ropes, making fast or letting loose. All is apparently hopeless discord: in reality, it is every man to his rope, every rope to its place. The noise and confusion; the orders flying: now to the men on deck, now shouted to those at the mast-head, or near it: amaze and bewilder a landsman. He begins to shake in his shoes. Put himself where he will, he still feels in the way. At last, in despair, he is inclined to rush below, or precipitate himself bodily down the windsail, that, stretching out its wings like an ominous bird of prey, gives air (it has already been described) to the ward-room.

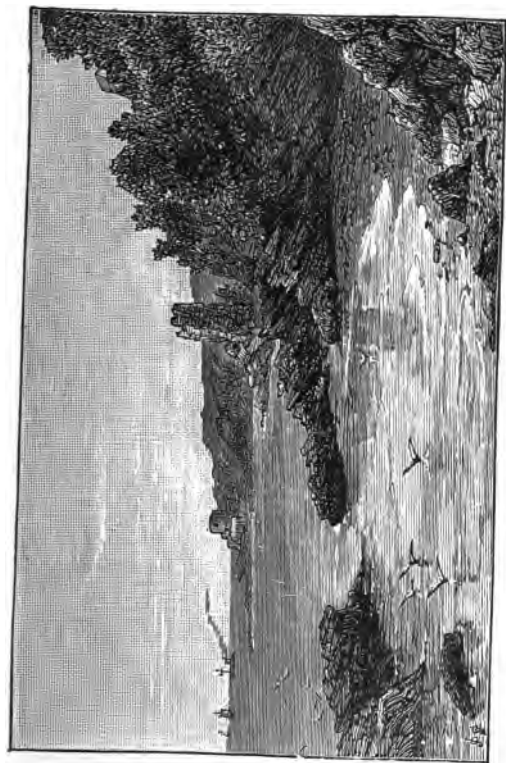
Suddenly, there is dead silence: an awful pause.

The next instant an order is shouted, and away they tear along the deck, a double line of men,

marines and blue-jackets. In less time than seems possible, every sail is set in the eight vessels. Where, a moment ago, bare masts and yards only were to be seen, now all is swelling and spreading canvas, which adds so much to the beauty of a ship scudding through the waves. It is an excessively interesting, a really grand manœuvre to watch.

Again there is a pause and silence. The sails set, the next thing is to take them in. Everything that has just been done has now to be undone. Once more comes the signal from the Flagship. Once more orders are shouted, men are flying; confusion reigns in this small town, and the tearing and whistling of the wind again make you feel utterly bewildered and befogged. The whole thing seems reduced to chaos; your mind goes with it. Out of this chaos, however, order is presently restored. Sails are neatly furled, ropes coiled down. The officers may be approached with safety. The men sink into quietness and invisibility. It is as though a magician's wand has been at work, and a magician's silence ensues; the rest of a paradise; the calm following a storm.

These drills and manœuvres are especially interesting to one who idly looks on. To see order gradually resolved out of chaos is an experience beautiful and improving as it is rare. To hear a direction shouted to the main royal, as intelligible to you as if it were Chinese, and to find that it has been understood by the men aloft; that Chinese to you was plain English to them; amazes you not a



FOWEY : HARBOUR MOUTH.



little. Your admiration and respect for them as an intelligent race rises accordingly.

I have said that idleness forms no part of the duty on board a man-of-war in the Reserve Squadron. Let us take one day's sea-routine for the benefit of the uninitiated reader; and one day was a reproduction of all other days, Sundays excepted. We will begin at the beginning, and call it Monday morning.

4 A.M. The watch and day men are mustered. After that, the upper deck is scrubbed and ropes are coiled down. (The ropes have been previously coiled *up* by the middle watch at 3.30.)

6 o'ck. Lash up and stow hammocks. (The hammocks are stowed in the nettings all round the upper deck.)

6.30. Bugle sounds — "Cooks to the galleys." Immediately the cooks of the different messes haste —not "to the wedding"—but to the galley, with their mess kettles, for the ship's allowance of cocoa. (Here an innovation might be suggested. As soon as the bugle has sounded, the cooks to go right round the upper deck in procession, one behind another, performing a classical or Bacchanalian dance, as seen in ancient pictures, upraising their kettles, and sounding a continuous alarm; then repair to the galley. The effect would be picturesque and striking.)

6.45. Pipe to breakfast. (The punctuality with which this call is sounded is a credit to the boatswain's mate. It does one good to observe the quickness of the response.)

7.15. Watch coming on deck to wash. (Cleanliness is next to godliness; and the men scrub and tub themselves as if, realizing the truth of the proverb, they would take full benefit thereof. The question is how far they allow cleanliness to do duty for the remainder. On an Arctic night we may see the warm glow of a fire from the wrong side of a window; and in the cold it will be of no more use to us than the delights in a confectioner's window to a famishing wretch who, gazing upon them from without, still dies of hunger.) Whilst the watch above are washing, the watch below are cleaning mess deck.

7.30. Watch on deck fall in. Clean wood and bright work.

8 o'ck. Bugle—Quarters—Clean guns.

8.30. Bugle—Clean arms.

8.45. Bugle—to disperse. Hands to clean in the rig of the day (this is made by signal from the Flagship every morning at seven o'clock) and stow bags.

9.15. Divisions. Prayers.

9.30. Divisional drill for the watch: either gun or rifle drill.

11 o'ck. Watch drill: such as "Shift jib"—"Shift a course," or "Topgallant mast"—or "Out collision mat"—etc., etc. (We hope this is sufficiently intelligible to the reader. If not, further explanation would only be rendering the confusion of his mind worse confounded.)

11.30. Clear up decks.



BISHOP ROCK.





11.45. Bugle for cooks to galley. (Procession and classical dance to be repeated.)

Noon. Pipe to dinner. (Great stir and excitement among the men. Pêle môle disappearance below—but no noise allowed. Sea air begets hunger as well as health.)

1.15 P.M. Bugle—Quarters—Clean guns.

1.30. Disperse—Watch fall in—Divisional drill: either rifle or cutlass drill. (The latter is very interesting.)

3 o'ck. Watch drill aloft. (If it is blowing hard, this is exciting to a landsman, and looks dangerous. He feels compassion for the men, who not only have to brave the perils of the deep, but apparently those of the air also. A cat has nine lives; and surely if these men did not resemble that domestic animal in their powers of climbing and clinging to nothing, as well as in their nine chances, few would survive even a short cruise like that of the Royal Reserve Squadron.)

3.30. Clear up decks.

3.45. Bugle for cooks to galley. (Procession and dance for the third time. All this would help to impress upon man that after all he is a greedy animal, with self-begotten and artificial wants that need constantly supplying: that he is more or less self-indulgent and given to the pleasures of the table. That when those pleasures are well dressed, abundant, choice and varied, he is amiable, lenient in his views, mild in administering reproof, a boon companion, the most delightful of hosts. But when these pleasures

and supplies fall short of perfection, look out for squalls and easterly winds. From this sweeping and humiliating characteristic, can we conscientiously separate the members of the R. N. ?)

4 o'ck. Pipe to supper. (This is the last meal—and it is a light one—that the men have until breakfast the next morning. No wonder the pipe to breakfast at 6.45 scarcely sounded before it was obeyed.)

4.30. Out pipes. Sweepers.

4.45. Bugle—quarters for inspection. After quarters, drill for the hands (usually lasting an hour or more), such as "Make plain sail," "Shift topsails," or "Topgallant mast," etc. Afterwards shortening and furling sail. (The work for the day may then be said to be over.)

7.15. Down guard and steerage hammocks.

7.30. Stand by hammocks. All hammocks are then taken out of the nettings and hung up between decks, each man having his respective billet.

8.45. Clear up decks for the rounds—Out pipes.

9 o'ck. Rounds—when the Commander goes round all decks, reporting the same "correct" to the Captain: all lights in messes and fires being extinguished.

At sea the watch is relieved every four hours, day and night, excepting 4 to 8 in the afternoon. These hours are divided into two watches—4 to 6 and 6 to 8—commonly called "Dog watches." This enables the watches to change and change about.

For instance, the watch on duty from 8 to 12 one night, will the next night be on duty from 12 to 4.

All drills and evolutions during the cruise were made by signal from the Flagship, taking time from her. The watch drills were never long or irksome, thus giving plenty of time for odd jobs, which are continually cropping up, to be done both in forenoon and afternoon watches, such as stropping blocks, splicing ropes, refitting rigging, etc.

Both forenoon and afternoon, weather permitting, "steam tactics" were generally carried on, the Fleet going through various manœuvres under the direct supervision of the Admiral. This was done irrespective of all drills, which were carried on at the same time; the tactics being performed exclusively by the Captain, Staff-commander, and Officer of the watch.

Wednesday forenoon was always taken for general quarters, when the ship is cleared for action and the guns' crews are exercised. Friday evening, after quarters, fire stations were generally exercised, when the pumps were hove round. Saturday was always taken for cleaning ship throughout, and no drills were done—except in the evening, after quarters, when sail drill was usually carried out.

And now we take up our broken thread and continue our cruise.

On that Sunday afternoon, when the sea and the skies were blue, and we were making quiet and steady way, our calm was suddenly disturbed by the

cry of "Man overboard!" Instantly every engine was stopped and the eight vessels were brought-to. The man fell from the *Warrior*. In this smooth water there was no danger of losing him. He struggled towards the buoy that had been thrown out, and grasped it. In less time than seemed possible boats were lowered, but that of the *Defence* was the first one out, picked him up, and took him back to his ship. Then the Fleet went on again.

There is something startling in this cry at sea. It rings with a sound of life or death. Rescue depends upon you. If not quick enough, the man may sink from exhaustion, and in an agony of helplessness you see him go down for ever. Half an hour ago he was strong and full of life: the contrast is too sudden, too awful to be realized. In a rough sea he may never be found, though you search long and diligently, and every glass sweeps the water. In misery you picture the despair of the poor fellow, losing hope and chance with every passing moment.

This was nearly the case in returning homewards. A strong gale was blowing in the Bay of Biscay, a tremendous sea running, and a man fell overboard from the yard-arm of the *Hercules*. It seemed a hopeless matter. The ocean was rolling in great hills and valleys; the wind, rushing with fury, shrieked and whistled in the rigging; the clouds were dark and lowering, the water was almost black with their gloomy reflections. Though early in the afternoon, it was neither night nor day, but sombre twilight. For many minutes—moments that seemed



DOWN CHANNEL: TORBAY.



hours—it was impossible to find him, though the boats were out, and their crews, buffeting with the waves, watched the ships for direction. At length, when it seemed useless to hope any longer, he was found and rescued. So rough was the sea that with much difficulty the boats were hoisted up again.

Sunday morning the brightness of the weather had changed. The Bay of Biscay, nevertheless, was still kindly in its mood. Some of the officers, indeed, said they had never crossed it in such calm waters. The two civilians on board were grateful. Excellent sailors, it was well to get their sea-legs into order before any one had a chance of finding out whether anything was wrong. Though no doubt equal to the roughest elements, they were not unwilling that it should remain amongst the uncertainties of life.

The weather not being propitious, Divine Service was held on the main, instead of the upper deck. In the latter case it is more impressive. Surrounded by the wide waste of waters, the restless ocean, type at once of our lives and of eternity, the small distractions, trifles and incidents of shore exist not. Nature is at her grandest and noblest: the mind responds to the influence.

The Church Pendant was flying from every vessel, and for the time being all other considerations were lost sight of and put aside for the act of united worship.

To-day, on the main-deck, all we could see of the water came to us through the port-holes. Service



was held in the battery of the vessel, guns pointing on each side. The reading-desk was draped with a flag ; a harmonium led the singing. The bell tolled a few minutes before service began, but its single stroke struck at intervals had the melancholy sound of a " passing bell " rather than anything else. Being nothing but the ship's bell, however, it was a very mild edition of a church summons. The men, row after row, were on benches in front of the Chaplain, so that he had them well in hand. The Captain and Officers were at the side and behind the reading-desk.

It was impossible to sail with the Chaplain of the *Defence* without soon feeling for him a high esteem. He was the type of what a parson should be, in daily life and in all manner of conversation. For the sailors he was especially the right man in the right place. And a difficult and discouraging task is often that of chaplain to a man-of-war.

Sunday afternoon was always pleasant on board. There was a stillness and repose, even in the very air we breathed. Sanskrit, whist, backgammon, arguments, everything was put out of sight for the day ; we went in for rest and leisure.

Service was held twice every Sunday on board the *Defence*. The men were obliged to attend in the morning, but their presence in the evening was optional. The Chaplain instituted his own form of worship at night. A short prayer or two ; then the sermon ; after that, a portion of the evening liturgy. Always plenty of singing, which the men liked, and

occasionally joined in rather too heartily. The low-roofed main-deck is a very different matter from the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults of a cathedral. Consequently the service was more acceptable to sensitive ears when held on the upper deck. There the men's voices rolled out upon the air as they "the strain upraised." But the blue sky, though the grandest of all domes, could not, like the fretted vault, send back any echo or make response.

That Sunday evening we had a glorious sunset, in strange contrast with the past day. The sky was flushed with rosy clouds, scattered in fleecy, wing-like fragments. The crescent moon "paled with glory" as she sank to the horizon. The water, reflecting the colours of the sky, turned almost to a blood-red as the sun dipped and disappeared. Night and darkness came on; the stars sparkled and scintillated with a lustre seen only in a rarefied atmosphere. A planet down in the west looked large and beautiful as a young moon. Nights such as these are rare in England. If we have them at all, it is in wintry weather, when half one's energy is absorbed in endeavouring to keep warm. It was chilly, even to-night, but only sufficiently so to be bracing. We were fast approaching latitudes where we should have more heat than we cared about. Under the Rock of Gibraltar, we might presently sigh in vain for cool days and night's temperate breezes.

Monday dawned squally and unpleasant. The sea rolled; the good ship responded by rolling also. The motion, distinctly uncomfortable, was stoically

endured. Say what you will, the unknown martyrs of the world are legion. Numberless heroic lives have gone down unrecognized. They die and make no sign. We, too, never murmured; perhaps because the *Defence* made us feel she could do much more than this if she chose. Gradually we sighted the Coast of Spain, but not within distance to enjoy it. Outlines there were, heights and wavy undulations, faint and shadowy, and that was all. Again the evening cleared, the night grew warm and pleasant. Again the crescent moon went down, and the sky was studded with its glittering worlds. From that time out we never had another hour's bad weather until, weeks later, we once more entered the Bay of Biscay, homeward bound.

We made such good progress that on Tuesday morning we entered Arosa Bay. A long reach of undulating land on each side, alternately barren and cultivated, rocky and fertile. Green slopes rose above the long white stretches of sand upon the shore, in vivid contrast, and rocks grey and desolate took their place. Here a cluster of houses, no doubt the habitations of fishermen, gave some idea of life to the scene: only to pass out of sight and render yet more desolate those long stretches of almost deserted country. It was a lone-looking land. The voice of man was seldom heard there; a footprint upon the sand might have raised an exclamation. But to eyes that for some days past had seen little beyond a waste of wide waters, it was excessively picturesque. One soon grows tired of "water, water everywhere." The

relief of land is needed to throw out a contrast and furnish a steadfast object to gaze upon. So Arosa Bay was hailed with delight, and proved refreshing. Without being especially cultivated and fertile, it is really beautiful. There are no orange groves within sight, or olive plantations with their sage-green foliage to seduce one; but the scenery is sufficiently diversified, the undulations are numerous and varied. Far-off hills tower in the background; you feel at once that you are in the land of mountains.

All this we noted as we passed up between the shores. It seemed quite a long journey. A little group of women and children, collected on a tongue of land jutting out into the Bay, and waved us a frantic welcome, while marvelling what in the world this wonderful invasion could mean. Truly it was a rare, one might even say a magnificent sight. Noble as the ships looked out upon the seas, they were far more imposing sailing up into the land. In the narrowed waters their size and beauty could be better appreciated.

At length we rounded a corner, and, in the broad harbour of the Bay, by a signal from the Flagship, every vessel turned a quarter of a circle together. Thus from eight ships two lines ahead, we suddenly altered into eight ships four lines ahead, and so steamed up the bay. Then, at a given signal from the Flagship, every vessel at the same moment let go her anchor. It was the day of the Accession of Queen Victoria—the 20th June. As the anchors fell, at the same instant every vessel dressed: from stern

to mast-head, and from mast-head to bows, one rainbow of flags. This done we fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns.

The sight was imposing and inspiring in the highest degree ; the effect more telling that all the ships dressed simultaneously, as if by magic. The guns thundered forth twenty-one, eight times multiplied, and the sound went echoing over the land, far up into the hills. It must have astonished the natives yet more than our sudden appearance ; for the greater part were no doubt unaware of the approaching visit of the Reserve Squadron. The white smoke cleared away, rolled off into the blue sky, dissolved and disappeared in ether. The silence that ensued was delicious. In calm and quiet we began to take note of the scene before us.

Later on in the afternoon we did more. We landed and made acquaintance with the wonders of Arosa, the little town of Carril, its ill-paved streets, or streets not paved at all. Stagnation and idleness seemed to be the order of the day. Only a few heavily-laden donkeys could be seen, staggering along in the consuming heat, and they quickly and mysteriously disappeared under archways that faced long stretches of cultivated land. Mountains rose beyond, full of sleepy beauty, clothed in a golden haze that, yet further off, melted into the purple.

Not one of us could speak Spanish ; and the signs and contortions that we made in our efforts to establish a clear understanding with the natives, were fearful and wonderful. We electrified the fruit-women

sitting in the shadow of the Custom House. Either from terror at our gestures, or admiration at our collected appearance, they were ready to allow us to go off bodily, and without payment, with all their worldly possessions: strawberries, cherries, luscious melons. I firmly believe that, without the slightest hesitation, they would have thrown their fair selves into the bargain. Truly, we should have had full measure.

Indeed, we had not landed five minutes before a bright-eyed, beautiful and captivating Spanish girl at an upper window, cast a splendid lily at Pyramid, then clasped her hands and looked at him with a lingering, languishing gaze. We afterwards found that she was the great heiress of the place, kept under strict watch and ward by a cruel parent. Pyramid was evidently the one on whom she had, with sudden inspiration, fixed her affections and hopes of rescue. And no wonder. With his handsome face and magnificent presence, whenever he was of the landing party no one had a ghost of a chance of a glance, or a lily, or anything else. He was about to respond to this tender and mute appeal, when suddenly the huge hand of a grim duenna was seen to clutch at the fair beauty. The vision was withdrawn with slight ceremony, and a hastily closed venetian shut in a despairing cry.

Il faut payer pour ses plaisirs. Pyramid, in honour bound, had to walk about the whole afternoon with his gage d'amour—not in his button-hole, for it was large as a dinner-bell—but delicately and gallantly held between his fingers. Every now and then, when

he thought no one was looking, a blushing glance was bestowed upon it; and—I felt sure—a mental vow recorded to return some-day and rescue that fair vision from cruel, close confinement. His fate was sealed from that hour.

The next day a special train to Santiago was put on for the Duke and the officers of the Fleet. But the wonders of this quaint and ancient town—this Pilgrim resort—this second City in the world, from a Roman Catholic and religious point of view—cannot be entered upon at the end of a chapter.





### CHAPTER III.

*Carril—The Lily Preserved—A Dusty Journey—A Transformation Scene—Santiago—A Dashing Drive—Oxford—The Fonda Suiza—The Pilgrim City—The Cathedral—A Melancholy Town—Room of the Inquisition—A False Impression—Realities—A Barmecide Feast—A Fan Dépôt—A Dutch Auction—Carril Again—The Inspection—A Swinging Cot—A Victim to Anecdote—An Arosa Paradise—with Many Eves—Quarter's Firing—A "Small and Early."*

ONCE in Arosa Bay, everything approaching to a Northern climate had disappeared. The heat, indeed, was intense, the roads were inches thick in dust, the long stretch of flat shore looked white and broiling in the sunshine. Here and there, in our walks, we encountered the grateful shade of a small plantation of trees; and, at intervals, the eucalyptus, though casting little shadow, broke the extreme brightness of the glare.

Yet the Spanish women braved the noonday heat with no other covering to their heads than the graceful mantilla. Many, indeed, disdained even that slight protection, and seemed to think nothing of the scorching rays, that we, sheltered by umbrellas, found it so hard to endure with serenity of mind.



The town is called Carril. It is a seaport of some little consequence, being the nearest to Santiago, and in direct railway communication with that venerable city. Carril is divided into two distinct portions, separated from each other by more than a mile of hot, straight, dusty white road : if, indeed, both settlements were called Carril—a point never ascertained with complete satisfaction. Carril proper was in itself small, rather dilapidated-looking, yet not unpicturesque.

These foreign towns seldom are unpicturesque. They possess details of colouring and arrangement, all seen through a rarefied atmosphere, that we in England know nothing about, might sigh for in vain, and in vain attempt to imitate. The houses were small and sufficiently homely ; only one here and there, such as the custom-house on the quay, rising to anything of importance. Most of the green Venetian shutters were closed against the heat ; but the lower half was made to lift up ; and a dark-eyed Spanish beauty looked more captivating than ever, as, from these picture-frames, she dispensed abroad the favour of her glances.

It was from such a coign of vantage that Captain Pyramid received his magnificent lily, which he afterwards pressed between the leaves of the Sanskrit volume so often in his hands in the ward-room. The sight of it would cast a halo upon that not very romantic labour, and spur him on to fresh triumphs, as he quietly assured me. He would now and then get laughed at by one or the other on the score of

sentiment ; but they who laughed were actuated by burning jealousy much more than by the spirit of fun. Van Stoker, whose mind was filled with one image and one image alone, left him in peace ; felt for him, indeed, much sympathy ; offered him—with a deliberate incrimination, so to say, of his tenderest feelings one could but admire—a few of his Love Sonnets, all ready done up for post at the next port we touched at, and never originally destined to raise the flutter of emotion in the breast of a Spanish maiden. But Darcy, at sight of the pressed leaves, would fly to his collection of photographs and artistic silhouettes, and forget himself, if possible, in their contemplation ; and Darrille would withdraw to his cabin, plunge into dry statistics, and read up torpedo practice ; whilst Wakeham would go off and pace the bridge, and confide his opinions to the Officer of the watch. But Pyramid quietly went on his way, and made no sign.

Down the long mile of road that separated the two Carrils, we passed girls at the brooks, washing, laughing, and wondering what meant this sudden invasion of ships and strangers. Bending over their linen, a lively chatter keeping time and tune to the babbling of the stream hurrying to the sea, looking up and making unintelligible remarks as we passed, they formed quite pretty and interesting groups. At the edge of the shore we watched the nets raised, and the sardines hauled in in large quantities, jumping about, and asking to be put back into their cool retreats. But Philistine hands transferred them to baskets and buckets, and carried them away.

A small crowd assisted at the ceremony, some of them beggars seeking alms in kind or coin. They are one of the curses as well as annoyances of Spain. In all towns they swarm round you like wasps, and are as difficult to shake off. Many are licensed by the Government, which thereby derives a considerable but questionable revenue. To induce sympathy, they will hold out a medal, strung round their necks as a badge of their respectable trade, and almost thrust it into your face. More often, than not, a mere glance at them produces a shock; and, to get rid of an unpleasant sight, you sin against your conscience, and throw them a dole.

The day after we reached Arosa Bay, a special train to Santiago was put on for the Duke and for those Officers of the Fleet who could, or cared to, make use of the opportunity. About seventy thus visited the ancient city.

The morning was brilliant, and the blue skies of the South and the buoyancy of the air made the heat an easier matter to bear than that of our heavier climate. The journey was in itself interesting. For some time, the blue waters of Arosa Bay were visible to the left. We passed between banks of aloes, with their prickly darts shooting outwards, so often a distinguishing feature in the Spanish landscape. Olive trees grew in the plains and up the slopes, their sage-green foliage standing out in vivid contrast with all other. The whole country undulated and divided into fertile plains, valleys and hills, here barren and rocky, there clothed with soft and soothing verdure.

The rich vegetation of the South gives to its vales and pastures a picturesque, and, to anyone familiar with its features, an eastern aspect, suggestive of the voluptuousness of the Arabian Nights. All we wanted to complete the impression was the Princess Scheharazade, to tell us tales and beguile the dusty journey with her dulcet tones and witching beauty ; or Aladdin's Lamp to supply our needs, simple or capricious ; or the trees around to be hung with jewels, demanding to be gathered and appropriated.

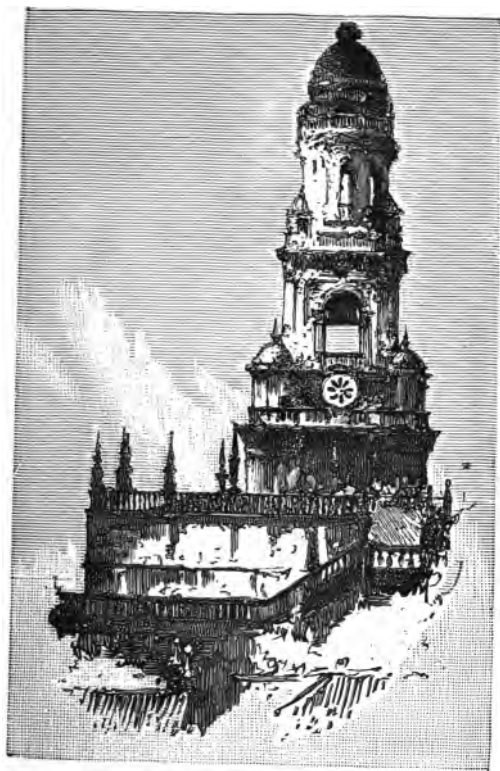
The dust referred to, and the blacks from the engine, were, indeed, our only drawback to complete enjoyment. We all reached Santiago a combination of sweeps and millers. Our own compartment was full, but, from the *Defence*, contained only Pyramid, Oxford, and myself. Next to Pyramid, Oxford was perhaps the finest fellow in the Fleet. (He, by the way, was sent out to Egypt on our return to England, went through the war, and took part in every engagement. Last December, when out in Malta, I found that he had touched there on his way back to England, bronzed, almost blackened by the sun, beyond recognition.)

It was hard for all to reach Santiago shorn of some portion of their just due of personal appearance ; but hardest for those who had a great deal of appearance to care about. Thus Pyramid, once on the platform of Santiago, endeavoured to persuade the station-master to run a special train at once back to Carril. But it was only a single line, and that official with a thousand regrets protested that it was

impossible. The obstruction to the ordinary traffic would be disastrous.

The line of rail on approaching Santiago is a marvel of ingenuity, and seems almost to describe a circle, producing an effect that makes you begin to think yourself really and truly in the land of wonders and Eastern magic. You see the town on the heights on the one hand, its heavy cathedral towers standing out magnificently against a background of pure blue sky. Too weighty for the rest of the building, here nothing but the grandeur of these towers is apparent. Groves, gardens and palm trees adorn the landscape. On the other hand you perceive the great building and extensive walls of a convent rising in the midst of a depression. The next moment, surprised and bewildered, you find that town and convent and different surrounding features have changed places; right has become left and left right. The train, sweeping round imperceptibly, has effected the transformation. Thus it happened that we found ourselves on the platform at Santiago feeling very much as if we had been turned upside down.

The approach to the town is striking. It lies on the slope of the hill and crowns the summit. White, cool-looking houses, with their green shutters jealously closed, are surrounded by gardens and a wealth of flowers and vegetation undreamed of in sterner climes. The double geranium, especially, grows here like a weed, its hues strangely beautiful and brilliant; the palm tree raises its head, and the eucalyptus throws out its healing virtue. Tall grasses wave and



BELFRY.



rustle and murmur, and bend their feathery fronds in graceful yielding to the wind. The train passes over a viaduct, and the plain on either hand looks quite deep and far reaching; making the town-crowned heights seem loftier than they are. The journey has been pleasant all through, but its termination raises one to a pitch of quiet excitement and activity. We steam slowly into the station, feeling some curiosity as to what lies before us.

The authorities were on the platform to receive the Admiral and his brother the Duke of Connaught. They drove off at once in carriages, and we immediately followed.

The town is a little distance from the station; it is all uphill to get there; the roads were white and dusty; the heat touched fever point. Few of us preferred to walk. The four little horses attached to our carriage galloped along and raised a cloud that must have threatened suffocation to those coming up behind. Turning to the right, and to more level ground, we passed between a crowd of gazers on the one side, and the public gardens, well laid out, on the other. Every window was filled rows deep. Innumerable bright eyes flashed forth; but alas, we reaped no lilies for our well-directed points of admiration. The whole town was astir and afloat at this rare and unusual visitation.

We reached the heart of the city; our Jehu defiling through narrow thoroughfares and turning impossible corners in a miraculous manner. Now he seemed about to shoot under the arcades that line



the streets on each side, and jut out beyond the houses : a catastrophe that certainly would have terminated our brilliant careers there and then ; and now, plunging recklessly down hill and turning a sharp angle, we swayed about in a way that reminded us of nothing so much as the rolling of the good *Defence*. I looked at Pyramid ; he took my meaning and turned a shade paler. " Yes," he murmured ; " there are other dangers in Spain than brigands ; and not only before going to the Alhambra should a man make his will. Oxford, have you made yours ? "

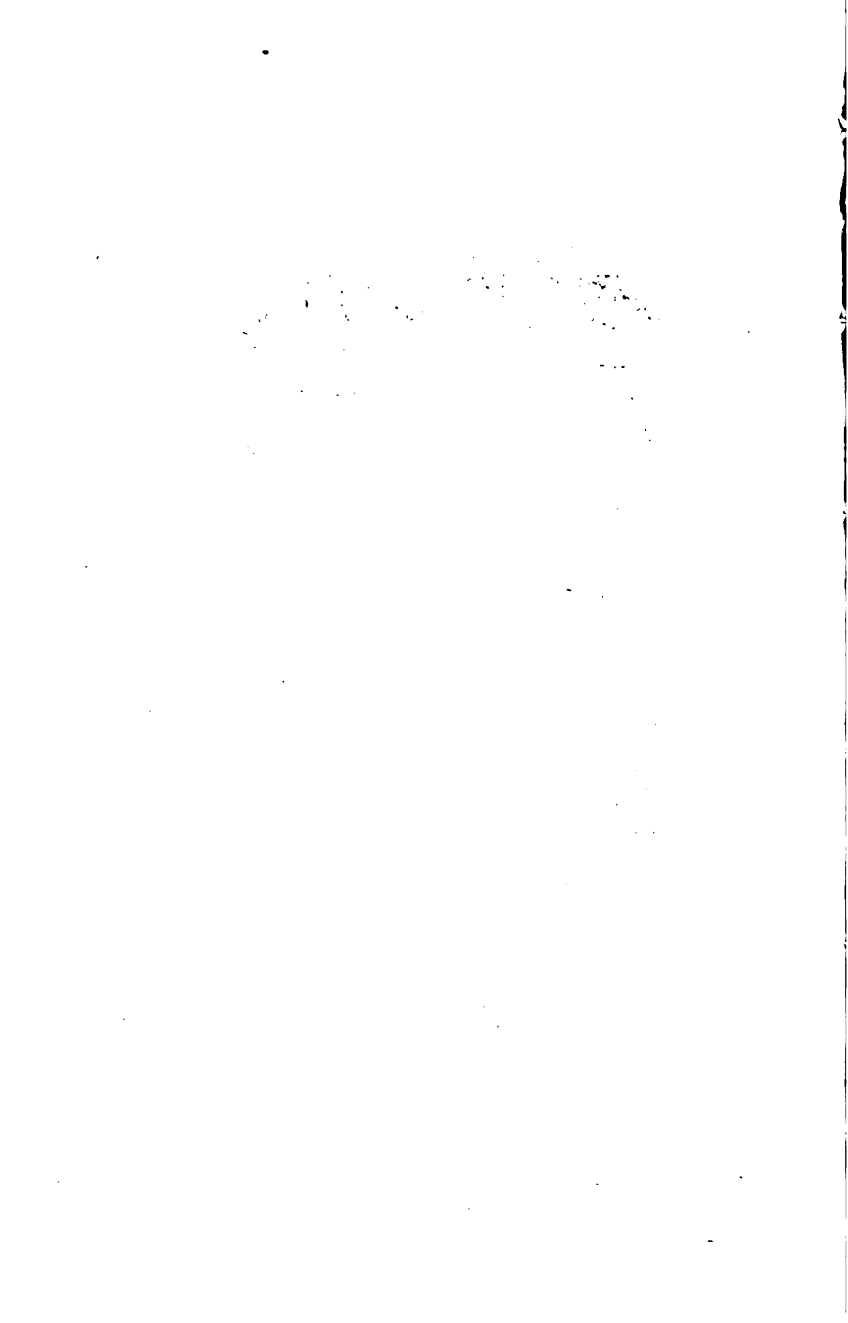
" Yes," replied Oxford, in a slightly depressed tone. " The day before we reached Arosa Bay, urged by a presentiment. I have left all I possess to the Blue Ribbon Army, and have made you two joint executors. I felt that you would see the trust properly carried out, not dreaming that we should all three be running the same risk at the same time. "

Certainly the streets of Santiago seemed designed for man-traps and pitfalls. They are all hilly, narrow and badly-paved ; slippery flags, with no grip for the horses' feet, and hard stones that generally find out the weak points—if you possess any—in your own. No side pavement or curb-stones ; nothing but dull and gloomy arcades, that still further contract the thoroughfares, and give them a heavy aspect. But they also make it look old-world and picturesque, and a distinct and vivid impression remains upon the memory.

Our conveyance finally deposited us, safe and sound, at the door of the Fonda Suiza, supposed to be



WEST GATES.



the best hotel in the town. Time being necessarily short, we at once proceeded to the great attraction of the place—the cathedral, and were admitted to all parts, relics and curiosities ; the veil being raised for the Dukes, that, in some instances, is lifted only on the rarest state occasions.

Santiago de Compostella. The Pilgrim City. The Holy City. It has many names, and has had its day of grandeur—the most complete of all earth's greatnesses ; that which proceeds from religious fervour and fanaticism. Santiago—or the City of St. James the Elder : Compostella—because a star is said to have indicated where the Saint's body was buried.

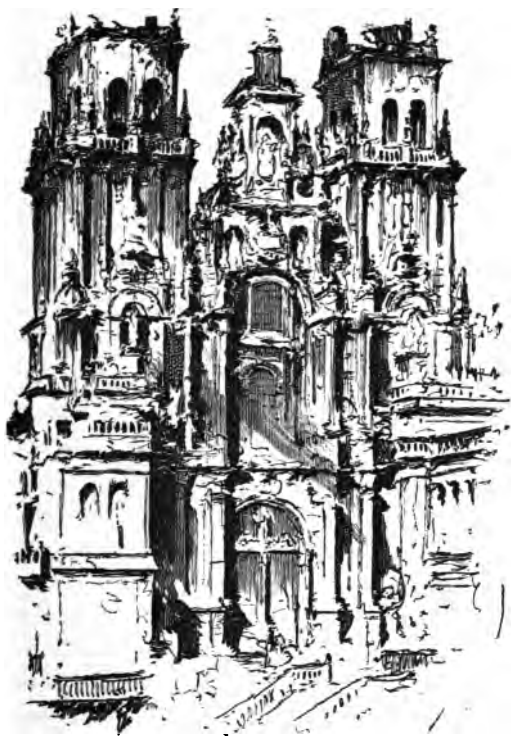
The city was founded as far back as A.D. 829, by Theodimir, Bishop of Tria. The body of St. James was supposed to have been discovered by a miraculous indication from Heaven, and a church was erected upon the site. The town dates from this period, and became a favourite of pilgrims ; one of the great shrines of the world ; approached with veneration, and supposed to work wonders of healing. In those earlier centuries such errors might well be impressed upon an ignorant and superstitious world. It is not so long since these things were practised in England ; and even now pilgrimages are taken in the hope that miracles will follow. Santiago de Compostella grew and flourished and waxed great, becoming the second religious city in the world. For everything yielded to Rome.

Thus viewed, our visit to Santiago had marked

interest, and the cathedral was endowed with a special halo; linking together past and present; combining, as it were, that far-off age of superstition and terror (for Santiago has seen the tortures of the Inquisition, and the awful Council Chamber is still there), with the enlightened days of the nineteenth century.

The cathedral at once arrests attention as being no ordinary building. That which most impresses one is that which is first seen—the exterior. It possesses a wonderfully old-world appearance; a look of such antiquity that you might imagine it about to fall to pieces; a perfect and colossal ruin, needing but the touch of a hand to lay it low in the dust. I have never seen any building bear, apparently, such traces of the destroying hand of Time. And this aspect is not confined to the cathedral alone. Other large buildings of the town, such as the University and the Hospital, look equally woe-begone, grey and decrepit. To gaze upon them is sufficient to reduce the mind to melancholy. It is gazing at departed grandeur, yet at something infinitely more beautiful now than in the vanished days.

The whole town, indeed, possesses this grave and melancholy appearance, giving one a death-in-life kind of sensation, inexpressibly dismal, and making a long sojourn there impossible. This mournful aspect is said to be due less to the effects of time than to the action of the atmosphere. It is peculiarly humid; and the humidity has laid its mark upon all, and tinged all with the mournful hue of death. San-



CATHEDRAI.



tiago is one of those places that affect the mind powerfully at a first visit ; and it is well to make the visit a short one.

The first feeling with regard to the interior of the cathedral—and I am not sure that it is not the last—is one of disappointment. To begin with, it is steeped in that dim religious gloom so essentially out of place in a building of this description. Ponderous and massive, there is not sufficient light to remove from the mind a feeling of undue heaviness and weight. It is in the form of a Latin cross, but as only a small portion of the building, apparently, could be seen at once, it was difficult to gain any idea of its general effect. Between the massive pillars, the heavy, though splendid screens, the immense curtains, the interior seemed spoilt and overcrowded by its own adornments.

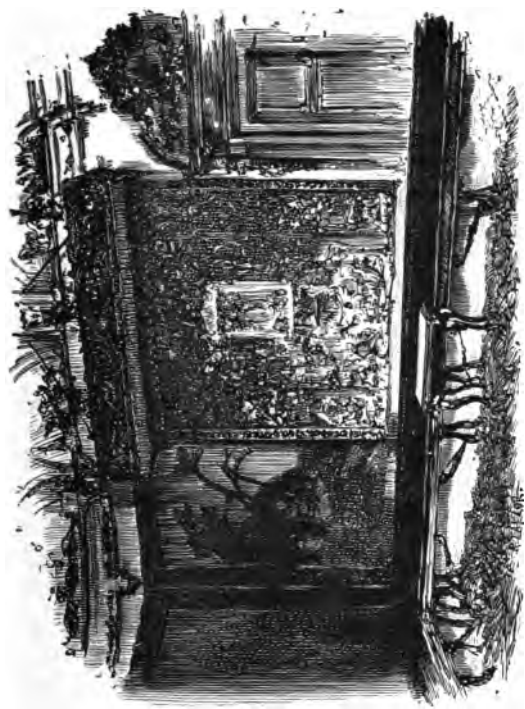
The gloom alluded to is said to be designed in order that the illuminations at the High Altar (composed of massive silver ; a really gorgeous and splendid work) may shine forth more conspicuously at their great festivals. At such times the effect upon the mind of the worshipper is no doubt thrilling, the sight as imposing as sight can well be ; whilst the figure of St. James, magnificent in burnished gold and flashing jewellery and elaborate surroundings, stands out in a blaze of ornamentation. But it seems an error to sacrifice light, so much needed, to an occasional and passing result. We saw no illumination, no blaze of glory ; only the darkness ; and occasionally we stumbled.



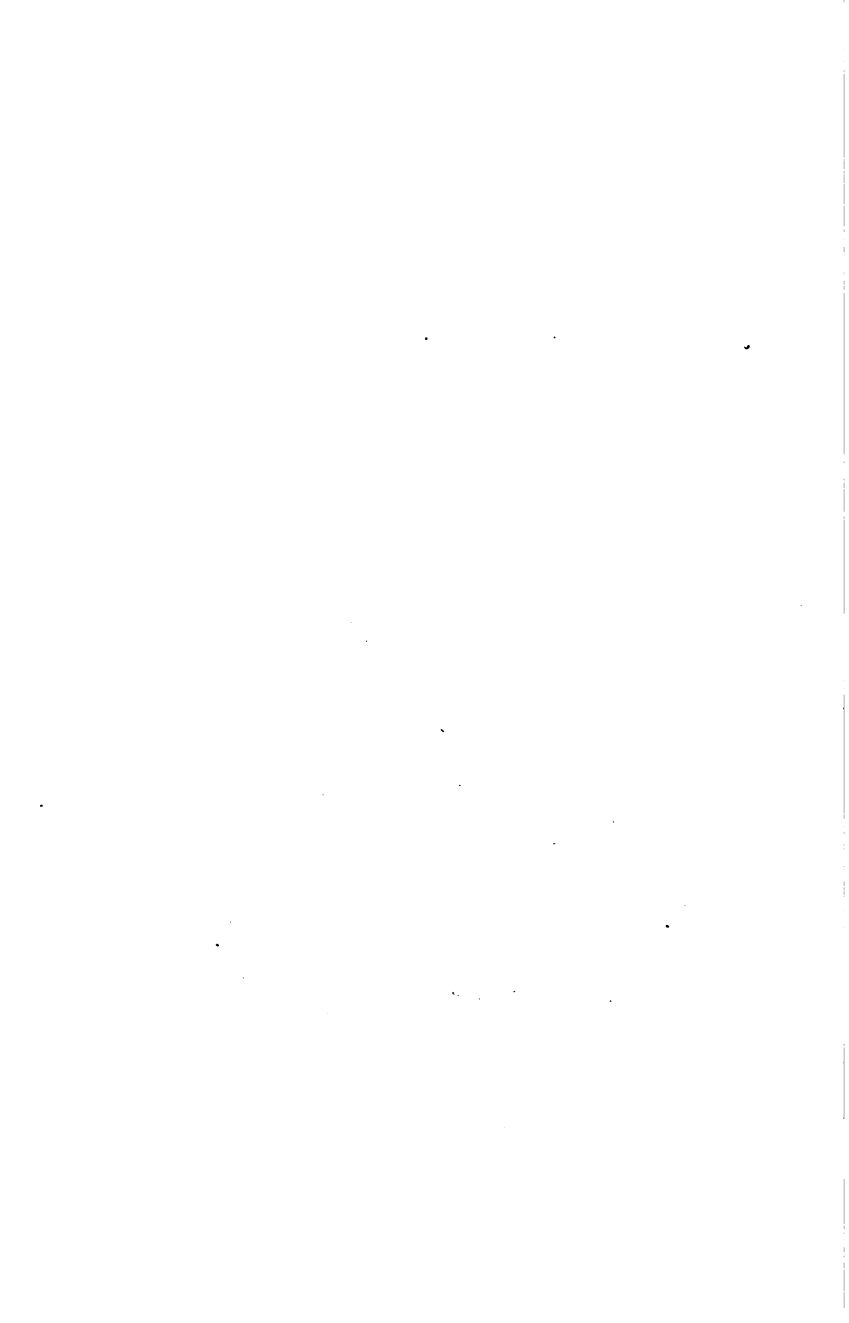
We mounted the steps, so often trod by pilgrims, to gaze at the wonderful image and shrine. A countless host has worn them smooth and small in their eagerness to kiss the hood of the figure; the great object and culminating point of their ambitions. The figure itself is said to be of stone, but little of it was visible. Passing on, we went the round of the chapels and saw the relics and the shrines, the massive plate and the figures of the numerous saints and patrons. But no part was so beautiful as the interior of the west entrance: three arches, representing in design the Last Judgment, executed by Maestro Matteo in the twelfth century.

From this we entered the chapter house, and passed into the chamber once used for the purposes of the Inquisition. Here the council would sit. Here victims would be examined and placed on the preliminary rack for the purpose of bending them to the will of their tormentors. And those who know anything of the Spanish disposition, which still rejoices in the sight of animal suffering and the chancing of human life, can realize something of the lengths to which the Inquisition carried its cruelties.

The walls of the room were padded and massive, the windows deep. No sound of debate or confession, or the cries of the tortured, could escape. Later on it was used as a royal bedchamber, and is still hung with the tapestry that then decorated the walls. All trace of its previous office has disappeared; but there is an atmosphere that must cling to it for ever.



ROOM OF THE INQUISITION.



Imagination sees the council at its work, stern, cruel and relentless in character and mission. The rack occupies the middle of the chamber ; its prey, pale yet firm, before the judges. He refuses their bidding and is placed on the dread instrument. You hear the creaking of the machinery as it is slowly set in motion ; one turn and yet another, until the agony is complete. The sighs of the victim lurk in the corners of the room ; groans and shrieks escape upwards to heaven and cry aloud for vengeance. But there is no pity in the hearts of those torturers, no response beyond a savage pleasure and purpose betrayed by the kindling glance, the parting of cruel lips, the gleam of white teeth. And, some, with whom the spirit, indeed, was willing but the flesh weak, yielded ; and some suffered to the bitter end.

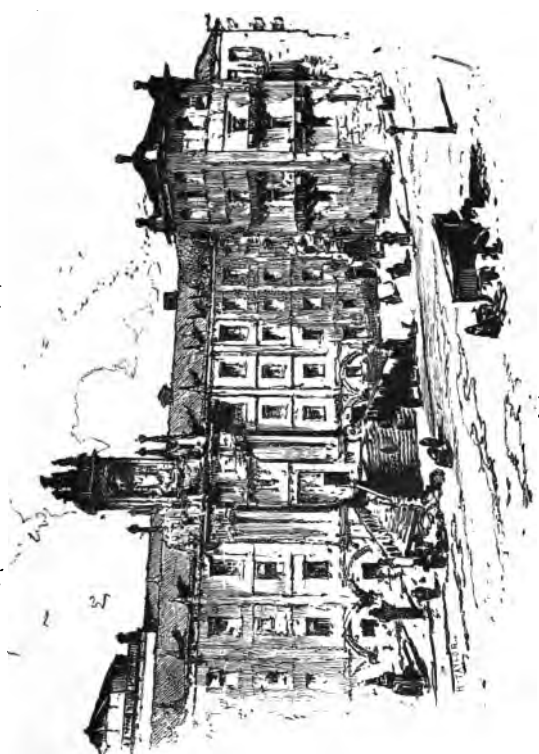
Yes, the place was haunted. A thousand pale ghosts were there ; the room was full of them. Through every pane of glass in the mullioned windows there peered the phantom eyes of a martyr. Centuries have passed since these things were done, yet their horrors are as distinct as if but of yesterday ; as present as they will be on that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be brought to light.

No one lingered very long in this tapestry room. Re-entering the cathedral, the great west gates, magnificent in size, age, workmanship, and in their triple character, were thrown open, and we all passed out to the steps fronting the great square.

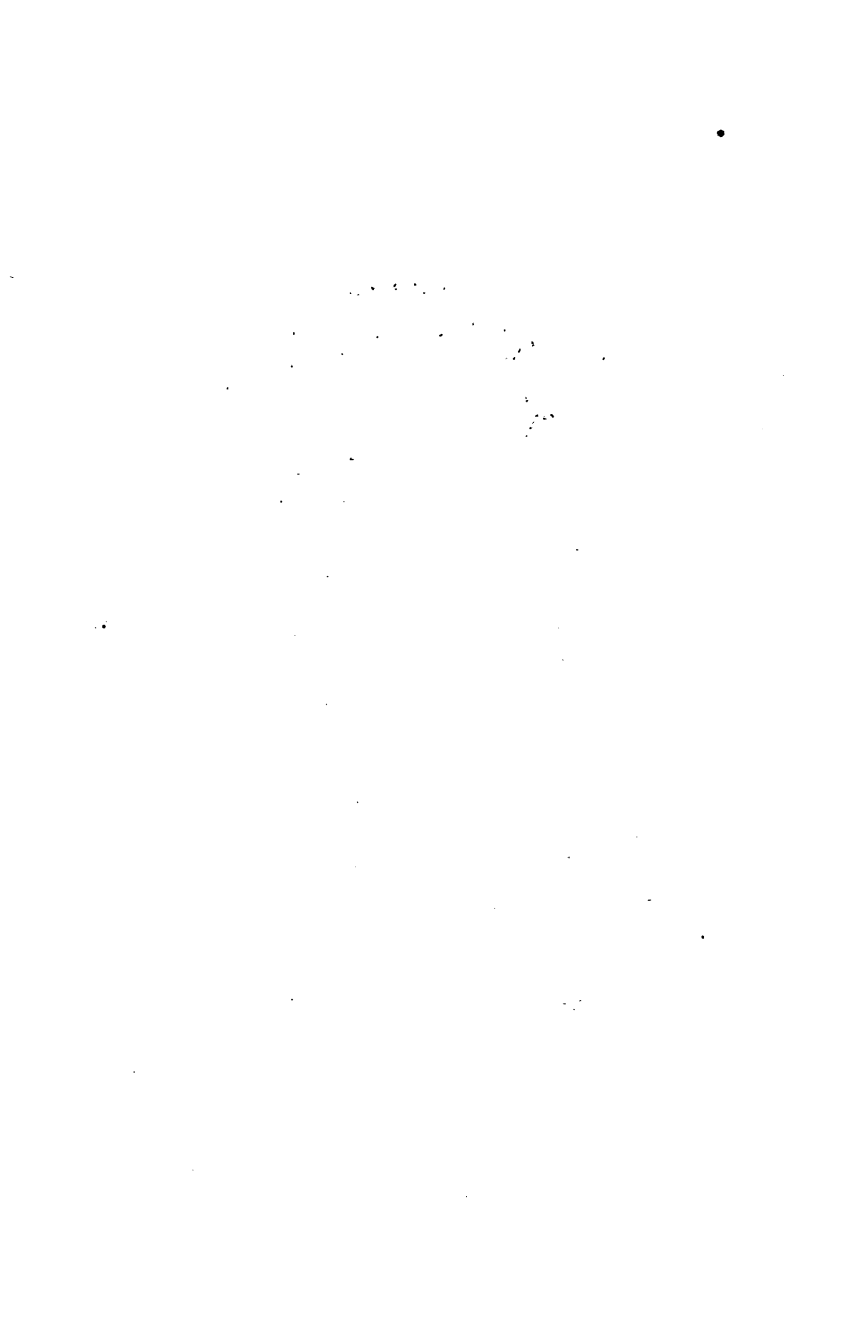
Standing at the head of the long, broad flight,

you beheld a grand and unusual scene. Overshadowing us, as it were, was the building we had just left, its impression upon the mind yet remaining. At that moment only one thing seemed wanting to complete the charm. The organ that, on each side the chancel, in its double frame, crowned so well the splendid old stalls and the Archbishop's throne, should have pealed forth the "swelling anthem." A flood of harmony streaming down the aisles, and reverberating amongst the arches, and filling all the outside air, would have filled the listeners with a more wholesome rapture than ever was felt by pilgrim on kissing the hood of St. James. But, throughout our visit, the organ was silent.

One other thing might have been done. The famous bells of Santiago should have rung and rocked from the cathedral towers, and sent forth such a peal as the inhabitants had never before heard. Seldom is the city honoured with the presence of Princes of the House of England, and all the sounds of rejoicing that turn an ordinary day into a festival should have commemorated this visit. Probably the authorities of Santiago think less of their organ and their chimes than does anyone else; and if they happen to dislike music, it might not even occur to them to sound the loud timbrel or strike the living lyre. Perhaps, too, the organist was absent, and the ringers were sleeping. Probably, also, the oppressive silence of the belfry and the magic reeds was felt only by a small number, whose hearts had long been taken captive by St. Cecilia.



COLLEGE.



The remaining three sides of the square were composed of three large buildings. Before us, the seminary for the education of young priests ; to the left, the college of St. Jerome ; to the right, the hospital founded, in 1504, by Ferdinand and Isabella, for the use of pilgrims. One can imagine the motley group these now ancient walls frequently enclosed.

The front of the hospital is yet more hoary-looking than the cathedral : a delicious bit of antiquity that might have existed in the days of St. James himself. Grey and green, black and crumbling, intact, yet looking ruinous. As I have said, this effect is due less to age than atmosphere. It is in part a delusion, but a delusion that is all gain to the visitor.

We crossed the square, a long procession, and entered the hospital. For a moment, owing to a wrong impression, I thought we were visiting the college, and prepared for a feast of reason and a flow of soul.

Through an open court into a chapel ; richly ornamented, but out of harmony with the severe simplicity one expects from a body of grave University men. Then up a wide staircase, plain and unadorned. Here, at any rate, was austerity enough. Now, thought I, for the intellectual banquet : for grand rooms lined with ancient and interesting tomes : for learned men who will explain all that is mystery and indicate all that is marvel : for illuminated MSS. and rare missals worth almost the ransom of a St. Iago. Now for a priceless half-hour spent amid

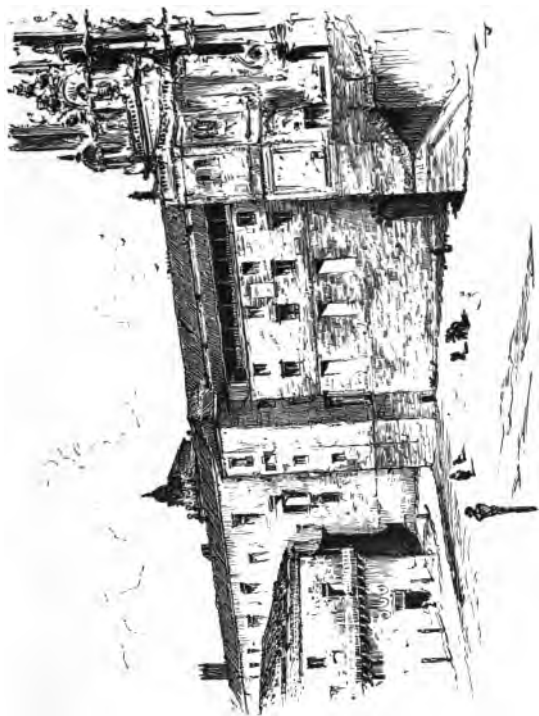


the buried centuries and giant minds of the past. This shall be a time well devoted, long remembered.

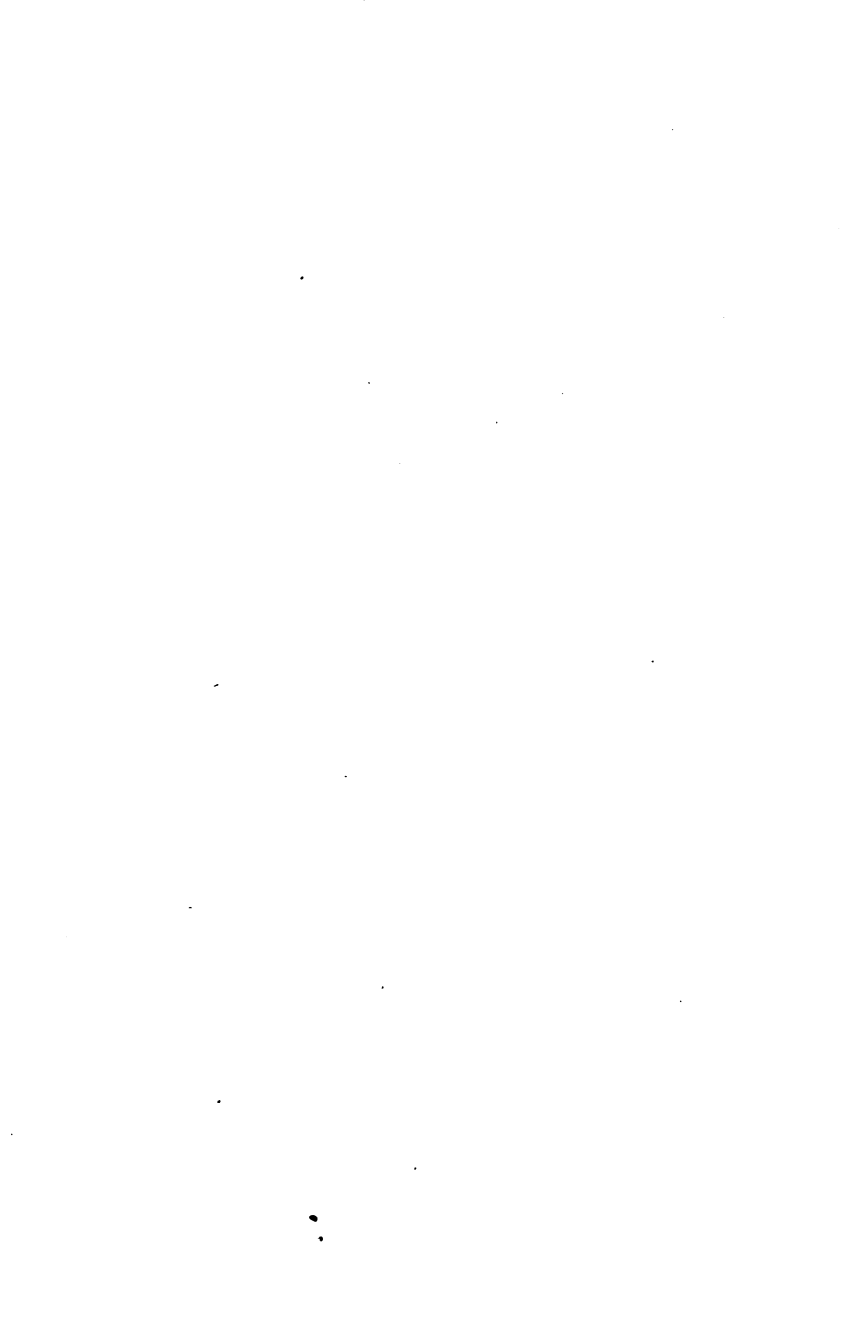
And then I awoke to realities: a greater shock, perhaps, for being so unprepared. Details of the hospital ward are unnecessary; but it was many days before a painful impression could be dismissed from the mind and the imagination. A few moments sufficed for the visit. There should be no further chance of shocks, surprises, or disappointments; no more inspections. We fell away from the group, which passed through the doors of the seminary and disappeared.

Pyramid, Oxford and I were now left standing in the middle of the square. It was being repaired, and great blocks of stone, lying about, added no little to its general aspect of ruin and desolation. For a moment, giving ourselves up to our surroundings, we were lost in a magnificent contemplation. To the right of the cathedral was the fine front of the chapter-house; and beyond, the windows of the Room of the Inquisition—as we will here call it. To the left, the archbishop's palace, ancient looking as the church itself, formed the corner of the square.

But passing time and decaying buildings reminded one also of perishing human nature, which needs constantly replenishing if the lamp is to be kept burning. So, insensibly, we wended our way past the palace, up the narrow, hilly street, between the heavy arcades that veiled the shops they in no way adorned. Our destination was the Fonda Suiza and



IN THE SQUARE.



we should probably have found it difficult to thread the intricate mazes leading to the desired haven, but for a gentleman of Santiago; a good Samaritan; an Englishman actually, but a Spaniard for all practical purposes. Without his escort, for the remaining hours of our stay we had been cast adrift.

Aided by our guide, philosopher and friend, we soon found ourselves within the walls of the Fonda Suiza. To have our modest wants in any degree attended to was another matter. It is often difficult to be served in an hotel in Spain; but to-day the landlord and waiters of the inn were beside themselves.

Table d'hôte was nearly over in the long dining-room; and some of the Officers of the Fleet, less on buildings than on pleasure bent, were doing justice to an excellent repast. For ourselves, we went into a small side-room, and there, by dint of occasionally shaking up the waiters, now bribing the bustling little host with entreaties, and now threatening to bombard him with the Fleet, we finally found ourselves—not exactly in clover, but, like Ruth, gleaning; though not in cornfields. Even our gleanings would have been meagre enough—a sort of Barmecide's feast—but for our Mentor, who came down upon them with the lightning shafts of their own language, and gave them no peace until they would listen to reason.

Altogether it was a little insight into Spanish life, manners and character, amusing and instructive. I should like some day again to pay just such a flying visit, under similar circumstances, to Santiago, the

cathedral, and the Fonda Suiza. But how often in life do our pleasant days and experiences repeat themselves?

Tiffin over, and the landlord's just claims discharged, we had still some time to spare, and sallied forth. As usual, the door was thronged with beggars, and getting clear of these, we found ourselves in the quiet streets of Santiago. There was not much to be seen here. The shops, small and indifferent, were smothered by the arcades. We entered a typical one out of curiosity: a fan *depôt*: and gazed at its marvels of art and cheapness. Again we wanted the Princess Scheharazade's help in this delicate matter, but, alas, we had no slave of the lamp to produce her at our bidding.

Pyramid selected one, gorgeous in gold and black, representing a harem of ladies with languishing eyes. Chose it simply because one amongst these "lights" was the facsimile of the damsel who, at Arosa Bay (a more romantic name than Carril, and better suited to our theme), had thrown him the lily: emblem, we will devoutly hope, of the lady's heart and intentions. Oxford and I, sighing in vain for lilies, had no such inducement for selection, and took quiet subjects, where little shepherdesses led pet lambs by a pink leash, and elderly *dévotés* knelt at a confessional, and yellow buttercups bloomed on amber satin.

On getting back to the *Defence* we were much applauded for our taste: for the officers were nearly all of simple habits, and cultivated a rigid tone of morality and decorum. And when the pet lambs and shepherd-

esses, just for fun, were put up at a mock auction, they reached a figure that would have bought a dozen fans in Santiago. Pyramid's, on the other hand, was voted voluptuous, and calculated to endanger the high standard of our minds. (I knew his motive for buying it, which put quite a different colouring on the affair, but I could not betray his confidence.) A serious consultation ensued as to whether he should not be voted the Black Sheep of the ward-room; but this being his first offence (in the way of fans), the matter was condoned on condition that the article should not again be brought forward. The committee then broke up, and, with the help of the windsail, the atmosphere of the ward-room was changed.

That afternoon in Santiago, we spent some time, as well as money, in the fan-shop—as may be supposed: then crossed over to the club. Here we inspected the ball-room, where Spanish beauties flash their bright glances and flirt their own fans at susceptible Dons, and behave in an altogether light and frivolous fashion, after the manner of human nature. Just as if Santiago de Compostella were an ordinary town, instead of being surrounded by an atmosphere steeped in the odour of sanctity, with streets pilgrim-worn and Pope-blessed, and protected by the lofty image of St. James the Elder.

There was little to see beyond: and we had no time left for exploring, and less desire. So, in the sober hours of the afternoon, we turned towards the station, through the blooming Public Gardens that crowned the hill, gorgeous and gay with flowers;

down the white dusty road, now comparatively deserted ; finally finding ourselves on the platform. The train waited. Ere long we were steaming over the viaduct ; admiring the position of the town ; again watching the transformation ; noting the fine effect of the cathedral towers that stood out against a sky so blue, so ethereal, so transparent. Then, passing on, we lost sight of all that recalled Santiago.

Once more bound for Carril. Through the undulating scenery, with its olive groves and palm trees and long stretches of aloes. But the train this evening was in a slow and stately mood, and we three were in a hurry ; Pyramid especially, who was under an engagement to dine that night with Captain Jago, and whose hour was approaching. Therefore, when the train stopped within two hundred yards of the station, and so much nearer the pier where the steam pinnacle of the *Defence* was in waiting, we three got out, crossed the lines, and reached our boat almost before the train had slowly puffed into Carril.

The full glare of day had left earth and sky ; the sun was declining ; a cool breeze—the usual evening experience—had sprung up. The surrounding calm and quiet were conspicuous after our late hours in the Holy City. Santiago de Compostella, perhaps, for our especial benefit, had overspread these waters with the sanctity of its religious atmosphere. The eight vessels of the fleet, riding at anchor in the landlocked waters of Arosa Bay, looked dignified and worthy of England. And our credit was saved by our manœuvre. As we stepped on board, the first bugle

sounded, and instead of being half-an-hour behind time, we had fifteen minutes to spare for shifting into war paint.

During the cruise each vessel has to be inspected once by the Admiral: and Thursday morning had been appointed for the *Defence*—the first inspection since leaving England. As the Admiral's barge was seen to leave the Flagship, the blue jackets were ordered aloft to man the yards, and on his coming over the gangway, he was received by a guard of marines and all the officers. After a minute inspection of the crew and ship, the Admiral ordered the ship to be cleared for action, which was done with a silence and rapidity that to an outsider seems allied to magic. After a short exercise with the heavy guns, the inspection ended, the Admiral leaving with the usual salute, and with that show of courtesy and kindness on his part for which all the members of our Royal Family are so remarkable.

That afternoon, our last in Arosa Bay, we again landed. The full complement of fruit-women gazed at us "with a mute affection," ready to offer their wares in willing sacrifice. But we had grown accustomed to this sort of adoration, and passed it by unheeding. The Fleur-de-lys, was, alas, invisible. Probably the savage parent or duenna who had discovered Tuesday's rash proceeding had shut her up in a tower until the safe departure of the Fleet. The streets, in consequence, looked more woe-begone and dilapidated than ever.

So, four of us wandered up a hill to the right,



until we came to a large, ancient building. The great doorway was open, and through a deep arch we perceived a garden beyond. The glimpse was too alluring to withstand, and, entering, we found ourselves in a small paradise. Immense flower beds abounded, full of loveliest blooms, the double geranium brilliant above all. Avenues of over-arching trees shut out the blaze of the sun. The house looked tenantless, the rooms deserted, the garden wild and abandoned. But what a lovely wilderness, and what a glorious abandonment! We sauntered under the spreading trees, reposed in the shade, revelled in the flowers.

At the extremity of the garden we suddenly faced the blue waters of the bay. The land stretched round in a circle of wavy hills and undulations. The ships of war lay at anchor in this fair setting, the *Defence* easily distinguished by her light water line, and as having the prettiest stern of the whole Squadron. The air was light and ethereal; the sky a blue we dream of in England, but never see. Existence was a pleasure, in such a spot almost a rapture. One might linger here for days and weeks, and never count the hours.

Suddenly a vision of fair girls completed the picture. Advancing, they caught sight of us, started, stood still for a moment like frightened deer; then, suddenly seeing Pyramid, hurried forward. None of the daughters of Eve could ever resist Pyramid. These belonged to the garden and the house, and made us welcome. Happily, they spoke French, and

we were able to dispense with signs. They picked us large bouquets of choicest flowers, and, later on, bidding them farewell, dismissed us laden with marks of their goodwill and charmed with the Spanish temperament, so simple and so confiding. Hospitality is almost an article of religion with the Spanish, and here we had found it in its most attractive form.

It was our last visit on shore; our last reminiscence of Arosa Bay; one that dwelt long in the mind, and formed the topic of much pleasant and dreamy conversation. We had found a little Eden, half wild, half cultivated, wholly charming. A bower of roses that wanted only the nightingale's song to make it perfect. Yet scarcely that; for rippling laughter and dulcet notes came from the throats of the fair human nightingales that suddenly had appeared in the groves. We are still memory-haunted by the scent of the flowers and their brilliant hues, the murmuring of the trees that cast us their grateful shade. Haunted by soft breezes laden with silvery voices, and sparkling eyes that flashed, and pleasant words that greeted the intruders and made them welcome. So that on leaving the garden, I found myself the only sober-minded and responsible member of a party intoxicated with a fine frenzy of extravagant delight.

It was in Arosa Bay that Captain Jago amused himself and others at my expense. And as "I hold it truth with him who sings," that a historian should state the whole of his case, though it were to his own

hurt, I give the brief record. I had been fitted up on board with a swinging cot, as being more comfortable than a berth ; whether it is so or not is a matter of opinion ; mine is in favour of the latter. "If you have a fixed berth," said Captain Jago to me one day, "the rolls remain in your head ; but if you have a cot, they remain in the cot." I never found it so. Unaccustomed to this movable arrangement, which is really never still for a moment, my first night on board was an experience.

When the time for retiring arrived, I endeavoured to get into my cot with the aid of a chair ; but the more I tried, the more the oscillating thing went from me. In vain I made desperate plunges. The ship was not perfectly steady, and now the cot slipped away with a lurch, and now the chair went sliding backwards. It was a very disagreeable sensation. At last, in some miraculous manner, I found myself safely packed, and then discovered that the cot, not having been evenly slung, was lopsided. This would have been enough to upset one even on shore. At length I slept, and was haunted by dreams of shipwrecks, battles, and a thousand other ills. In the midst of a tremendous scene of fire and carnage, I started up, and the crooked cot pitched me out head first with an alarming crash. How I got in again, whether whole or in pieces, I never knew. But the Captain was highly amused at what had gone nigh to prove my end. So closely allied in this life are tragedy and comedy.

One night Captain Jago was dining with the

Admiral on board the Flagship. In the course of conversation with the Duke of Connaught, he was cruel enough to mention the ill fate that had befallen me a few days ago. The ludicrous in the misfortunes of our friends makes us laugh in spite of ourselves.

"How came he to do that?" asked the Duke of Connaught.

"I really hardly know," replied Captain Jago; "but at the time, I believe, *he was saying his prayers.*"

There was now much merriment at my cost. But the next day, going on board the Flagship to record my name in the Admiral's Visitors' Book, I was careful to leave behind me a true and correct version of this "perverted incident."

That same afternoon, when we were revelling in the shady groves of that Arosa Paradise, all our laughter had nearly been changed to mourning. The Admiral, who had gone some miles up the country to fish, fell into the weir. For nearly half an hour he was in the water, and sank and rose four times. He had given up hope, and perhaps no one else in the whole Fleet would have had any chance of life; but few are so much at home in the water as His Royal Highness. Finally, as we know, he was saved. It did not do to think of what might have been. A cruise cut short. A return to England almost before we had left her shores; a sad and solemn return indeed. A sort of Dead March across the waters of the ocean; a hushed and mournful squadron: flags

half-mast high. A good providence ruled it otherwise, and great was the rejoicing.

The *Defence* and *Valiant* had not fired their quarter's allowance of ammunition on joining the Squadron, and were, in consequence, ordered to sea at 6.0 a.m., the day of sailing from Arosa, with instructions to carry out their target-practice and rejoin the Squadron in the evening. In full sunshine the two vessels steamed away between the undulating hills and low-lying shores. Once out on the broad sea, we commenced firing. As ill-luck had it, I was more than half dead that day with headache. The previous night, the M.B. had had a select "Small and Early" in his cabin, for purposes of discussion. The warmth of the debate, carried on to the last moment permitted by the regulations, had utterly banished sleep. If the amiable M.B. had a fault, it was his love of argument; and the deeper the subject, the longer would he delight in keeping the ball rolling. That night the subject had not been deep at all. In opening the debate, he had stated it in the following terms: "How far the growing movement of the Salvation Army was likely to influence the morals of the next generation." Not at all an abstruse proposition, but concerning which everyone had profound and distinct convictions, and an immense deal to say.

The next morning, every time a gun was fired and shook the vessel to its centre, I fancied, in a half delirium, that my head was the big drum with which the Salvation Army delights to head its processions, and that it was being beaten with a determination

which might be Christian, but was certainly muscular. The firing continued for some hours, until we had expended our quarter's ammunition, and finished up with a torpedo. One moment, the target was in the midst of the waters; the next, it had disappeared in a shower of spray. Quietness brought relief, and though feeling very much like the shattered target, I recovered sufficiently, and just in time, to keep my dinner engagement with one of the kindest, most courteous, and most hospitable men that ever commanded a man-of-war.

By that time we had rejoined the Squadron and were on our way to Gibraltar, yet shorn of one of our vessels. The *Penelope* had proceeded under orders to the East. Henceforth our number was represented by the mystic numeral. In an unbroken line of four on one side, and an incomplete one of three on the other, we steered for the blue waters of the Mediterranean.





## CHAPTER IV.

*In Calm Waters—Sanskrit—The M.B.—Van Stoker—Love Letters—Confidences—A Difficult Task—Piccadilly and St. George's—De Keyser—An Affection of the Heart—Sunday—Service on Deck—The Spanish Coast—Quiet Days—The Straits of Gibraltar—Dropping Anchor—Before the Rock—Tartarus—Landing—The Caves—Submarine Passage—Oriental Bazaars—A Craze for Old China—The Galleries—Climbing the Rock—Shandy Gaff—The Monkeys—Jacob's Ladder—Giving us an Emperor's Salute.*

WE left Arosa Bay not without regret. The day at Santiago would long dwell in the memory of those who had visited the Pilgrim City. There was something pleasant, even in the very sleepiness of Carril, and though it might be nothing but the change from sea to land, the result was the same. It was hard also to abandon the bright flowers, human and natural, discovered only at the last moment in that little earthly paradise bordering its calm waters.

After we had expended our quarter's ammunition outside the Bay, we rejoined the Squadron at 6.0 p.m., and the seven vessels steamed onward for Gibraltar. We should now be some days without touching land, yet most of the time within sight of the coast of Spain or Portugal. Cruel was it to pass the entrance

to Lisbon unvisited, where wonders greater than those of Arosa waited to be known. But there was no help for it, and they must be left to the imagination. At least we were a large and merry company on board, though grave and solemn in the intervals of severe study; and if, at sea, one day was very much like another, amongst ourselves there was no monotony.

Saturday found us steaming along the Spanish coast, near enough to enjoy it to some extent. We were now in the loveliest climate imaginable. The purest air, serenest of skies, bluest of water; so blue, so transparent, so real, it seemed that we had only to gather up the colour and make it our own. It is impossible to describe the charm of this vast expanse of intensely blue sky and sea. Even at the moment of experience, you cannot put into words the strange, unreal dream into which you are plunged, making life for the time being nothing less than a paradise. The hours fly too quickly; the glass of time runs out in golden sands; how come back ever to the cold and prosy world you have left behind?

Chess, backgammon, whist at night, and learned discussions varied the lively hours. Pyramid would now and then read out a page of Sanskrit, which to him (influenced by the pressed lily) was now the most interesting study in the world. And the amiable M.B., who was reading up Theology against his return to England, for a Debating Society of which he was a distinguished member, would sometimes by way of digressive—in the interval between



the end of dinner and the beginning of whist—give us a chapter from Butler or Paley, before retiring to his cabin to enjoy a quiet half-hour with a book he especially delighted in—no less a volume than Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs."

No one would listen to Pyramid's Sanskrit or the M.B.'s post-prandial chapters more attentively than Lieutenant Van Stoker, a young officer of far-off Dutch extraction, to whom I had taken a great liking. I fancy it was mutual. By nature dark, muscular, and good-looking, he grew pale and thin, and altogether ethereal and interesting, as the days "wore their slow lengths away." There came over him a pensive melancholy, a dreaminess, a far-off look in his eyes, inexpressibly romantic to behold, but unfathomably sad. It puzzled me greatly. He would sit and sigh by the hour, apparently unconscious of anyone's presence, poring over the leaves of a romance, held more often than not, as I perceived, upside down. When the M.B. was reading and doing his utmost to improve our minds, Van Stoker would fix his grave, large, earnest eyes upon him with a fixed intent stare, as if through all that profound Analogy and Philosophy, and beyond the doctor, he saw, as in a celestial vision, some far-off object of his adoration.

And such indeed it proved. One day, some of us were about to land. (I am slightly forestalling here, for we were then at Gibraltar.) The first horn had sounded, announcing that the shore boat would be ready in a few minutes. This horn, *par parenthèse*,

sent me into convulsions, until I grew familiar with it, so extraordinary was its sound ; for all the world like a goat in a rage, giving a short sharp<sup>1</sup> bark—if goats can in any way be said to bark. This first horn had sounded to announce the boat—just as our first gong sounds on shore for dinner—when Van Stoker, more pallid and pensive than ever, took me privately aside and asked me if I would post a few letters for him.

“I don’t care to ask the others,” he explained ; “they would be so full of chaff, but *you* are different.” Much affected by this mark of confidence and discrimination, I promised profound secrecy and sympathy.

I followed him into his cabin, where I found sympathy possible, but secrecy less easy. He had spent all his leisure time, even robbing himself of sleep, to write volumes and volumes of letters, all going to one address.

“Van Stoker,” I said, with gentle reproach, “have we here the cause of your sighs and your wasting away? Oh, why did you not take me sooner into your confidence? Why couldn’t you have relieved my mind by a word? I have had fears of consumption—of atrophe—of I know not *what* concerning you.”

In a frenzy of emotion he threw his arms round me. “My dear fellow,” he cried, “I am the happiest man in the world—at least I *should* be if I were only going to that address instead of these letters. Only fancy what their emotions will be when—No, no! I

mean what *mine* would be if—No! no! it's not that, either. I mean—what *do* I mean?"

"There, there, my dear Van," I cried, seriously alarmed for his mind, and gently disengaging myself from his bear-like embrace. I firmly believe he fancied he had suddenly clasped some celestial divinity in his arms. "Calm yourself my dear fellow. This emotion, the M.B. would tell you, plays havoc with the left ventricle of the heart. You'll fall ill of a fever, and in your state it would inevitably fly to the brain. Only think what your ravings would be!"

He calmed at once. "No, no," he cried. "You little guess my powers of self-control. I shall be right enough when once the corner's turned and we are homeward bound. Think what it is to feel that every hour takes you further from the goal where you would be!"

He certainly did grow somewhat less shadowy as the days went on. I shall never forget his landing subsequently at Portsmouth, when he left the *Defence* for good and all. He was beside himself with delight. Several of us had landed with him, and on coming off again at night, he escorted us to the boat. Our dear Commander dropt his umbrella into the water, and in a transport of enthusiasm towards all men in general and the Commander in particular, Van plunged in and came out with it between his teeth, for all the world like a big, brave Newfoundland. Only last September\* that ever was (again we are

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\* September, 1882.

dating forward), when up in town for a day or two, who should I meet in Piccadilly, looking radiant and twice the man he had been at Gib., but Van Stoker.

"My dear fellow," he cried, "congratulate me ten thousand million times. You know all about it?"

"I do," I replied. "I saw it in to-day's *Times*. Last week at St. George's, Hanover Square. Was that friendship, Van? Was it gratitude? Was it a fitting return for keeping your secret and stuffing myself out like Punch with your love letters?"

"Well, but," he responded, "I should have let you know, and asked you to come and support me; your absence was the one only drawback"—(of course I pretended to swallow this, and bowed in acknowledgment)—"but I heard from Broadley that you were across the water. Over in Lapland or Siberia, or somewhere."

"France," I mildly corrected. "So I was: and came back last Monday. But if you had only let me know in time, I would have taken a special boat and train rather than fail you. Van," I continued, "do you remember jumping into the water that last night, after the Commander's umbrella?"

"No, no," he returned, "you don't mean that! But I was so wild with delight at getting back to Old England that I might have done a thousand mad things and been none the wiser. That accounts for the fearful cold I had the next day; couldn't speak when I woke up; vowed at the hotel they had put me into damp sheets; kicked up the very deuce of a

row! As to the Commander—what a good fellow he was! I'd jump into the water after a dozen umbrellas for him, even if I caught a dozen colds!"

And then we parted; and he went his way; and I went mine; and I could see that he trod upon air, and was in Paradise.

But to go back to our cruise and the letters that we left lying in Van Stoker's cabin.

"I can indeed sympathize with you," I said; "but how conceal them? You've enough here to supply the Fleet."

It was a terrible dilemma. "Would my cocked hat case do?" he suggested, after a pause.

"Not big enough," I answered. "Wouldn't hold half of them." The dear fellow was too far gone to have any judgment left, or reason either. "You'll have to stuff them into a pillow case, and send them on shore by your servant—I'll see that they're posted. It will only look like——"

"Hold!" he cried, putting his hands to his ears. "Profanation! I couldn't bear the comparison. Remember their destination. Remember what they have cost me!"

Poor fellow! He was very far gone indeed. Well, after all, it must be a lovely state to be in; something, I should say, quite different from all other of life's experiences. Yet good for the patient that the violence of the disease wears off, or it would inevitably prove fatal.

Finally the letters were disposed of. Some in pockets; some in hat; some in waistcoat; some in

the legs of my Wellington boots. Altogether, I looked, as I have said, very much like the figure of Punch. Van Stoker saw me take my seat in the cutter in a paroxysm of fear and trembling. "Be careful," he whispered, in tremulous tones, leaning over the gangway. No need of the caution: I *had* to be careful.

"Why, what's up?" said de Keyser, who had already taken his seat. He went in every morning for a dose of Anti-fat, did de Keyser, and counteracted its effect by transgressing every night at dinner in the most unblushing manner. I could see him at the other end of the table going in regularly for bread and potatoes and beer, and everything that was forbidden fruit to him. "What's the matter?" he repeated. "You weigh down your side of the boat more than I do mine. Let me prescribe a dose of Anti-fat. What on earth is it?"

"An affection of the heart," I gravely replied, "but the worse symptoms will shortly disappear." I did not see that I was called upon to explain that it was an affection of Van Stoker's heart and not mine. You cannot be responsible for wrong impressions taken up by other people.

We landed, and I staggered up to the post-office and discharged my trust. Nine-and-forty letters, if you'll believe me, written on foolscap paper (I do not indeed mean the word for a *jeu-de-mot*), each envelope containing many sheets. Quite a crowd collected round me as I unpacked, and shrank back to a mere nothing, and so to say, posted myself; until I grew red and uncomfortable and hot and cold. But I

would have done the same all over again the next day, and every day, for my dear Van Stoker. Friendship must be absolutely self-sacrificing, or it is nothing.

To return to the Squadron, on the broad seas between Arosa Bay and Gibraltar.

All Saturday we were steaming in deep blue waters along the coast. The sun ran its course through a dazzling sky, flooding earth and sea with a light divine; sinking to the horizon in a blaze of glory visible nowhere but on the ocean. The sky deepened and darkened, the stars came out, the moon, now seven days old, grew more and more luminous, as she too sank westward. It was after dinner. I was pacing the deck, I remember, with my friend, above all others on board, Broadley. It was the interval before whist; not devoted to the M.B.'s chapter to-night, who was just then absorbed in a treatise eventually to be read before the Royal College of Surgeons, to prove in the most incontrovertible manner the fallacy of the Darwinian Theory. When it has been read (he sends me word that he is drawing to a conclusion) it will be published to the world; and I shall be much surprised—we all shall be much surprised—the M.B. will be much surprised himself, though he is far too modest to say so—if it does not take the world by storm and found a new school of thought.

Broadley and I, then, were pacing the deck, talking over our last year's cruises in the Channel. I was reminding him of how an acquaintance of ours—who

shall be nameless—used to walk up and down a certain street in Plymouth, where dwelt a certain unknown young lady, who had reduced him almost to Van Stoker's present condition ; how he used to bribe an organ-grinder and a monkey to go and play in front of the windows, so that he might have an excuse for standing and staring, not at the monkey but at the fair face above ; how the fair one's parent (a cross-grained old catamaran of a retired general in the British Army), at last smelt a rat, rushed out with an implement of war spiked at the end, and flew into such a towering passion that the organ-grinder, panic-stricken and half-paralysed with terror, stopped short in the middle of "Sally come up," and decamped as if the very deuce had been after him ; dragging the unfortunate monkey, who grinned, and chattered, and protested in vain against having his limbs torn asunder and his brains dashed out.

Broadley was just going to declare our mutual friend's innocence, and lay all blame at *my* door—like a true son of Adam (whatever we are *not* descended from, we certainly are descended from Adam), when up came Van Stoker again, the embodiment of pale, pensive, melancholy youth. You should have heard his voice in those days—quite a shrill treble when he was ordering the men about on the bridge.

"Do you see that moon?" he said, sighing deeply, as he took my arm and brought us to a standstill.

"Distinctly," I answered. "She is in her first quarter to-night, and promises fine weather."

"Barbarous!" I heard him mutter. "No soul,



no romance! Lovely moon," he continued, apostrophizing the orb—and what there was of her really was lovely. "Oh! lovely moon!—Do you think she is gazing at it at this moment?"

"Van!" I cried, "what *do* you mean? What are you talking about? Who is *she*?" He looked away for a moment (for it was before the episode of the letters, you must remember, and he had not yet taken me into his confidence).

"Oh, nothing," he returned, his pale face now red as a rose. "Only—only—the young lady who was shut up in a tower for throwing that lily at Pyramid. Do you think she cared *very* much for Pyramid—enough to break her heart, and pine away, and die?" And without waiting for an answer, he suddenly let go my arm, and disappeared like a flash down the companion ladder.

"What *is* the matter with him?" I said, turning to Broadley. "He changes day by day. Do you think it can be—?" And I touched my forehead.

"No," returned Broadley; "I put it down to over-study. I fancy he means to go in for gunnery, and is working up for it. His light is often burning when he ought to be asleep, getting rest to prepare him for his next watch. I think he'll be all right by-and-by. Come down, now, for a rubber."

And down we went.

The next day, Sunday, was finer than ever, the climate tropical, the perfectly calm sea a yet deeper blue. Mother Carey's chickens flew about us, little brown and white birds for ever on the wing; por-

poises splashed around ; once or twice we noticed the spouting of a whale—an infrequent visitor in these waters ; distant fishing-boats here and there, with their curious rig and quaint sails, looked like huge flying monsters, white and weird upon the horizon.

To-day we had Service on the upper deck, the awning shielding us from the glare of the sun. How enjoyable it all was ! How full of delicious repose, of glowing sunshine, of balmy air, of pleasant companionship ! The men brought up their benches, which stretched downwards in many rows : blue-jackets one side, marines the other. From the mast-head of the seven vessels the church pendant (a white flag, carrying a red cross) was flying, and all possible work was suspended.

The men seemed to join heartily in the service, and there was something solemn in its very simplicity. The majesty of the subject shed abroad its influence. We were surrounded by the grandest objects in creation — the boundless sea and sky. Quietly we steamed through the wide waters. A soft breeze, soothing and delicious, crept under the awning. There, to our left, stretched the coast in long-drawn undulations. Lovely, sleepy mountains, wrapped in a golden haze, retreated inwards. Familiar hymns ascended towards the far-off skies, the open space modulating the untrained voices. Then the preacher's voice alone broke the stillness as he gave out his text : "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish," and in a short, earnest sermon, applied the words to his hearers, enforcing his lessons

with board-ship-life illustrations well adapted to the sailors.

The whole of that Sunday was a particularly pleasant day. We could trace the land and follow the undulations, but were hardly near enough to make out distinct objects without the help of glasses. It was to-day that we passed Lisbon and the mouth of the Tagus, and longed to steam up the river. Here and there the rocky coast stood out high and bold, the long stretches of white sand beneath suggesting lazy baskings in the sunshine. All day the strangely-rigged little vessels were hovering about the seas, looking like birds of prey watching for a victim. Steamers passed us occasionally, and dipped, and we dipped in answer. Now we passed a grand castle upon a lofty hill, the town and university of Cintra. Then the coast grew barren and rocky, and derived its interest chiefly from the outlines that cut the sky so sharply. At four o'clock we passed Espichel Point, and far-off mountains, with summits wreathed in vapour. And then we lost sight of land.

Monday was much as the preceding day, except that for the greater part of it we were surrounded by sea and sky, without any trace of land. The day passed on to night, the stars came out in the dark sky, and the moon threw a long jewelled trail of light upon the dark waters. There was silence in the Fleet ; only the lights to tell that the seven vessels were true to their stations, keeping exactly the same position towards each other as in the broad daylight hours.

Here and there a distant gleam flashed out, the light, as a rule, of some trading steamer passing up the coast, probably on her way to England. But the air was still, and no sound disturbed the mysterious silence of space.

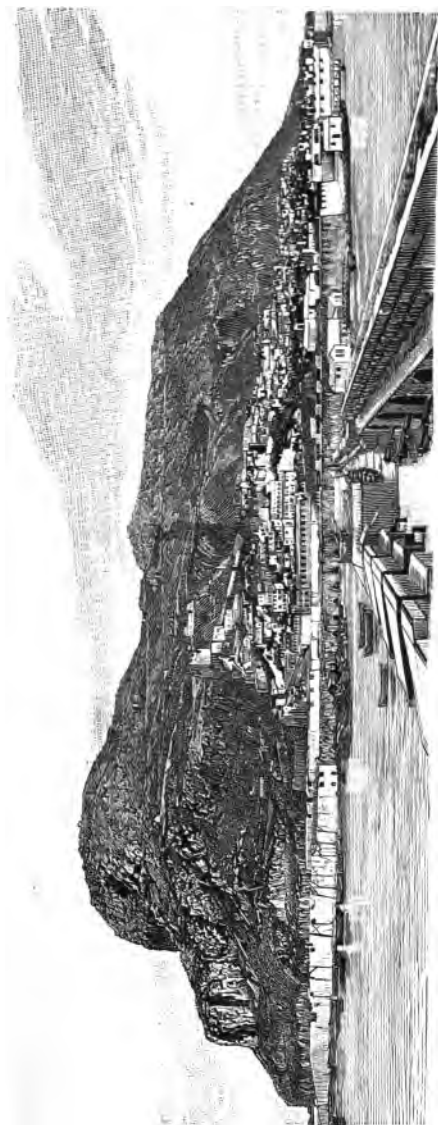
So Tuesday came to us. We entered the Straits of Gibraltar, and land was seen on both sides. Far ahead, the great Rock, that for so many centuries was a source of contention between nations, became visible, growing gradually more huge and more distinct: a long, dark mass, standing out in bold, clear-cut outlines against a background of blue sky. A white cloud hovered over its summit; a frequent occurrence, when, perhaps, all the rest of the sky is clear and unbroken. It rather added to its picturesque appearance—if, indeed, there was anything approaching the picturesque about the Rock itself. At length we rounded into the Harbour, or Bay, of Gibraltar, got into position, waited our signal from the Flagship, and all, at the same moment, let go the anchor. Here we were to remain eight or nine days: time enough to see all Gibraltar over and over again. "If so disposed," we might even make excursions into the interior.

From our present vantage ground (if water may be called ground) we saw before us a huge mass of rock towering upwards to the sky, of great height and considerable width. But I confess to, at first, a slight feeling of disappointment. I had pictured Gibraltar as more wild and romantic, still more gigantic than it really is. Its reputation had preceded it, and when

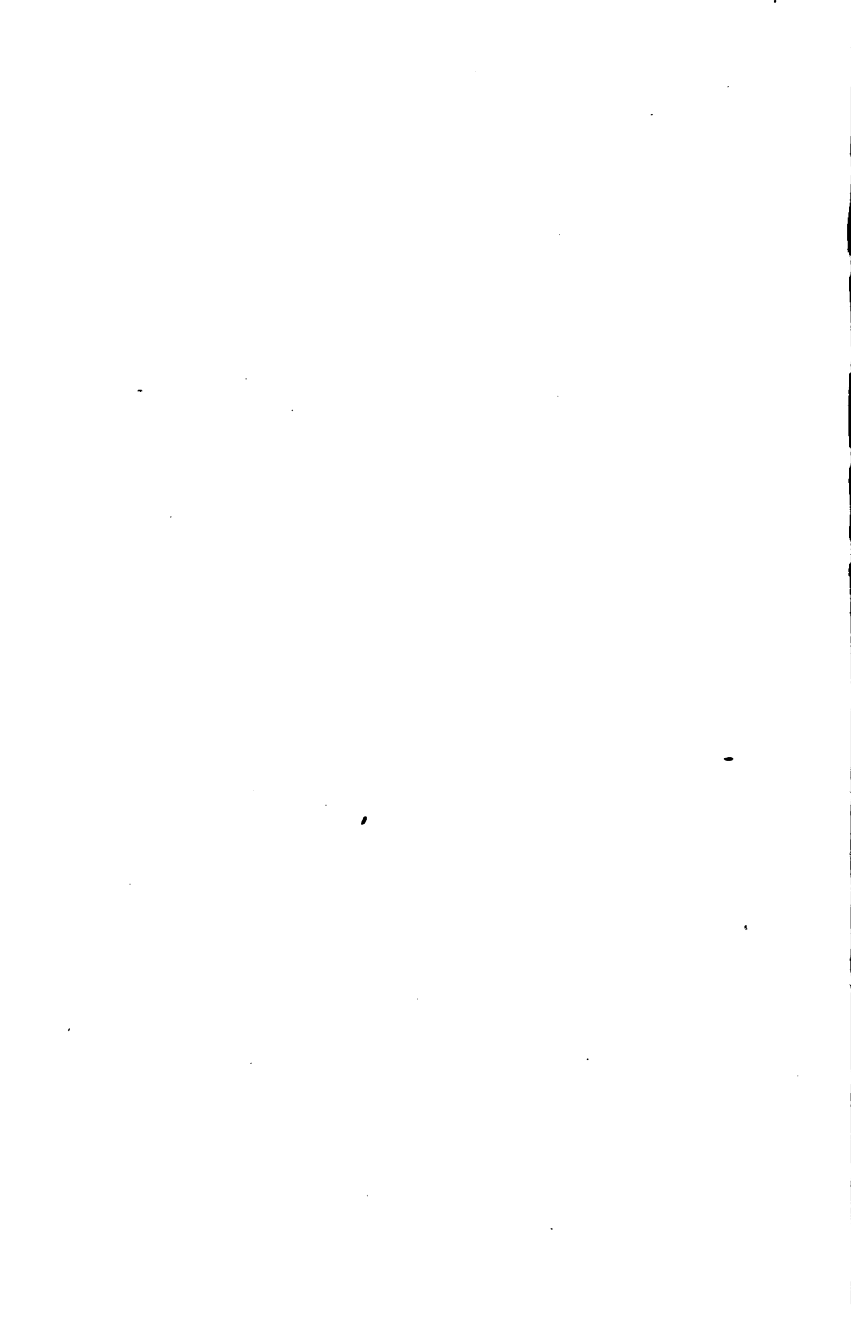
that is the case imagination generally outruns reality. Moreover, when, as in this instance, it is not immediately side by side with some other object of comparison : nothing in contrast but the wide sea and the great sky : much of the actual size is lost.

The Rock is nearly 1500 feet high, six miles round, three miles in length from north to south. The circumference, from our present point, we could not see. It might have been merely a thin, upright sandwich of a rock, with just room on the summit for the sole of one's foot. This is the impression conveyed in looking at it from the town side ; but on rounding Europa Point, another long stretch of almost perpendicular rock opens up, forming, as it were, the second side of a triangle, and looking terrific in its gigantic, wall-like, precipitous aspect. A little time ago two sailor lads started to walk round the Rock. They managed it very well until they reached this part, when one, frightened, wisely turned back ; the other went on, and his body, dashed to pieces, was found on the sands the next day.

To-day the Rock looked barren and burnt up. Weeks of blazing sun and dry weather had done their work. To the left stretched the town in a long line, houses and streets on the level, and reaching some distance up the slope. A very steep slope, as we found by after experience when struggling in broad sunshine towards the Flagstaff. To the right was the Alameda—the Promenade or Public Gardens, planted with shady trees and enlivened with gorgeous flowers. Here the rank and fashion of Gibraltar, English and



GIBRALTAR GENERAL VIEW.



Spanish, congregate of an evening, when the sun goes down and a breeze springs up, and a band plays its best, and the sounds float out to sea over the darkling water.

The trees and shrubs and flowers about the lower part of the Rock throw into greater contrast the barrenness of the height above. And this enormous surface of stone reflected a heat that seemed terrific. How stand it for eight or nine days? Of late we had nothing before us but broad sea and open sky and far-off horizon; when no other wind was stirring, the breeze begotten of our progress cooled the ardour of our studious and fevered brains. To be suddenly confronted by this upright frying-pan, in a dead calm, threatened, in the first flush of arrival, to become a calamity. The Commander sighed heavily as he took in the dimensions of the Rock, multiplied them by the rays of the sun, and produced the result as the sum total of the sufferings in store for us. "It will be awful," he said, with another sigh. "Not one of us can possibly survive to tell the tale."

"What shall we call it?" I asked, pathetically, much affected by his prophecy.

"Tartarus," he suggested.

"A good thought. The Gloomy Portals. And we will take for our motto, 'All ye who enter in, leave hope behind.'"

"Alas! what Straits are we come to!" groaned Broadley—we were all three on the bridge—a distinct tremor in his voice.

But the pun was too much for our digestion. He



was evidently laughing in his sleeve ; and, our dignity ruffled, we retired to the Commander's cabin and drowned dull care in a game of backgammon.

But the Commander's suggestion was too good to be lost, and "Tartarus" it remained.

We were almost surrounded by land, for the opposite mountains, helping to form the Straits, though distant enough, seemed to close in and join hands with the mainland of Spain. Yet farther away stretched the long, low coast of Morocco ; the sea washing the feet of ancient Tangiers, that contests with Damascus the privilege of being the oldest city in the world. We shall have something to say about Tangiers by-and-by, but its turn has not yet come. Round by Europa Point stretched the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, invisible from our present station.

Gibraltar, as the world knows, forms a part of Andalusia ; and Andalusia is the favoured portion of Spain ; the Andalusians are most famed for their beauty and grace. The climate is delicious, though its softness begets a dreamy indolence in its people. Yet literature and art have flourished there, and great painters have been born to it.

Gibraltar has played its part in the world's history, has fallen into many hands, given rise to wars, and cost multitudes of lives. This immense mountain of stone, with no beauty about it, and no resources—nothing but the fact of its being a rock of defence (and offence) guarding the entrance to the Mediter-

anean—has been the coveted of many nations, the possession of a few. It is—as far as anything can be in these days—impregnable, and could scarcely be taken otherwise than by stratagem. To this it has once or twice nearly fallen a victim. It was finally taken by Sir George Rooke in 1704, with a loss of about sixty killed and two hundred wounded, to the grief and mortification of the Spaniards, who, in the possession of the Rock, had sacrificed a multitude of lives and millions of money.

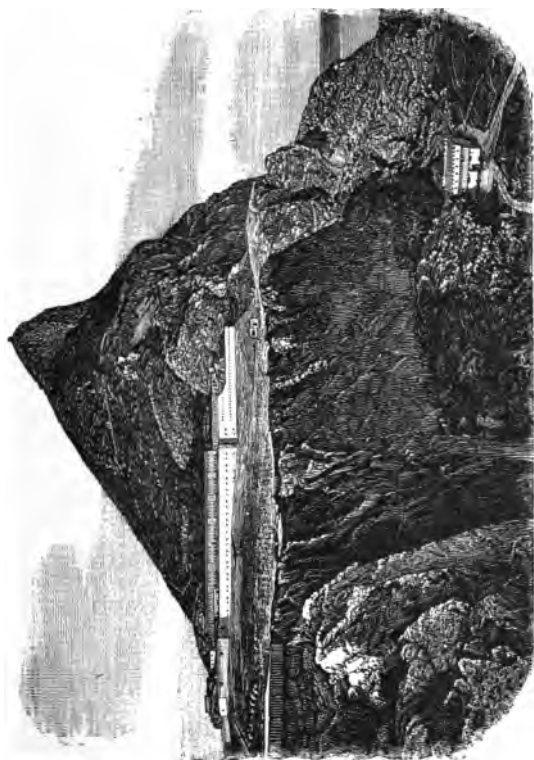
Before the invasion of the Saracens, Gibraltar was known to the Phœnicians as *Alube* ; to the Greeks as *Calpe*. Its present name is a corruption of *Gibel-Tor*, the Tower-Mountain. The outline has been compared—not inaptly—to that of a crouching lion : a simile very much à propos to a possession of Great Britain. The sandy isthmus connecting Gibraltar with the mainland of Spain is called *Neutral Ground* : a long, flat, uninteresting reach of about two hundred acres, scarcely above sea-level.

The Rock is composed of a hard, grey, stratified marble, not indicated on the surface. Very little is known of the history of Gibraltar until the eighth century, when it fell into the hands of *Tarif*, the Saracen chief. It remained in possession of the Moors until the fourteenth century, when, in the reign of *Ferdinand the Fourth*, King of Castile, it was retaken by *Perez de Guzman*. Twenty years after, it again fell into the hands of the Saracens ; and so it went on, suffering chances and changes, until, in the reign of *Ferdinand and Isabella*, in 1502,

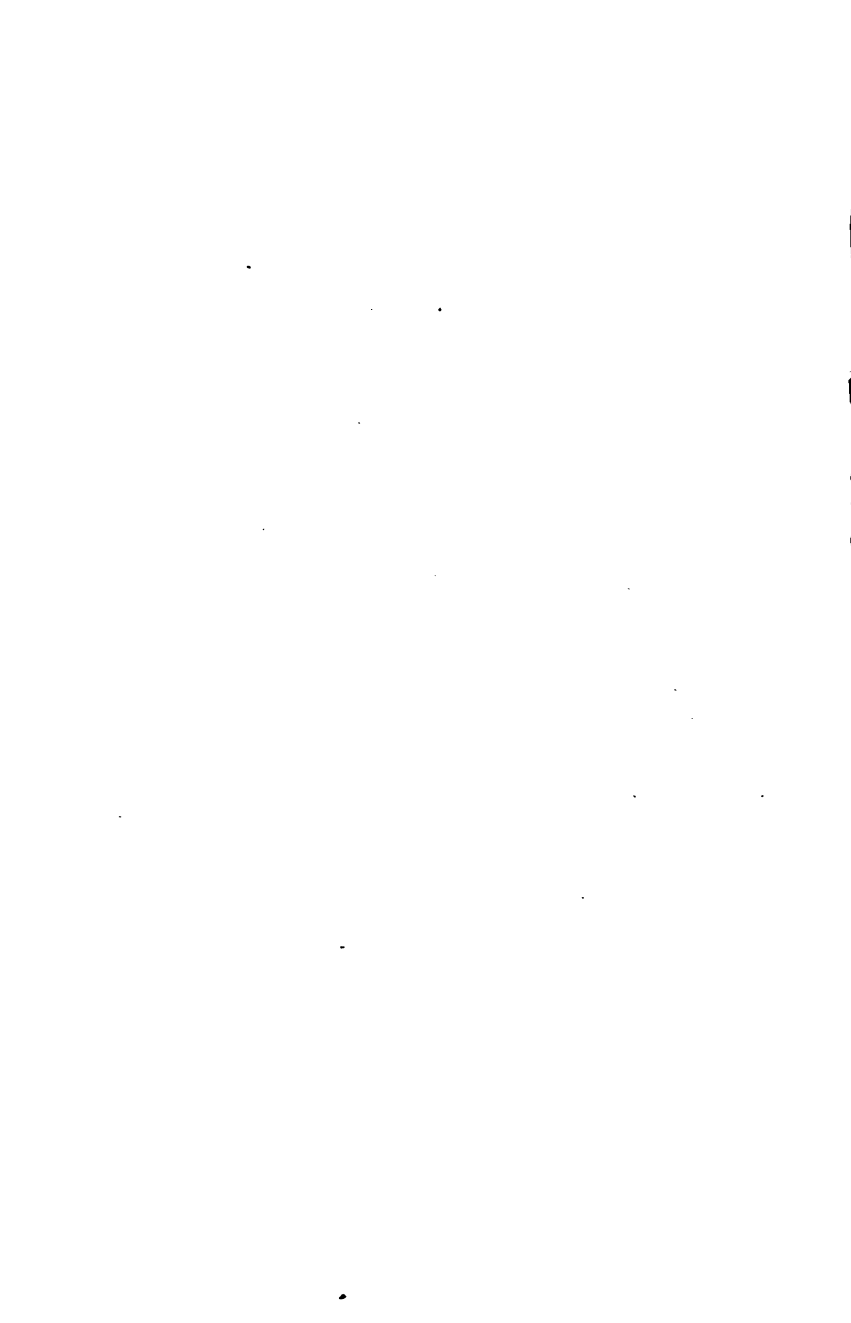
it was annexed to Spain. Finally, in 1704, it fell into the hands of the English.

There is something unusually interesting about Gibraltar. Its position is singular, its appearance imposing; its early history gives it dignity, its vicissitudes and its victims lend it pathos. From its summit, 1500 feet above the sea, which lies stretched so far below that on a calm day it looks like a vast blue lake, you gaze, twenty miles away, upon the shores of Africa, scene of the greatest wonders of the world, theatre of the most momentous events of temporal and eternal welfare to mankind; the land of sacred no less than of profane history. Gazing, you long for wings to transport you over those blue waters to the wonderful mountain of Abyla, the counterpart, as it were, of Gibraltar: the two forming the Pillars of Hercules of the ancients. Pillars no Samson could disturb.

Beneath our feet is the mysterious cave, of depths unfathomable, and said to communicate with Africa by a submarine passage. A thrilling scene, this, for an Arabian Nights' story. One bold adventurer was lowered five hundred feet by ropes, and returned to tell the tale. And though it may be all tradition and fable, and probably is, yet imagination loves to dwell upon the possibility of the fact of that dark, mysterious tunnel, untrodden for ages by the foot of man. The weirdness of this sea-girt rock, gigantic, frowning, and desolate, takes possession of the mind, and colours all surrounding earth, sea, and sky with an Oriental atmosphere of marvel and of mysticism.



GIBRALTAR FROM THE SOUTH.



Who can tell what lurks in that submarine world? The remains of an army it may be; rows of skeletons that would stare us in the face and wake up and put on flesh and life again at the sound of a footstep—like the multitude in the Valley of Dry Bones at the bidding of Ezekiel. Treasures may be there; the gems of the East, the wealth of a Solomon; a collection richer than that of the Valley of Diamonds; waiting but the hand to pluck them, the daring to penetrate their dread abode.

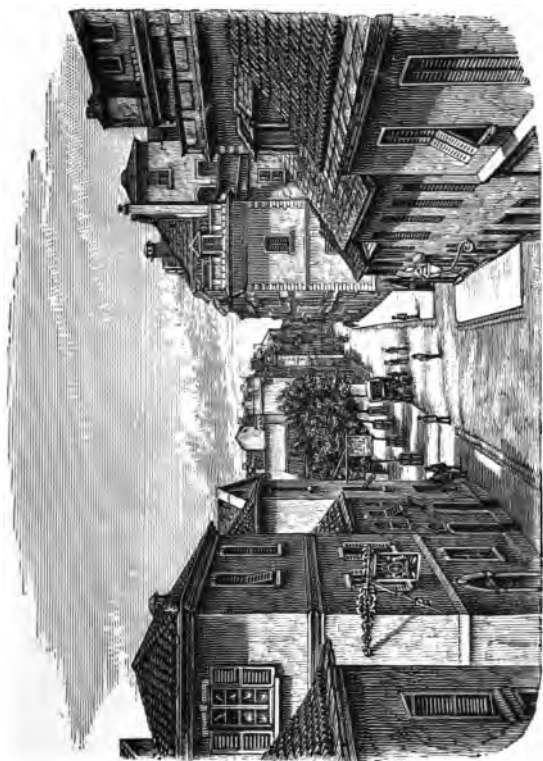
Or perhaps it has become the prison house of an enchanted princess, for centuries waiting freedom from her spell by one who shall enter this living tomb, and, clasping her in his arms, restore her to animation. She shall be the most beautiful on earth, wealthiest, purest, best; the long-lost heiress to a kingdom more splendid than Spain, more fertile than Egypt; reign in consort with her deliverer, and confer upon him her own gift of perpetual youth.

A thousand-and-one tales of happiness and marvel might be imagined; but a return to prosy life with its East Winds and its Shadows—the shock of transition is too great. If we could live out our dreams and never rouse to realities, we might go on weaving romances for ever; but the Exodus from our self-made Paradise, our Elysian Fields, to the parched and sandy deserts of Disappointment and Disillusion, is an inquisitional experience far more wounding to the soul than ever was the ancient rack to the nerves and body of its victim.

It was this Rock of Gibraltar: this mixture of romance and reality, palpable fact and Eastern fable, taking us back to the early ages of the world and bringing us down to the present in a succession of dramas; before which the Fleet was now anchored. We must make the best of it.

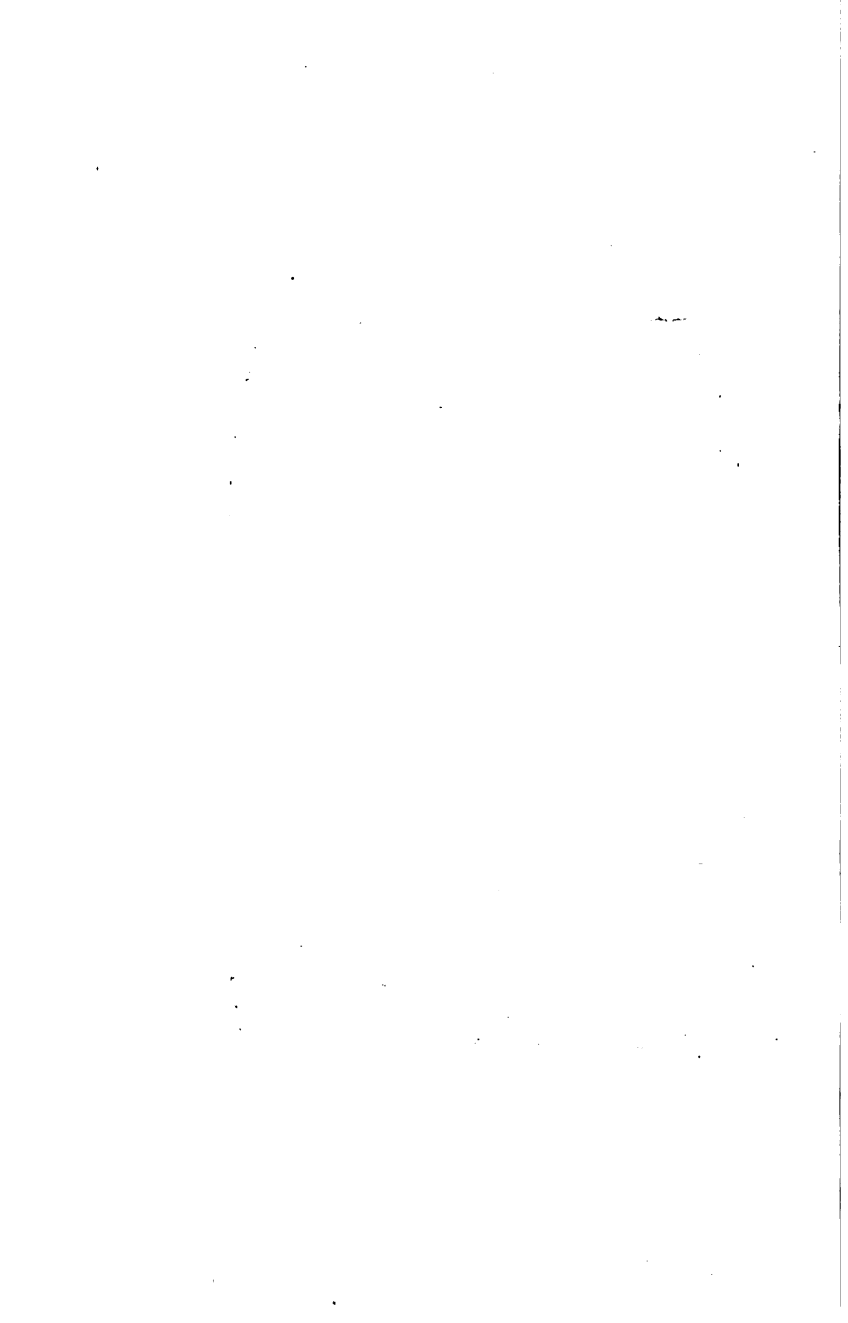
So thought some of us as we landed next morning on a visit of inspection. Broadley and I determined, in spite of the heat, to reach the Flagstaff and highest point of the mountain. It was an undertaking, no doubt, but success, like virtue, is its own reward. We have both had the recompense of virtue all our lives—that of success more fitfully.

On landing at the Ragged Staff, we passed over the drawbridge and up the Citadel, where a sentry in the blazing sun was trying in vain to shelter himself behind the shadow of his musket. The sunk garden on each side the bridge was quite tropical and picturesque with its myrtles, its brilliant fuchsias and geraniums, its orange trees, aloes and palms. We soon found ourselves within the town. Here so much English was spoken: the names of the streets, and over many of the shops were so truly British, the houses, many of them so familiar in look and arrangement, it was difficult to fancy ourselves on anything but English soil. And in point of possession it was nothing less; but it was Spanish born, and the atmosphere should have breathed us a romance of Andalusian orange groves, and fragrant myrtles, and fair Andalusian beauties serenaded by gay cavaliers. There was nothing of the kind—but we had it later



**WATERPORT STREET, GIBRALTAR**





on to perfection, in the witching precincts of the Alhambra.

Gibraltar has one long principal street; there is so much of level ground at the foot of the rock as to admit of this; and a few short side streets that run at right angles towards the sea. To the right of the chief thoroughfare the houses are built on the slope; streets, a square, and various public buildings; an excellent library and reading-room. Many of the houses are reached by a series of steps; Jacob's Ladders that require an immense amount of cultivating before you grow friendly and familiar with them. Jacob's Ladders: but they would certainly never take you to heaven in a proper frame of mind.

In the chief street the scene was sufficiently lively, the sun was already high, and there was no shade, right or left; an effect brilliant but provoking. Men were going about with fans; not the folding arrangement, used with so much grace and effect by the Spanish women, but the Japanese invention which does not fold. (Par parenthèse; how few English women know how to handle a fan. A Spanish woman never irritates you with hers; its motion in her hands, on the contrary, is rather soothing; you hear no sound. But an Englishwoman is often not only irritating, she is unendurable. You are at the opera, let us say, or at a concert; a fan on each side of you, perhaps one in front and another behind you; all rattling and waving and creaking like the sails of a windmill, until you are driven wild, and are ready to wish the fair owners at the very antipodes). The

shutters were closed against the heat of the sun, which gave the town, in broad daylight, a sleepy, midnight sort of appearance ; a universal mourning aspect : and those behind the shutters no doubt had the best of it.

We strolled into the Roman Catholic cathedral, where a small service was going on ; a priest in silver and gold stood before the altar, and one or two little acolytes flitted to and fro. But what struck one more than all was the posture of the Spanish women, kneeling about the church. There was something so wonderfully graceful in them ; in their drooping mantillas, the folds of their gowns, the very disposal of their hands. And what made it more telling was the apparently unstudied charm of their attitudes. They are born graceful, not made so. Light and trifling, frivolous and coquettish they may be, but nature has gifted them with the attraction of manner and appearance, and they make the most of it. Above all, they know how to walk, and it has well been remarked that the Spanish are the only women in the world who possess this enviable accomplishment.

It was chiefly when looking in at the bazaars that we felt ourselves at least within hail of an Eastern atmosphere. All sorts and descriptions of Oriental wonders were here displayed ; from Turkish lanterns and gold-wrought slippers in purple velvet, to inlaid daggers and brass trays from Tetuan with marvellous Moorish designs ; inscriptions and dates cunningly interwoven with geometrical figures. Vigo plates and Portuguese ware—a somewhat coarse but hand-

some faience—might be had in profusion. But so great was the demand for these pottery productions, that by the end of our stay the supply was completely exhausted, the town utterly sacked, the bazaar owners able to retire for a six months' holiday upon their profits.

Pyramid alone, bred, so to say, a porcelain-and-curiosity famine; and the Commander went in for a large collection which eventually came to wholesale grief. The very last day of our stay, I remember going the round of every china emporium and bazaar in the place, for a couple of dark blue Vigo plates I had promised to get for Pyramid. It took me a whole afternoon in a hired conveyance with an awning to it; a sort of running tent; a machine in which you feel particularly small, conspicuous and uncomfortable. The plates were worth four shillings each—being rare specimens of their kind. The conveyance—no bargain having been struck with the driver—came to—say £2 10s. In every shop, one after the other, without exception, the old Jew dealer looked melancholy, shook his head, and replied: "Very sorry, sir; not von left for lofe or money. Shust sent ze last on board ze *Defence* for Captain Pyramid. Ah, sir! what a fine shentlemans dere! And give me my price too!"

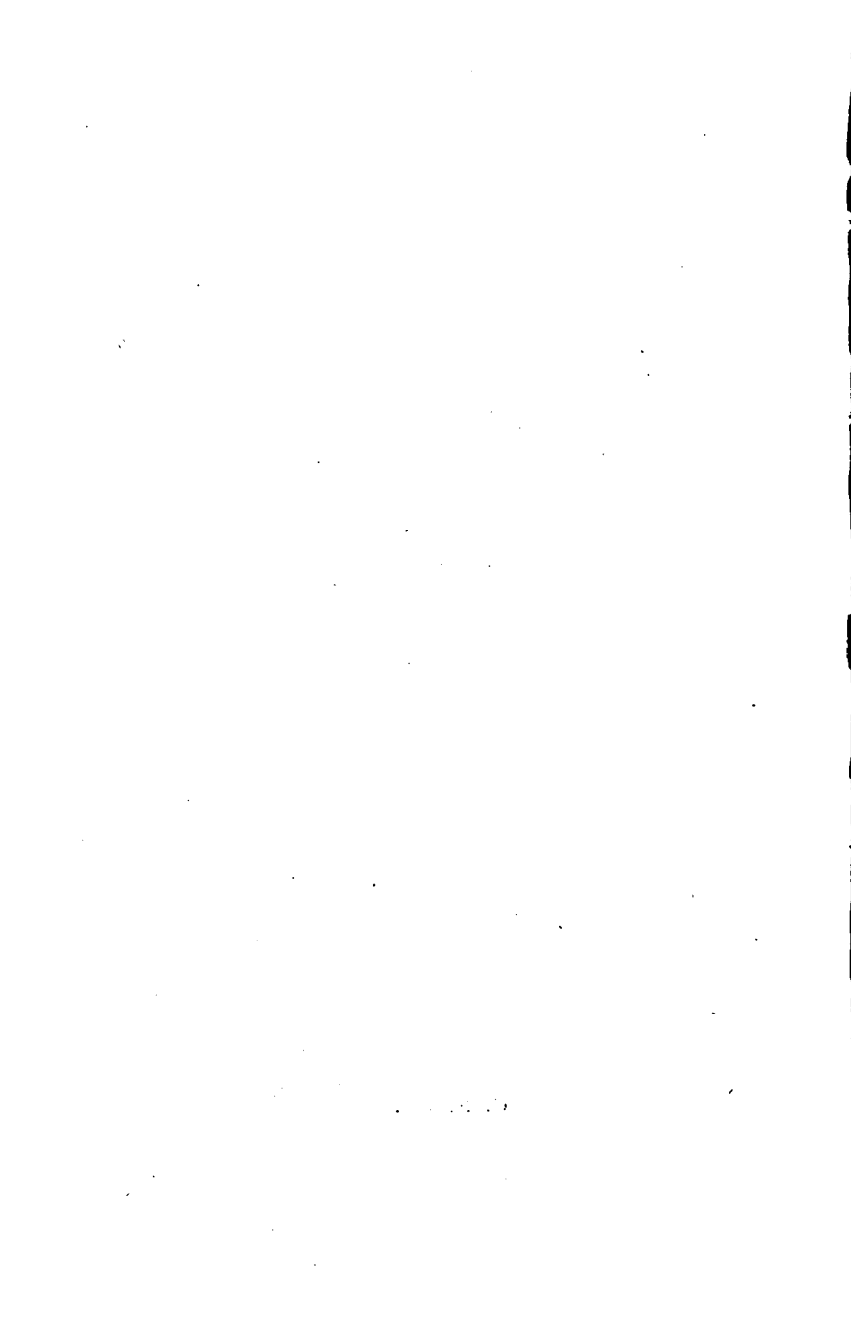
And then the old Jew eyed me over half superciliously, half sympathetically, as much as to say that when I had grown another head and shoulders, I, also, might put in a modest claim to his admiration.

Strolling down the street that first morning, we met all sorts of nations and people in every description of garb and costume. Turks in turbans, Moors in white robes, Spanish women in mantillas, English in more familiar dress. Especially conspicuous were the Barbary Jews, looking like monks in their immense abbas; some of them, to all appearance, as old as the Rock itself, many so dirty that instinctively you crossed to the other side of the pavement. I shall long remember, one morning seeing one of these dirty Jews in the corridor of the hotel, produce from under his garment, thick, hot and heavy as a blanket—he might have had no other on—a large basket of luscious fruit: figs and melons, apricots and bananas, grapes and oranges; all so artistically arranged as to look a perfect picture: an arrival straight from the garden of Eden, though certainly not despatched by the hands of an angel. It gave one a shock and a shiver. I made a mental note to eschew fruit in that hotel for ever after—and kept the resolution. If we could always say as much!

Armed with a pass for the Galleries, we commenced a hard tug up the narrow, tortuous streets: but bad as was the ascent, we presently found the coming down far worse. Small grey houses on each side were the abodes of the poorer classes of Gibraltar. Mules heavily laden were struggling upwards, like ourselves, driven by youths in white sleeves and a red scarf tied round the waist. Here and there a water-carrier, making an extraordinary noise, was dispensing, out of dark skins, tepid draughts to thirsty



GIBRALTAR.



souls. The consideration was small, the gratification evidently great. Some of our paths were nothing but a series of steps, clumsy and uneven, that reminded one of Clovelly, more troublesome and tiring than the steepest hill. But there was the castle at last, which gives access to the Galleries; an ancient Moorish building of the eighth century.

The Galleries are the chief sight of Gibraltar. They are not picture exhibitions, as the intelligent but unenlightened reader might suppose, but fortifications within the mountain; tunnels bored out of the solid rock, two or three miles in extent, winding in and out and round and round to a considerable height, and constructed with wonderful skill; not built up with brick and mortar, but simply rock passages; here, smooth and even as a piece of masonry, and there jagged and rugged, with sharp points and blocks that seem ready to loosen and fall.

Loopholes, at intervals, are the only outward token of the existence of the Galleries. They are guarded by guns, one or two of them so large, it seems almost as puzzling to realize how they were brought to their present position, as it is hard to imagine how the stones for the Pyramids were taken across the sandy deserts of Egypt.

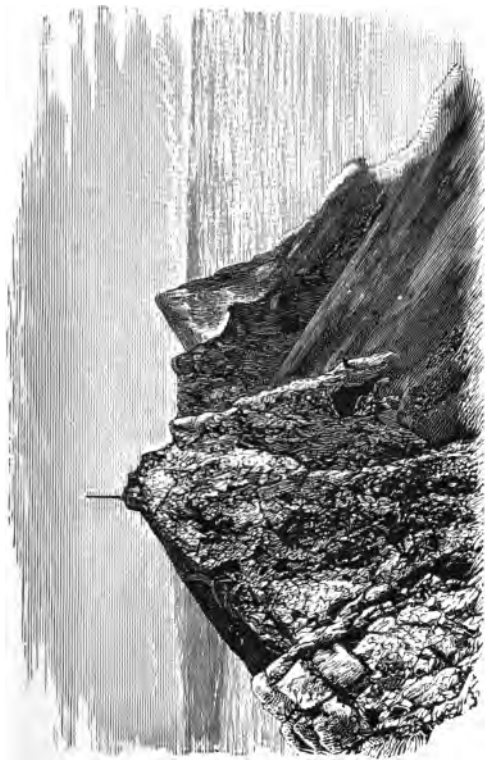
The change from the outside heat and glare to the coolness, and, in some parts, almost darkness of these passages, was almost too great a contrast to be pleasant or even safe. It was marvellous to thread these winding excavations, ascending ever higher.



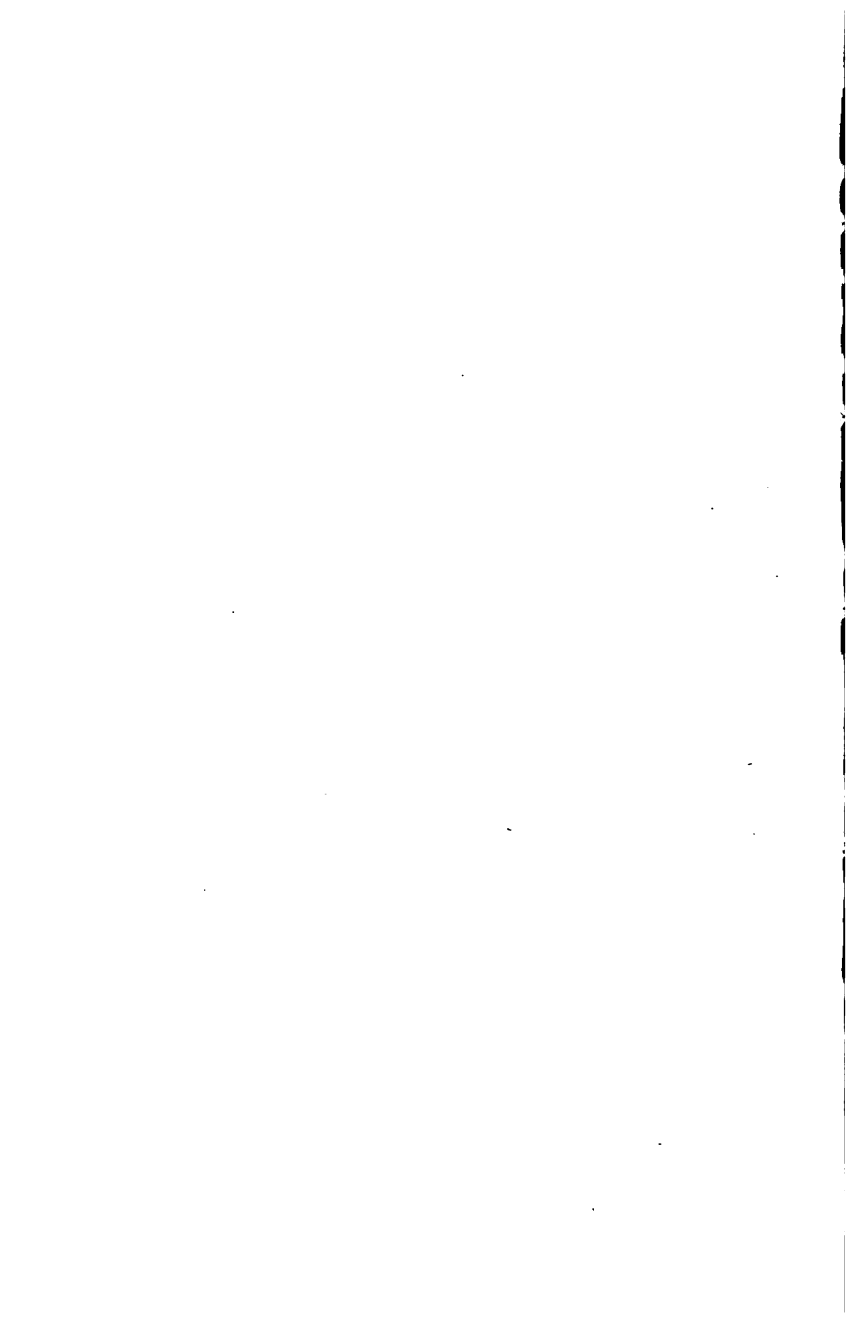
From the loopholes the views were extensive on all sides. Gibraltar lay far below ; the town, with its diminished and diminishing houses, the flats and the neutral ground ; to the left, a graveyard with apparently no care bestowed upon it ; beyond all, a large round building—the modern amphitheatre—given up to the horrors of the bull-fight.

Then we came to a circular excavation, large and lofty in comparison with the passages, called “ St. George’s Hall.” Here, sometimes, dances are given, and the fair Señoras and Señoritas of Gibraltar, English and Spanish, outrival each other ; dispensing “ wreathed smiles ” according to fancy or caprice ; until their partners, brave enough at the cannon’s mouth, become mere cowards and puppets under the charges of the fairest of Earth’s Light Brigade. War slays its thousands, these syrens their tens of thousands.

We gradually worked round to the upper door of the Galleries and found ourselves once more outside, in all the midday heat and glare. To reach the Signal Tower at the summit was an undertaking, and when at length accomplished, I threw myself down on the sofa in the little sitting-room, and thought my last hour had come. A few moments’ rest dispelled these gloomy thoughts, supported as it was by the most grateful “ shandy-gaff ” ever administered by handy sergeant or quaffed by expiring souls. Life and animation returned, and we were able to go out and do justice to the almost unrivalled view these heights disclose.



**WATCH TOWER.**



When Gibraltar belonged to Spain, the tower was called El Hacho "The Torch," because beacons were lighted here in case of danger. From the Flagstaff you will now see the Union Jack flying, as it has been flying for nearly two hundred years. Night and morning, at sunrise and sunset, a gun booms forth—a sort of martial curfew. All ships going through the Straits are signalled, reported to the Governor, and passed on to "Lloyd's." What a leap from that solitary height to a bustling beehive of a room in the heart of a crowded city! The very thought of the one brings with it life and breath, the other a sense of weariness and suffocation.

Life and breath we certainly drew in as we gazed upon the Atlantic on one side, the Mediterranean on the other; the great ocean and the tideless sea joining hands in perpetual friendship at the foot of Gibraltar. There were the Straits the Rock guards so well, but even these "Straits," are from ten to twenty miles wide. Gibraltar lay snugly sleeping at our feet, almost on a level with the sea. Six miles across the bay, the town of Algeciras, more famous in the past than the present, reposed on the opposite shores, backed by towering mountains, hazy and dreamlike in the morning sunshine.

Far off, stretched the coast of Morocco, the blue waters, as I have said, lapping the shores of ancient and interesting Tangiers. Very far away, on the opposite side, more hazy and dream-like than the hills of Algeciras, were the mountains of the Sierra Nevada with their eternal snows, that, partially

melting in the heat of summer, make Granada a land of perpetual running waters, and cool and fertilize its plains. Across the Straits the sergeant pointed out the position of Ceuta on the African Coast, which lies under the shadow of Mount Abyla—the “Pillar of Hercules” corresponding with Gibraltar.

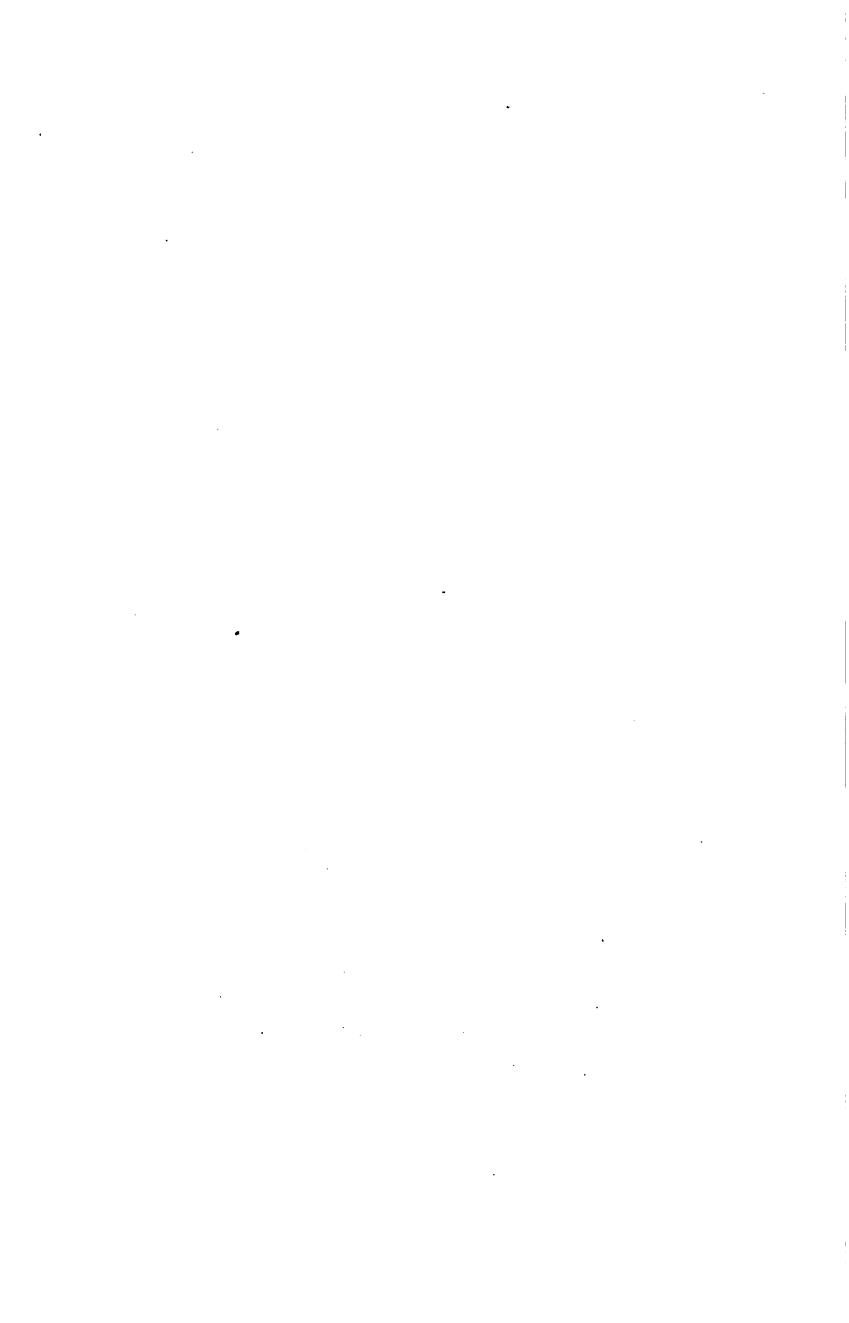
The waters of the Mediterranean, calm, blue and sleeping, stretching far down and dividing the shores of Spain and Africa, conjured up thoughts and images of the past : all the romance and reality enveloping this tideless sea with a glamour and a charm none other can boast or claim. It borders some of the loveliest of earth's scenes, it has witnessed some of the greatest of earth's calamities. The strains of a Sappho have floated over its bosom, and the blue skies it reflects so serenely have been darkened by a cloud that buried cities in a living tomb.

We gazed long on the scene, leaning lazily over the walls, and enjoying to the utmost all the dreams and fancies it awakened ; then came back with a sudden flight to earth, and a question to the sergeant about the monkeys. Were they to be seen ? Alas, no. They had been up early that very morning, and probably would not come again unless towards night.

These monkeys are the wonders of the Rock ; quite as marvellous as if bears and lions prowled about, and far less disagreeable to the emotions. Their origin, existence, and abode seem a mystery. It is the one solitary spot in Europe where monkeys are found, and it has been pretended that they come over from Africa by that submarine passage no man of



EUROPA POINT.



later times has penetrated. One may just as well think this, as it makes them more curious and interesting.

Once, these monkeys were in great force, then gradually diminished to a very few, and now again are slowly increasing. Their number at present is about thirty. They will suddenly appear on the Rock, perhaps after weeks of absence, scamper about, chatter and grin after their kind. No man can approach, and no one is allowed to molest them. Fifty years ago a soldier, disobeying the order, gave chase to a couple, and brought about his own punishment. The poor fellow ran down the Rock so fast that, unable to stop in time, he fell over the precipice. The next day his body was buried to the sound of the muffled drum. This was half a century ago, and he now sleeps in an unknown grave ; a martyr to monkeys.

We were sorry to miss the monkeys, but their attendance cannot be commanded, any more than can an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. A witch may be conjured, and the wind will come for whistling, it is said, and even a ghost may occasionally be summoned ; but monkeys are not to be depended on. These Gibraltar monkeys are especially capricious. Sometimes they will come up from their shadowy abode day after day ; and again they will be unseen for weeks at a time.

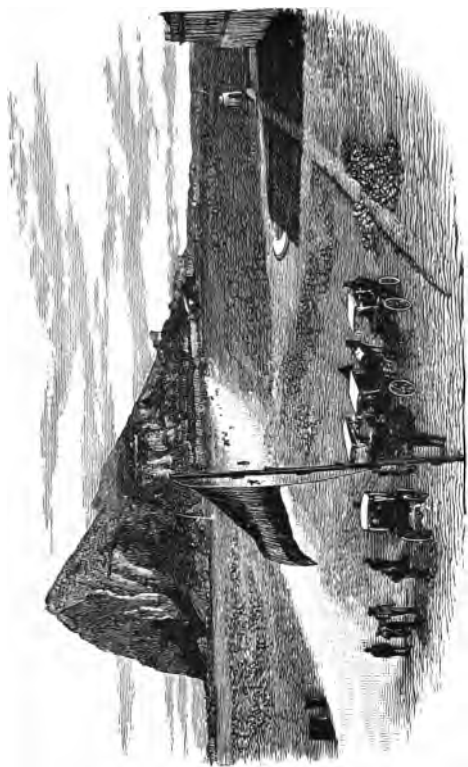
So we departed without the monkeys. In returning, we took a short cut down the Rock : the real Jacob's Ladder of Gibraltar. Shall I ever forget that descent ? I don't know the number of the steps, but



looking back, they seemed something under a million. They were small and narrow ; on the left a grey stone wall level with one's shoulder, no railing to grasp if you suddenly turned giddy. The right side was open to the hill, quite a yawning precipice fearful to contemplate. To lose your head and fall over was certain death. The very fact of there being no protection and nothing to clutch in case of emergency, was enough in itself to turn the strongest brain.

When I had gone down about 250,000 steps, I suddenly felt the awfulness of the position. Suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between earth and heaven, it all at once became physically impossible to move either one way or the other. The precipice yawned to receive me with open arms—much too open ; it looked a dread abyss five miles deep. Imagination will run away with us, and we cannot help it any more than we can stem the tide. Broadley, who was running down like a lamplighter, was about 200,000 steps below me. He turned and looked up, and seeing my terrific position, laughed and roared and laughed again in the most exasperating manner, until the sergeant looked over the watch tower, and another put his head out of a distant loophole, and I wondered the very monkeys themselves did not scamper up to see what all the fun was about. They must have been at least half way over to Africa by way of the submarine passage.

But all things come to an end, and I got through at last, turned the tables upon Broadley and had the laugh against him. For, once at the bottom of the



NEUTRAL GROUND.



Ladder, his legs felt as if they no longer belonged to him and performed all sorts of eccentric and independent evolutions. After we had threaded the winding streets of the slopes and jolted over the horribly uneven steps—now a long one and now a short, so that to keep time was impossible—and reached the level of the town, they refused their office altogether. By some marvellous process we managed to make the hotel at last, where I borrowed a smelling bottle and a fan ; and after a mild restorative in the shape of a cup of tea diluted with brandy, conveyed him on board in a state of collapse and a sedan chair. The sentry mistook him for the Fez of Morocco, and presented arms in so flurried a manner that the bugle immediately followed suit and sounded an impromptu emperor's salute. Pyramid, Van Stoker, and Darrille rushed up from the ward-room in a state of wonder—to receive an exhausted brother officer, and to relieve their guest of the grave responsibility of a Sole Charge.





## CHAPTER V.

*Anniversary of the Queen's Coronation—A Royal Salute—Inquiries—A Spanish Coaster—En Route for Malaga—A Château en Espagne—Along the Coast—Approaching Malaga—A Mauvais Quart d'heure—Landing—Wanted: A Special Train—Table d'hôte—Shandy-gaff Again—The Alameda—Taking the Air—In a Fan Shop—Recreations—A Malaga Café—Wonderful Music—Faites votre Jeu—Cafés Chantants—In the Quiet Night—Ennobled—En Route again.*

IT chanced that the day after the Fleet reached Gibraltar was the anniversary of the Queen's Coronation. It was on that day we had mounted to the Signal Tower, and Broadley had come down dilapidated in mind and body. I had applied restoratives in the hotel, and seized upon a sedan chair that hadn't seen daylight for at least half a century; and we had made a triumphal progress through Waterport Street accompanied by a train of admirers some five miles long, more or less.

Before "doing" the Galleries, and whilst we were yet strolling about the town, suddenly, as the clock struck twelve, the guns boomed forth from the seven vessels, and fired a salute. The ships, in honour of the day, had dressed at 8 a.m., rainbow fashion, just

as they had dressed at Arosa Bay. The forts took up the tale. Everywhere guns seemed to be thundering forth their artillery, shaking the town to its centre, almost shaking the Rock itself. The white smoke curled upwards in all directions. Every church in the town clashed forth its bells, mingling their sounds, not in a harmonious peal certainly, but in a right hearty one; as if they felt the occasion called for great rejoicing, commemorating the day when our beloved Queen Victoria publicly took upon herself the cares and responsibilities of a great nation and entered upon her long and prosperous reign.

The air seemed alive with sound; the town buzzed with excitement; the vessels of the Squadron looked gay and lively out upon the waters. It was a passing but brilliant effect, and when all was over, and the bells' last vibrations had died away, and the faintest vestige of smoke had dissolved and disappeared, the ensuing silence was almost startling. But it was a happy circumstance that thus recorded the presence of the Reserve Squadron at Gibraltar. The thunders of that salute of twenty-one guns innumera- bly multiplied, and the wild clashings of the bells, would long dwell in the memory of the people.

Journeying towards Gibraltar, some of us had now and then talked of the possibility of visiting Granada and the Alhambra. We were to be stationary nine days, and in that period much

might be accomplished in the way of adventure and sightseeing. To reach the Alhambra in the short time at our command would no doubt be an undertaking, but it was not impossible. Again and again we returned to the subject, as a moth to the flame, painting the attractions of the Alhambra in all their gorgeous fascination, and firing our imaginations with tales and marvels that rivalled the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Captain and Mr. Edward Jago were both anxious to make the excursion, if it could be done. That remained to be proved.

On reaching Gibraltar and making inquiries, it seemed that the idea must be given up. The steamer leaving for Malaga on Friday returned only on the following Thursday night. This would be running too great a risk, for the Fleet sailed again on the Friday morning. Any slight chance detaining the boat but a few hours would throw everything out of gear. The *Defence* could not sail without her Captain, and the much-wished-for excursion was reluctantly abandoned.

We who had wished to visit these halls, legends and traditions of the past, were disappointed. Suddenly it began to be whispered that another boat, belonging to a French Company, would leave Malaga on the Monday night and reach Gibraltar on the Tuesday morning. If this rumour proved correct, it would exactly meet our necessities.

"Away with you at once," said Broadley to me, on the Thursday morning, after breakfast. (He had begun to recover from the effects of yesterday's

Jacob's Ladder.) "I can't land just now, but go you and learn all you can. And may good luck attend you!"

Away I went, under orders, determined to leave no stone unturned that would give our hopes and projects the ghost of a chance. The task was harder than I had bargained for. It was difficult to get at the right office and the right people, simply because the boat did not belong to Gibraltar, and merely called there in passing. I was referred from pillar to post, from Peter to Paul, in a way that would have worn out any ordinary amount of energy and patience. Some said there was a boat, some said there was not a boat. One affirmed that even if there were a boat, it would be impossible to visit the Alhambra in the given time. Another declared that supposing it could be managed, we should all be dead with fatigue before we got back again.

After visiting a dozen offices and spending three hours in the task, it finally appeared beyond dispute that we could leave Gibraltar on the Friday morning at six; that a French steamer would call at Malaga on the Monday night, and reach Gibraltar on the Tuesday morning.

Armed with this satisfactory information, I returned on board, and changed the aspect of affairs. Captain Jago and his brother at once decided to make the attempt; Broadley and I followed so good a lead; and Captain Cator, of the *Lord Warden*, completed our party.



At five o'clock on Friday morning, the Captain's galley was manned, and four of us put off for the little Spanish steamer bound for Malaga, and lying some way up the bay. Gibraltar, with its houses at the foot of the Rock, and up the slopes, and overhanging the water, was yet in repose. The great Rock rose, a ponderous mass, and looking not unlike a lion couchant, its outlines clear-cut against the flushed, early morning sky. We were in a southern climate, and need dread no fickle changes of the north. Steady, cloudless blue skies, floods of sunshine by day, balmy, almost tropical nights—this would be our portion. Everything favoured us. The very vapour that clung round the centre of the Rock seemed slowly ascending and dispersing—a sure token of fair weather. It was an incense-breathing morn, to be fully enjoyed. There was little shipping in the bay, and, turning the angle of the higher part of the Rock, forming the lion's head, we spied our small craft getting up steam.

Soon we were in need of "incense" indeed, or something equally powerful and purifying. Do you happen to be acquainted, reader, with the odours of these little coasting Spanish boats? They are a concentration of all that is unpleasant, and we devoutly hoped the French steamer of Monday would prove a change for the better. Yet might we have been in a worse condition. The rest of the passengers—for the most part country people, almost peasants, travelling with baskets and bundles—allowed us quiet possession of the bridge, where we

found ourselves unmolested, and removed as far as possible from a very complication of odours.

Captain Cator approached in his galley. Then followed two gentlemen from other vessels, who intended going on from the Alhambra to Seville, and rejoining the Squadron at Vigo. This brought up our number to the mystic seven. Just before starting, a courier came on board and offered his services, and we gladly engaged him. He proved an excellent guide. All trouble was taken off our hands, everything was well organized, and nothing in the end was left undone. Apart from the additional comfort to ourselves, the fact of having a courier so well up to his work, made, considering the limited amount of time at our command, every difference to our enjoyment and to what we were able to see in our travels.

Six o'clock, and away started the steamer, with its complement of passengers and smells. After our late quarters, we felt we had put to sea in a cockleshell that would scarcely have weathered a Mediterranean gale. But the waters were so calm, so blue, so placid, it was impossible to realize that they are ever disturbed by tempests. Surely they must for ever be thus mild and gentle, breaking upon their shores in quiet ripples that know little of ebb and flow.

We steamed down the whole length of the Rock, passing the Squadron. Perhaps we felt a slight inward glow and access of virtue as we reflected that out of that large company we only—a mere handful

—had been found sufficiently enterprising to visit the Alhambra, and make the most and the best of our spare time.

Rounding Europa Point, we came in front view of that mass of perpendicular rock, which looks appalling, and where the sailor boy had found his death. After this we got into the broad, blue waters of the Levant. The shores about here were low and flat, and not very interesting; nor did we steer very close to them. The sun steadily held on his course; the day grew more hot and brilliant; the sea more liquid and sparkling. On the bridge, a space some eight feet square fitted up with benches, we were not so badly off after all. It was clean, and, so far, a contrast to the deck of the little boat, which seemed to depend upon the clouds or a heavy sea for a wash down. Once in motion, too, the smells were less overpowering, the immediate region of the engine room was less evident.

About ten o'clock we began to think that a second breakfast might reasonably follow the hasty and partial meal of 5 a.m., and Wiley, our courier, went below to spy out the land and reconnoitre. Presently he returned to report progress. It was a good land, flowing with abundance; before eleven we should fare sumptuously. Oh, that delicious anticipation of savoury viands and baked meats! And oh, the reality, when, face to face with our hopes, they proved mere *châteaux en Espagne*. Not one of us, I am persuaded, has forgotten it to this day.

About eleven o'clock, seven hungry travellers

might have been seen wending their contented way from the bridge to the little cabin in which the repast was spread ; and before twelve seven hungry travellers might have been seen wending their slow and sad way back to the bridge, not more cheerful of countenance, in spite of all the *oil* that had passed before them.

We took our seats at the table, and courses enough were supplied. We had to pass nearly all. Some were mysterious ; messes undoubtedly ; whether savoury, was less apparent. Others were dressed with oil that seemed to come straight from the engine-room, and the very odour would last one for a week. One or two of us were glad to make out with bread and coffee, yet even the bread was sour and the coffee bitter ; but they were free from oil, and that was saying a great deal. I think we were all glad to get back to the bridge and the pure air.

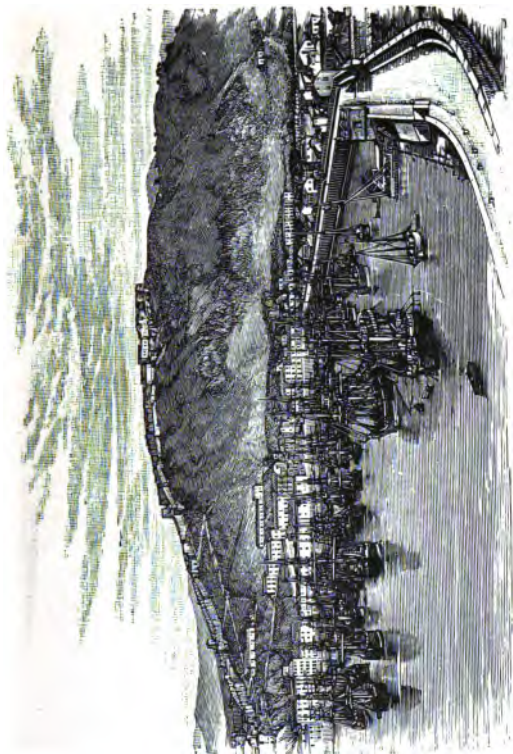
The coast was growing more interesting. Mountains rose in great piles, green and fertile, or barren and snow-tipped. Stretches of white coast were relieved by smiling valleys and rugged passes ; slopes on which we could discern orange groves, and olive yards ; trace the long rows of sage-green trees whose fruit adds so much to the wealth and industry of Spain. Here and there a little ship-building gave life to the otherwise dead and deserted shores : small dockyards, so out of the world it was a wonder how they had come into existence. Factories occasionally ; tall chimneys that stood out in contrast

with the valleys behind them. Villages, few and far between, nestled under the hills, dwelling in sight and sound of the eternal swish-swash of the waters.

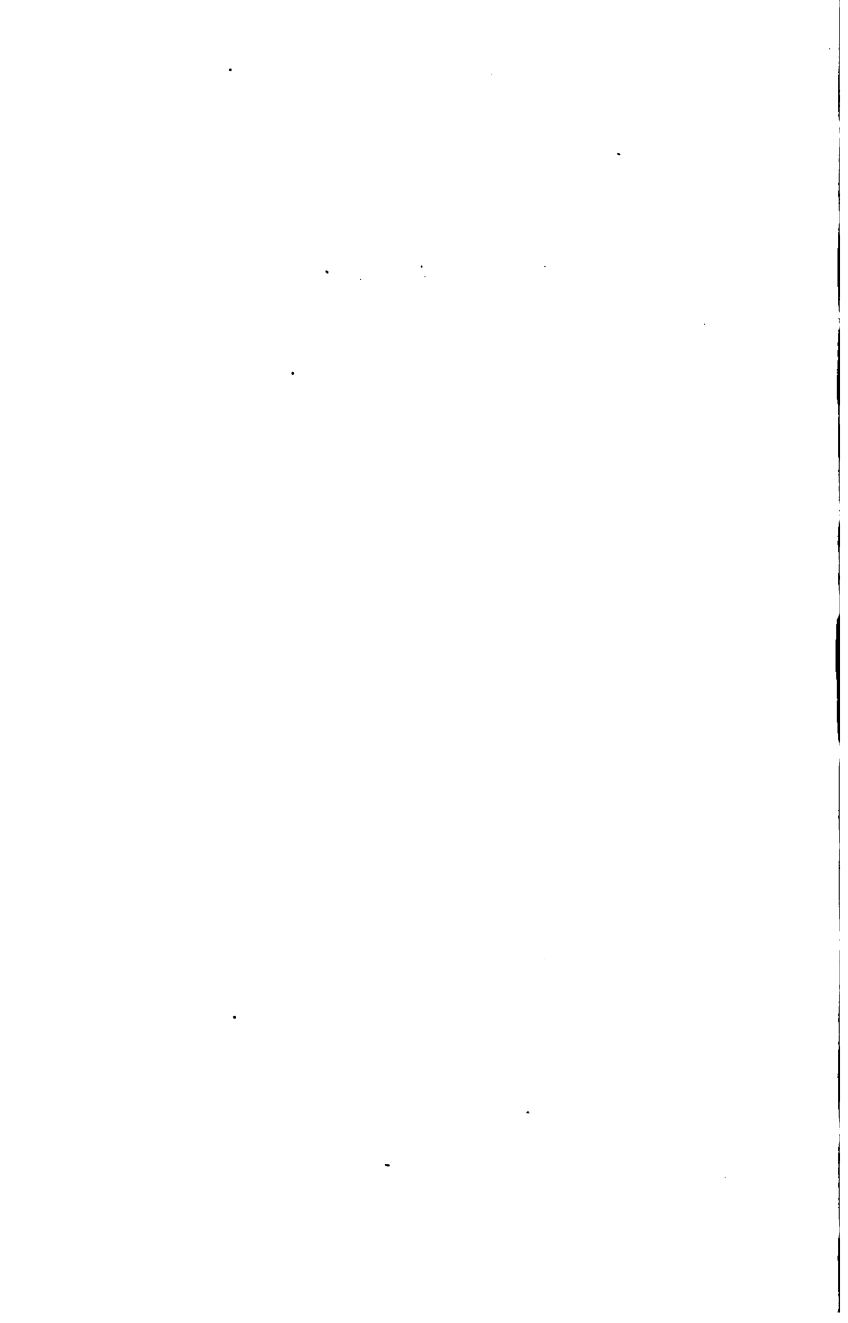
Few stoppages hindered our progress ; apparently few stations or villages needed interchange with the outer world. We halted about one o'clock, at a small settlement given up to mining. Here landed a solitary passenger, tall, fair, and gentlemanly, who looked more English than Spanish, guarding a weighty bag of money, brought from Gibraltar. It was destined to pay the men employed in the works, and once every week the journey to Gibraltar had to be undertaken for the supplies. Very bearable to-day ; but in winter and a rough sea, how then ?

All down the coast, at intervals, we passed round towers, built, I believe, in ancient times by the Moors. So the afternoon wore on until, towards five o'clock, a range of hills opened up in a grand amphitheatre, and Malaga, in a long line of houses, factories and settlements straggling far over the immense plain—the cathedral conspicuous in the centre of the town—announced the end of our present journey.

Malaga is favoured in many ways. Its plains are beautiful and fertile, abounding in plantations of the sugar-cane, which grows in climates unknown to frost. Vineyards, olive yards, orangeries enrich the surrounding neighbourhood. The climate is unusually dry, and so far better suited to some phases of consumption than Madeira, which is damp and relaxing. Rain falls, on an average, about thirty-



THE PORT, MALAGA.



nine days in the year; and when it does fall, seldom lasts beyond a few hours. Clear skies day after day, and a constant flood of sunshine, are its chief features, and who could wish for anything beyond? Imagine this in England. What a paradise it would make of our little island, which, after all, contains beauties that touch the heart so closely, and perhaps, in their way, are unrivalled by the rest of this fair world.

Malaga sleeps in a warm plain, sheltered from the north and east by a grand chain of hills, that form so splendid a background to the town. One may follow the undulations in long-drawn lines, sloping downwards to the west until they are lost to sight. The hill behind the town and overlooking the sea, is a massive, fort-crowned rock, interspersed with patches of green and a few trees, that, to-day had all turned to brown, were dried up and withered.

Not far from this hill, and opposite the Custom House, we came to an anchor. It would be necessary to land in small boats. No sooner at anchor than we were surrounded by a crowd of men, hustling, quarrelling, fighting, in their eagerness for employment. They swarmed on board until there was no longer standing room. The row and the smells were intolerable. If we all live to be a hundred, not one of us will forget that landing—our *mauvais quart d'heure* of the whole trip. It was half an hour before our traps could be got together, ourselves assembled, and the whole congregated in a boat for the shore. Then Captain Jago could not be discovered. At length he



was espied at the further end of the vessel, standing upon a locker, keeping as far as possible out of the way of the smells and the boatmen; waiting in patience the moment of rescue and departure.

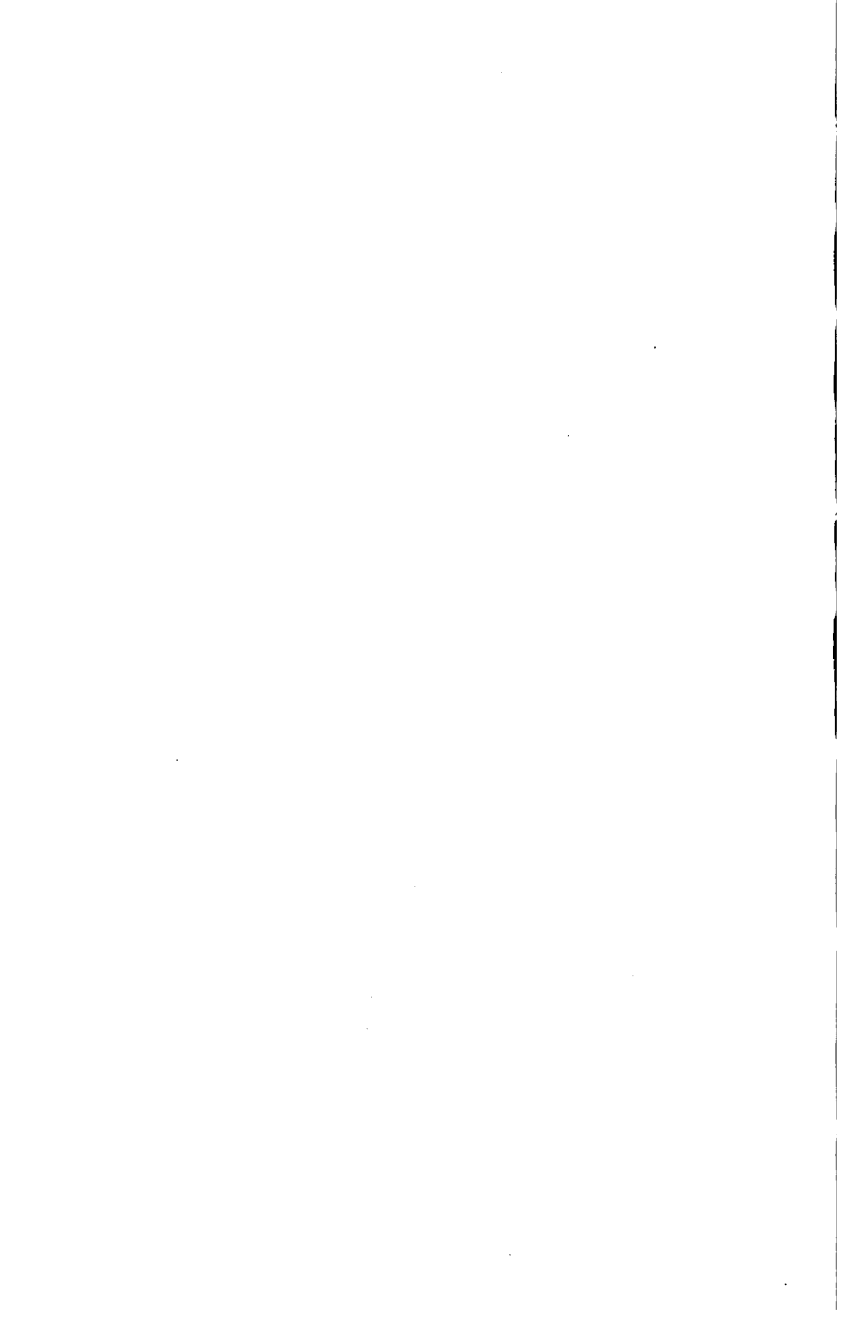
We moved off for the shore, full of thanksgiving at being free from the unwashed multitude. Would Malaga itself be more bearable?

We landed at the Custom House steps, gave up our keys to the courier, who, having nothing to declare, soon got through the form of visitation. Once free of the port, Malaga proved not only bearable but pleasant. The hotel was near at hand: a large building with an open court, where people sat and drank Spanish wines and coffee, ate ices, read the newspapers, lounged and gossiped away the hours. Table d'hôte was at six o'clock, and we who had fasted all day felt that the good things of dinner could not come too soon. If we waited for privacy and a later hour, we might fare worse.

On the way from Gibraltar we had decided that rather than stay the night in Malaga it would be better to charter a special train that evening on to Granada. We should thus save time, travel in the cool of the night, and have an extra day at the Alhambra. The latter consideration was the most weighty of all. There was just time to make the inquiry before dinner. One of the hotel carriages was at the door, and two or three of us, piloted by the courier, started for the railway station. There we found that a special train was possible, but it would be neither fast nor satisfactory, on account of



**MALAGA.**



traffic that could not be shunted. The charge would be £100. The sum, beyond any reasonable anticipations, seemed extortionate ; *le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle* ; the officials were evidently not often asked for a special train, and seemed to throw as much cold water as possible upon the project. Their very manner suggested that danger might lurk in any derangement of their ordinary routine, and we gave up the idea.

But there was consolation. We should dine in peace and see Malaga in the evening, rest quietly in our beds through the night, and start in the morning refreshed and invigorated, by the express (save the mark!) for Granada. So we returned, reported progress, and proceeded to make ourselves comfortable and contented. Our various quarters in the hotel were apportioned to us, but on demanding a bath for the morning, we created a panic. It was quite ludicrous. The Spaniards evidently are not a "tubbing" race.

"You would never believe," said Wiley, our guide, courier and general factotum, the next morning, "the trouble I had about those baths. I thought I should never get them at all. The hotel people had hardly ever heard such a request, and to provide them ran east and west through the town."

And, after all, they were forthcoming only in the shape of large, wooden, washerwomen's tubs ; but they held water, and the supply was unlimited, and, all things considered, we fared better than we had expected.

Our quarters were no sooner settled than the bell rang for table d'hôte. Broadley and I, parched with heat and thirst, overcome with late odours, fainting for want of a decent meal within the last twenty-four hours, were seized with what the French would call *une envie* for shandy-gaff. The ordinary Spanish wines—such as are placed before the guests at tables d'hôte in Spain, and included in the charge for dinner—were utterly unable to meet the necessities of the case. We turned from them as a capricious invalid turns from the dainties prepared to tempt him. The rest of our party went in for wines refined and recherchés, scanning the list as connoisseurs, and weighing bouquet and strength versus climate and country. After murmuring such syllables as Dry Monopole, and Laffitte, they put down the list and turned upon us a supercilious gaze. We were mere Goths and Vandals, beyond the pale of refined humanity. Even Captain Jago, with all his kindness and large heart, looked at us with a sort of Well-I-am-disappointed-in-you expression. An agonizing shudder went round at the bare mention of the word shandy-gaff. And it cannot be denied that there is something gross and plebeian, not to say rather low-lived, in the very sound. Nevertheless, on occasion, how refreshing the beverage!

We gave our description to the head waiter (he had never heard of the concoction: and what with that, and the order for cold baths in the morning, they began to suspect us of more than mere eccen-

tricity) with a minuteness that proved our capacity for entering into details—a rare virtue—and waited for the result. Dinner commenced, and we cast impatient glances for our tankards. Captain Jago, who faced us—with a merry twinkle in his eye, that, indeed, was seldom absent from it—quaffed his light and sparkling wine to our health and reformation, and evidently felt that we had the worst of it. In a few minutes, before the soup had well-nigh gone round, the doors at the end of the room were thrown open, and the head waiter staggered in, bearing aloft a large tureen, full to the brim of what looked like eggs beaten up to a white froth. We consulted the menu—found fish was due—and this could not be fish. He came down the room with slow and stately step, and with as much ceremony as ever heralded the boar in ancient days, and, to our intense surprise, triumphantly placed his burden between Broadley and me.

It was truly our shandy-gaff; four quarts thereof, at the smallest computation. We looked at each other, turned red, felt conscious and guilty and greedy; then joined in the laugh that went round. A large ladle had been provided by the attentive waiter—and the more we ladled, the more inexhaustible seemed the supply. Finally, it looked so sparkling and bright, frothy and refreshing, that they who had gone in for wines of price and vintage almost began to feel as if we had turned the tables upon them. They were too proud to admit this, but they all looked it. Silence is golden, but does not always answer its purpose.

The dinner was a very fair one, and if a few mysterious-looking dishes were discreetly passed, others remained wherein which lurked neither mystery nor any evil. The company at table, not very large or especially select, seemed composed of various nations, who "comported" themselves according to the manner of foreigners, and disposed of their food and their knives and forks in a way that Broadley and I thought far more agonizing to refined nerves than our innocent shandy-gaff.

Dinner ended, we went out to reconnoitre, and turned into the Alameda, a broad, handsome thoroughfare, planted with trees, beneath which benches were placed at intervals. Here we sat for a time, contemplating human nature in its lighter aspect. The great heat of the day was past, but it was still warmer than was quite agreeable. The declining sun cast long shadows athwart the wide thoroughfare, crowded with Spaniards, men, women, and children, enjoying what to them was the cool of the evening. Nearly all the women carried fans, ladies and dependants alike. Thus it happens that fans are an institution in Spain; as much a necessity, an article of attire, as a gown or a handkerchief; and for this reason they form an important article of commerce.

The Alameda was not only alive with people, but the air buzzed with voices; women gossiping with each other, coquetting with the men—as only Spanish women know how; every now and then pausing to pick up or reprove a child—by far the least attractive

element of the human race in Spain. Both men and women are singularly attractive; the women, graceful, languishing, captivating. With their dark, flashing eyes, and the contour of a lovely face delicately shaded and half concealed by the mantilla that only a Spanish woman knows how to wear, they are made twice beautiful.

It has been said that Spanish women are formed for love; most certainly they are for admiration. Few come within the influence and intimacy of their daily life, their charm of manner, the grace of their gestures, the unstudied voluptuousness of their attitudes, without paying the tribute of a wounded heart or a passing sigh. Spanish women, on their side, pay Englishmen the compliment of admiring them before all other races.

The men are many of them small; but so compact, so well proportioned and finely knit, so manly-looking in spite of their size, with their rich, warm colour, dark eyes and determined expression, that you forget all about their want of inches and find room only for praise. They have hands and feet anyone might envy, and on horseback look as if they had been born and bred in the saddle. Take them for all in all, the Spaniards, men and women, seem to me the handsomest race in the world.

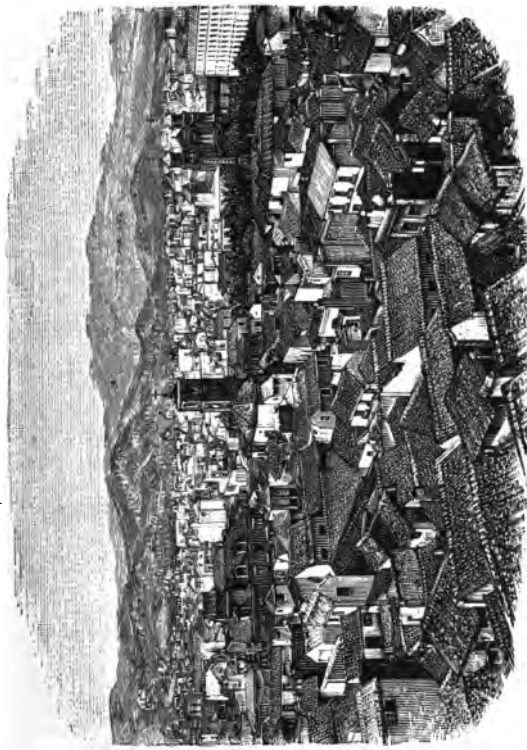
Leaving the seniors of our party, who did not care for too much exercise after dinner, to this contemplation of human nature under the shade of the trees, Mr. Jago, Broadley and I, escorted by our invaluable courier, turned our steps and attention to



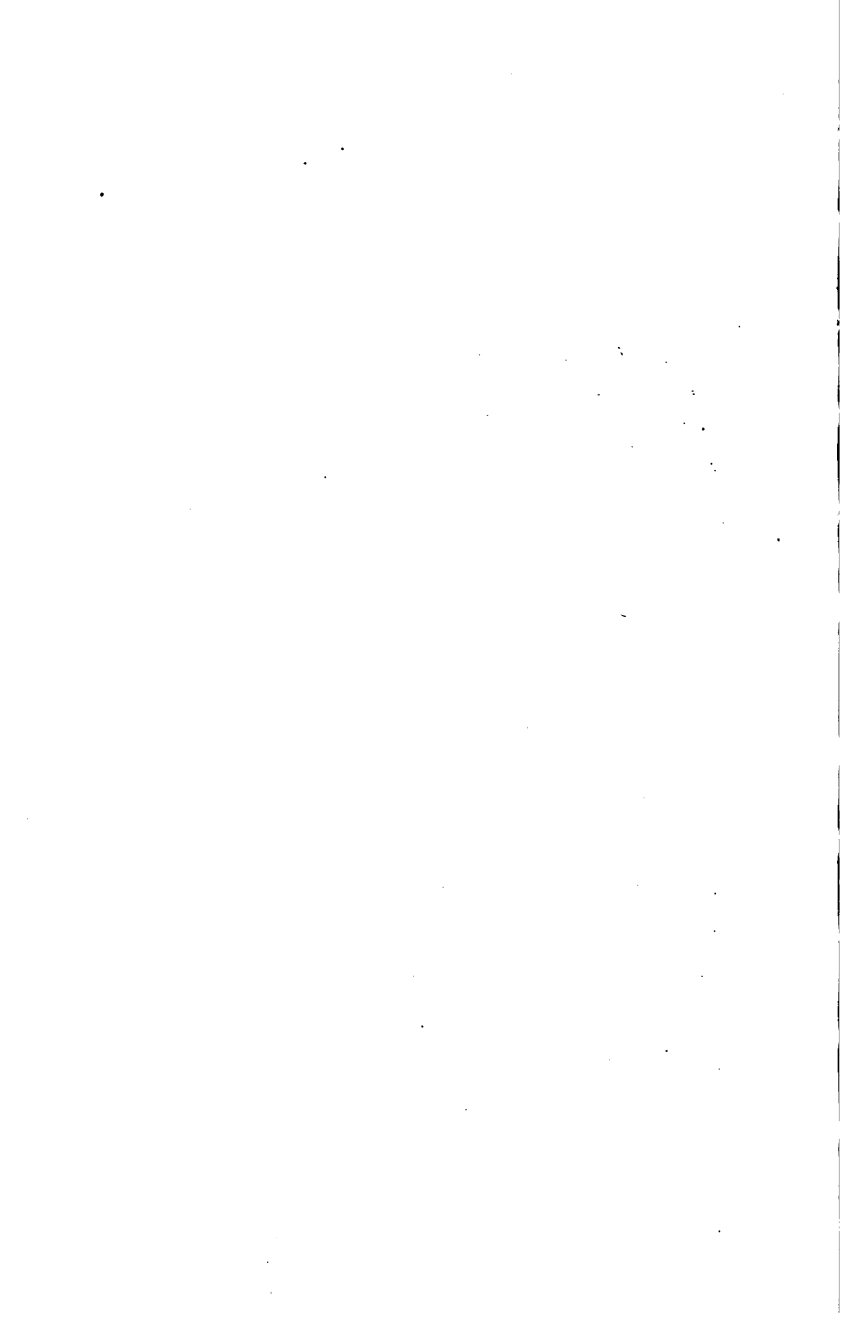
the busy streets of the town. These were quite as crowded as the Alameda. Surely the whole population was abroad. The shops by this time were brilliantly lighted. Darkness was falling rapidly, for twilight lingers not here. The place might have been a small Paris, yet not so very small either. We entered a fan shop and watched two girls making a purchase. They were of the humbler class, yet they, too, displayed much of the abounding grace of their country. A small black shawl was thrown over their shoulders, with an air and a manner that in England is seen only in a gentlewoman. They were deliberate in their choice, and finally found a magnificent combination of gold and tinsel irresistible. These they appropriated, and proceeded to flit open and use with a finished gesture that was quite startling.

Here we, also, made some purchases, but they had not the interest of our fans at Santiago: guiltless alike of the voluptuousness of Pyramid's and the refined and pastoral subjects that distinguished Oxford's and mine, and had so raised the admiration and approval of the ward-room. These from Malaga were mere groups of flowers, moonlight scenes and so forth; pretty, but not startling; and we bought them more because they were so absurdly cheap than for any other special reason.

The streets were many of them narrow and straggling, the houses tall. After our late experiences of Carril and Gibraltar, Malaga looked large and imposing. In situation it is highly



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF MALAGA.



favoured, bounded as it is on the one side by that grand amphitheatre of hills, on the other by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, which flow up to its very doors.

Quitting the fan shop, we soon found ourselves in one of the principal squares. We had thought the streets crowded, but here quite easily we might have walked on the people's heads. A gayer, more exciting scene could hardly be witnessed. The town might have been in revolt, a prey to flames, undergoing a siege—anything demanding strong measures and vast gatherings; and yet they were simply enjoying themselves. That, and nothing more. All down the pavement, rows deep, men and women were seated at small tables, drinking, laughing, noisy, overflowing with fun and merriment. The hot night and the clear, dark blue sky overhead, in which the stars flashed with southern lustre, allowed them to be bareheaded and lightly clad. The centre of the square surged with a multitude, and many idly lounged against the railings that enclosed a monument shaded by weeping willows. Lights flashed around in dazzling profusion.

"It must be a gala night," said one of us, "and this a grand illumination?"

"Not at all, sir," replied our guide. "This is an ordinary, every-day scene. If it were anything special, you would find a great deal more going on. The Spaniards are wonderful people for enjoying themselves."

This was evident. And it was easy to understand

that a nation who put so much energy and fire into their simple amusements would, when roused to riot and revolution, become almost insane and irresponsible for their actions.

One large house was resplendent with lights and gilding, and the sounds of music. It was the chief café of Malaga, a gorgeous, imposing building, and we entered. Delicious ices they gave us. They *have* delicious ices in Spain, and bring them to you in tumblers, not wine-glasses—and how grateful are they in that climate! But what enchanted us most as we sat and took it all in—the wonderful, moving crowd, the buzz of excitement, the energy of young Spanish blood, the extraordinary feeling of life and health, youth and spirits, even in those no longer young—were the strains of music to which we listened.

Five musicians seated under the bend of the staircase were playing—four of them the guitar, and one the harp—in a strangely beautiful, singularly *earnest* manner. The effect they produced, the tones they drew out of the instruments, the exquisitely-marked time, filled us with wonder. We had never heard anything like it, and I dare say we never shall again. At the Alhambra we listened to the king of the gipsies, who is also supposed to be a king amongst guitar players; we heard other famous players in Spain, but none came up to this little group, sitting apart in that Malaga café.

“Marvellous!” cried Broadley at last, who is not at all given to adjectives. “How on earth do

they do it? Where does so much sound come from?"

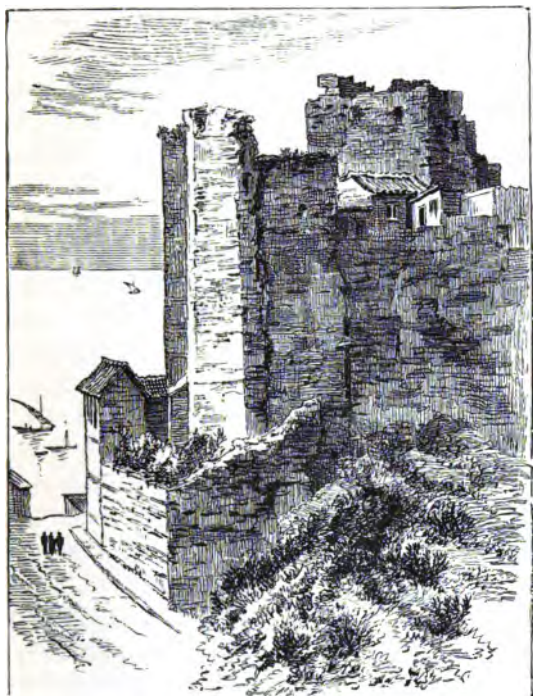
We went up for a closer inspection, and were dismayed to find that they were blind. A sadder group, a more intent, pathetic expression than that on the five faces, I never wish to see. Yet, no doubt, there was the secret of their success. Unable to take part in anything going on around, the attention undivided, the whole life devoted to one object—they had concentrated all their powers upon music, and we had the result.

Yet it was almost too pitiful a sight, and we were glad to turn away, walk through the rooms above, and join the moving crowd. In one room gambling was in full form, and we watched the glances of those seated round the table, as pile after pile found its way to the croupier's heap. Watched the expressive Spanish faces, the gleaming eyes, the fingers that clutched their winnings, the sighs, and sometimes the anger, with which one saw his silver or gold swept from him. We looked—and virtuously resisted the temptation. For is it not a temptation? The love of chance; the excitement of the mere game; the uncertainty attending it; the possibility of trebling the contents of your pocket-book in so easy and pleasant a manner. "There is a tide in the affairs of men—" and who has not said to himself: "Here, it may be, my tide has set in—I will risk my fate." And who, so risking, has not found that the tide, at the ebb instead of the flow, left them high and dry on the shores of repentance?

We neither played nor repented ; but watched awhile, gave a little more time and attention to the musicians, and went out again into the night.

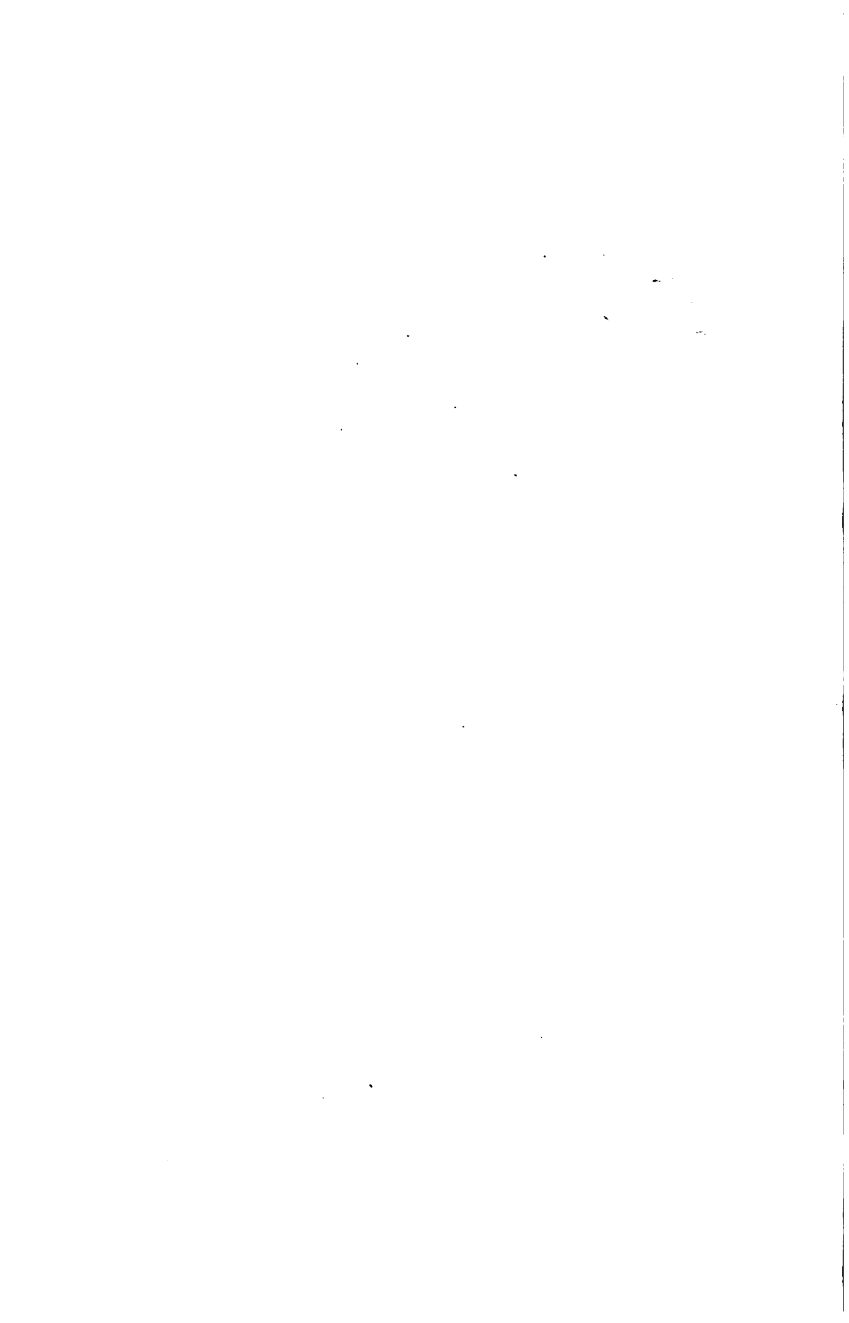
Piloted by our courier, we visited one or two of the *cafés chantants* of Malaga, as they may be called by courtesy, for anything less like singing was never heard. We went out of curiosity, and were satisfied once and for ever with the pitiful sights and sounds. On a raised platform, six or eight women, coarse, bold, and painted, sat in a semi-circle. A man in the centre improvised, as they termed it, surrounded by these satellites, whose office was to applaud with stampings, castanets, and loud shoutings, whenever inspiration failed him and caused a gap in the performance. The man's part was the worst of all. His face was hardly human. He sat and howled, dwelling upon one note until the veins swelled in his neck, and his eyes started, and one wondered why he did not fall suffocated to the ground. Then he would utter a few unintelligible words, and howl again, sustaining the one note until it came out in waves of sound horribly painful to listen to. The place itself might have been the worst and most immoral in the world, but there was no outward token of it either in performers or audience ; but the spectacle was so degrading that we were soon glad to escape into a purer atmosphere.

We felt that gambling was better than this ; those blind musicians were elevated into more than mortals by comparison ; the town (now that the shops were closed, and the lights were out, and the crowds



OLD MOORISH CASTLE, MALAGA.





had dispersed and left the streets to the quiet of the night and the benediction of the stars) reflected the purity of the silent skies overhead. Many of these streets were narrow, dark, and tortuous; and now and then—an ordinary experience in Continental towns—we had to rush through with aromatic handkerchiefs held to our noses; but all this was bearable—almost agreeable, in comparison with the exhibitions which had lately done violence to our feelings.

We had a long day's work before us on the morrow, if not a hard one; it would probably be both; and we thought it wise to turn in before the small hours of the night had chimed. So we wended our way through the deserted streets to the hotel. There we found the rest of our party had sensibly retired. The house was steeped in slumber—or at least in peace. We, too, sought our dormitories; full of the morrow's anticipations; full of hope, energy, and spirit, at the thought of what lay before us in the next few days: the Plains of Granada, the majesty of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada, the glories of the world-famed, legendary halls of the Alhambra.

Before finally turning in, Broadley and I went out upon our balconies for a few moments' enjoyment of the night. The air was soft and languid; the stars that studded the dark sky flashed and scintillated; the town was given over to silence and repose. Across the Alameda and beyond the houses, the Mediterranean plashed lazily against the stone walls; we could hear the murmur, though we saw nothing of the water and the harbour shipping. The night seemed too fair to

forsake, as, with a sacrifice to duty, we closed our shutters and sought oblivion—that blessed unconsciousness that for the time being ends all our joys and sorrows.

The next morning proved all that could be wished, including any amount of heat and a flood of gilding, laughing sunshine. We were up betimes, ready, after an early breakfast, to conquer the world. The bill settled, with the assistance of our admirable courier, though not without a laugh at its heading. Yesterday, on arriving, each, according to custom, had entered his name, designation, nationality, etc., in the book provided for that purpose by the exigencies of the law of the country. Captain Jago, of the *Defence*, Captain Cator of the *Lord Warden*, and so on. This morning behold our party ennobled. The bill was thus headed: "My Lord Warden, Charles Wood, Esquire and Party!"

Why they should have pitched upon so retiring and modest an individual for their second name, has remained a mystery to him to this day. With some fun and laughter, the bill was receipted and I obtained possession of the document as a curiosity. We departed in the full flow of health and enjoyment (Mr. Edward Jago alone possessed the life and spirits of a hundred men, an inexhaustible amount of fun and humour), and were ready to appreciate to the very utmost all those beauties of nature and of art that might be before us.



## CHAPTER VI.

*Good-bye to Malaga—A Romantic Journey—A Day to be Remembered—Spanish Scenery—Bobadilla—Breakfast—A Young Lady of Capacity—Antequera—Loja—Crayfish—Bargaining—Granada—Through the Town to the Avenue—Within the Precincts—The “Washington Irving”—Broadley’s Good News—The Alhambra—Gate of Justice—A Cold Draught—Torre de la Vela—The Old Custodian—A Wonderful View—A Silver Bell—A Singular Custom—A Daughter of Eve—Enchanted Ground.*

WE left Malaga in the early morning. The railway company had provided a saloon carriage, for which we paid half as much again as the ordinary fare, but it made all the difference to the pleasure and comfort of our long journey. A small crowd had collected to see us off, yet, if there was anything unusual, there certainly was nothing eccentric in our appearance. Perhaps it was merely a way of showing their good-will towards Englishmen in general, and the British Navy in particular. But when the mind is aroused to a spirit of adventure, small incidents are magnified into importance ; and so the little crowd, whatever we were to them, became to us a source of something more than mere amusement.

We looked upon them as a good omen. Certainly, if in their hearts they speeded the parting guests, their prayers were answered. Success and happiness attended us.

The train slowly left the town. The cathedral, with its solitary tower, rose conspicuously above the houses. To the left, the long, flat, far-stretching plain, dotted about with tenements and factories, was bounded on the one side by distant hills, on the other by the clear waters of the Mediterranean. In the harbour the masts of the shipping rose like a small forest of trees, straight, bare and lifeless. Above all, the blue sky and the glowing sunshine—soon, indeed, glowing with furnace heat.

It was a most romantic journey, especially between Malaga and Bobadilla. A succession of scenes that were new at least to one of the party, who had travelled little in Spain, and was still unfamiliar with any land of palms and pomegranates. Throughout the day one grand feature after another excited our admiration. Vast ranges of hills, sometimes so close upon us that passages were cut between, or tunnels beneath them; at others, falling so far back as to melt into dreams and visions, and seem a week's journey distant. Here an immense amount of solid rock rose out of the midst of a plain, guiltless of vegetation; nor tree, nor shrub, nor fern finding foothold or taking root thereon. Immense plateaux stretched around, large enough, apparently, to colonize; tracts of country that looked unproductive, uncultivated,

disowned; no token of human habitation in all their vast extent; no sign of the picturesque Spanish peasant in what appeared an untrodden world, lonely, desolate and sad as the boundless ocean.

And then again, for miles and miles, hour after hour, an opposite picture. Hills and vast plains, but laughing and sunny and "running over with corn and oil." Endless extents of the aloe; orange groves, olive yards, vineyards without number; palms and myrtles; the sage-green or grey-green of the olive tree always conspicuous. Rivers ran their course and fertilized the farms, on which much care seemed to be bestowed. The country undulated in flowing outlines. Nestling under the shelter of a hill, or boldly confronting the world from the summit, one frequently saw a picturesque farmhouse, painted some bright colour; pink or yellow, or, sometimes, red. Yet, however brilliant, it never looked out of place or glaring or vulgar in these rich and laughing slopes and verdant valleys, this dazzling ether and radiant sunshine.

Picturesque houses were they, with flat roofs—for here they fear neither rain from the skies nor snow from the mountains—and verandahs to shade and subdue the rooms. And, more often than not, trellis-work holding the trailing vine, adorned the walls with grace and beauty, suggesting rich red streams and bacchanalian banquets, at which certainly the Spanish temperament would prove no skeleton at the feast.

There was often a long interval between one house and the next, as if each farm possessed vast tracts of land. Yet these farms require less care and labour than those of more northern latitudes. They consist so much of orange groves and olive yards, that they may be left very much to look after themselves, while their owners sleep away the sultry summer hours. A strange life, this turning night into day; coming out, like the owls and the bats, with the going down of the sun; finding one's pleasure and happiness and social enjoyment chiefly beneath the dark tranquil skies of night, the stars and the silvery moon. Here she should ever be at the full: though human nature, after all, most appreciates those blessings that are chequered by the shadows of occasional withdrawal.

These houses, so far from any other sign of life, seem to have retired from the world. But occasionally we came to towns and villages, and the train would halt long at a place with a romantic name, losing the precious minutes apparently for no earthly purpose but to try our patience. Very picturesque were some of these stations, especially when covered with the graceful vine, or brilliant with rich scarlet blooms that stretched upwards to the very roof with a gorgeous effect quite tropical in its vividness and abundance. Our tints, coming to slower maturity in a harder climate and denser atmosphere, are quieter and more subdued. But in these richer hues, which seem, as it were, to reflect the very brilliancy of the sun itself, there is no undue

prominence to offend the eye. However intense, they suggest only gorgeousness, magnificence, and beauty; a wonderful tribute to the powers of reproductive creation.

The wild scenery between Malaga and Bobadilla, sometimes reached the sublime. A succession of plains and valleys. Lovely orange groves make the air heavy with luscious scent when the trees are in bloom, and before the blossoms have given place to the round ripe fruit that hangs so gracefully upon the boughs. Yet for actual beauty the orange tree is inferior to the lemon. There were great tracts of country and distant mountains, and—especially after Alora—valleys planted with the pomegranate and the citron, and banks studded with the aloe and the prickly pear. Then we entered upon a succession of tunnels hewn out of granite hills that pressed upon us—the series of excavations some 5,000 metres long. The hills were lofty and splendidly severe. For a moment we caught sight of a magnificent gorge, deep, wild and romantic; rushing water coursed over a rocky bed in this precipitous ravine—this “valley of rocks.” But no sooner was the glorious vision entered upon than it passed and was gone; tunnels once more shut out all but the darkness and obscurity.

Our first principal halt was at Bobadilla. Here twenty-five minutes were allowed for a well-arranged breakfast.

A long room, two long tables, a *table-d'hôte* meal, abundant, not badly dressed, and quickly



served by waiters. Broadley spent all his spare time in watching the capacities of a young girl seated at the table with her father. She looked about fourteen, and, we concluded, must be on her way home from school, where they had evidently kept her on short allowance during the whole term. A conjuror could hardly have produced greater effect upon his audience, as we watched both knife and fork pressed into the service, alternately raised with a rapidity that seemed magical, meeting half way like buckets in a well. Her father watched her with a fond affection, while I was lost in wondering whether Broadley's eyes or the interesting young lady's mouth were most capable of expansion. Then a waiter came with a wooden bowl to collect the money, and before time was quite up we had returned to our places, and were ready to start again.

After Bobadilla, we went on, through the burden and heat of the day. The sun glowed with fervour; soda-water grew hot, ice refused to remain ice any longer; windows and blinds were put up and down, but the heat would not be shut out, and there was no cool air to be let in. Hour after hour we went slowly through the Province of Malaga, with its great plains, so often wild and severe, lonely and lonesome. Now and then we saw workers in the fields, or men threshing out corn. Occasionally a string of picturesque peasants straggled along the roads, the girls' heads garlanded with vine leaves, as if they were about to pay a visit to the Temple of Bacchus. Muleteers completed the picture, their well

laden "beasts of burden" probably not as indifferent to the heat as they appeared to be.

Less fertile and beautiful grew the scenery as we made progress; for Spain is not all voluptuous and rich in its characteristics—nor by any means so. Its mountains—it is essentially a land of mountains—are often rugged, rocky, and barren; its plains, of vast extent, so utterly abandoned, to all appearance, that they become inexpressibly sad and gloomy to the traveller. Yet is there something grand in these solitudes. You feel lost, bewildered, oppressed with a feeling of desolateness in their contemplation, almost as if you had missed your hold of life and the world. Yet still they appeal—as only Nature can—to one's sense of the sublime and the unbounded; just as the ocean or an immense range of snow-capped hills will fill the mind with awe and admiration.

We came to the ancient town of Antequera—the Anticaria of the Romans—with its old Moorish castle, built upon Roman remains, and perched upon the slope of a hill: hill and castle all so much one sad, grey colour, that it required a steady look to discover the building. The romantic town overlooks a great plain, which possesses a salt lake. The plain is fertile and cultivated: but romance has here and there given place to reality and enterprise in the form of great square factories. Antequera had the deserted, abandoned look which marks so many towns in Spain. You may often see rows and streets of tenements, some without casements, some with shutters only to keep out the noonday heat. Not a creature will be

found wandering from end to end of the place. Near us rose an immense granite mass, called the "Lover's Rock," from the summit of which two fond and foolish hearts—deluded souls!—clasped in each other's arms, are said to have thrown themselves, rather than fall into the hands of a despotic parent. Beyond, like sugar-loaves, rose the three hills of Archidona. Then, passing through a long tunnel, we crossed a river that to-day was almost dried up in its rocky bed, and left the Province of Malaga for that of Granada.

Next came Loja, an ancient and dilapidated town in a narrow valley, watered by the river Genil. More than one stream here makes glad the plains, and renders them abundantly fertile. Loja is famous for its fruit and crayfish, and the latter were being hawked about the station. We bought a basket, whilst we traced the course of the rapid river, whence the fish had come, sweeping downwards like a small torrent: refreshing the ancient town, that, basking between the hills of the Sierra de Ronda, in the heat of summer scarce knows how to bear its burden.

The fish were alive and beautifully packed in the little red wicker basket, covered with damp green moss and criss-crossed with string. The man asked fifteen pence for the fish, the basket, the moss, the string, the time and the trouble, and we were ready to give it; but our courier insisted upon bargaining. Perhaps for the sake of keeping up the custom; or of keeping down the price; perhaps because it was the right thing to do. Whatever the reason, he boldly offered half the sum. Then followed the usual drama,

which ended in the man retiring with the diminished amount, and seeming to think he had not done badly. On arriving at our destination the basket was duly consigned to the landlord of the hotel, with a request that its contents might reappear in the form of soup—the only thing crayfish are good for—and how delicious when it came to table !

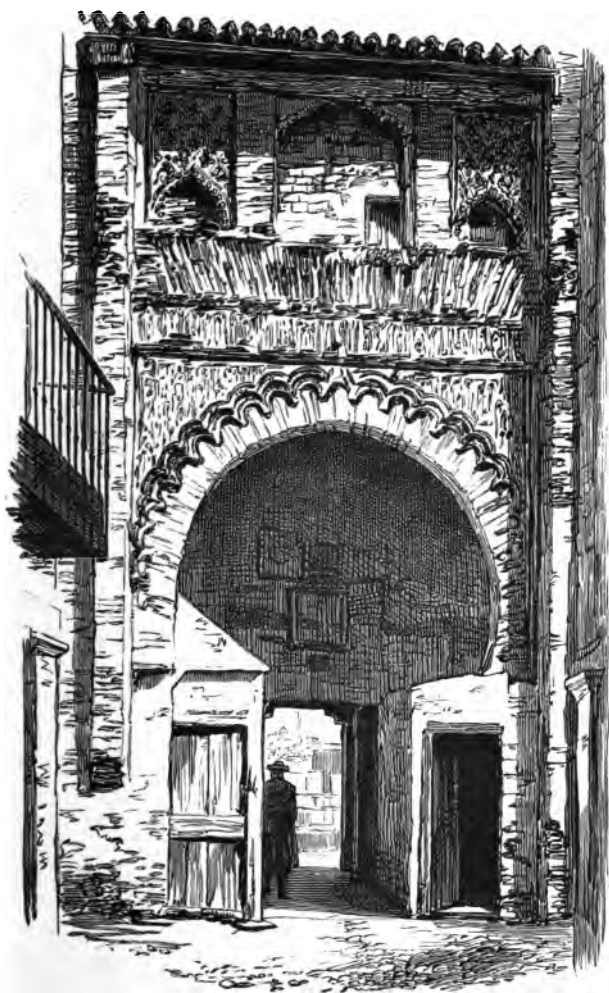
So the afternoon wore on, and we entered into the more immediate neighbourhood of Granada. The wide sweeping plain, the avenues of trees lining and shading the long, white, dusty roads; the far-off chain of the magnificent Sierra Nevada, with its eternal snows—the highest range of this mountainous country. Signs of life became more abundant; villages and houses; groups of peasants in showy costumes, sometimes passing so near that we could hear their laughter and their songs. Small idea, by the way, the Spanish peasants seem to have of music and melody. Most of their songs appear to be characterized by a Gregorian monotony, but not a Gregorian grandeur. Long drawn-out notes, suggestive of infinite dearth of invention, is the chief feature of these “songs of the people,” without any trace of the wild, weird, Bohemian melodies that suit so well the guitar which the Spaniards handle with unrivalled skill.

We passed through cultivated fields, many of them growing a tall, wavy stalk with small green leaves; a species of lemon-flavoured mint the Spaniards, and especially the Moors, make into a kind of tea, wholesome but nauseous. It is also distilled into a liqueur,

more palatable, though perhaps not so harmless as the cup that only cheers. A good deal of all this smiling territory belongs to the Duke of Wellington.

Then we came in sight of Granada itself, so magnificently placed in that immense, hill-girt plain, lying under the shadow of the heights that possesses the world-famed Alhambra; echoing to the sound of rippling waters supplied from the inexhaustible snows of those far-off sleeping mountains—the Sierra Nevada—the boast and pride even of mountainous Spain. Here the cactus and the aloe, the myrtle and the palm-tree, the pomegranate and the orange, the citron and the tall, waving Indian grass contribute to the beauty and abundance of the province. And over all, and above all, impregnating the very air, and seeming to tinge the very sky with a blue brighter than its own, is the feeling that you are on enchanted ground; about to behold a dream of dreams, a vision of years; a glory and a fame that have lived through the centuries. All is seen in a halo of romance that perhaps no other spot on earth can claim. For here you have reached the mystic, romantic regions of the ancient Moors, the wonderful Alhambra: a place more full of charm and enchantment, than all the glowing tales of Arabia; more poetical than poetry itself; where the song of the nightingale is the only fitting accompaniment to the murmur of falling waters, and surely in the very moonbeams fairies hold their court.

Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon the train slowly steamed into Granada. Our courier



ANCIENT GATEWAY, GRANADA.



had telegraphed for vehicles at the station and for rooms at the hotel. The terminus lies outside the town, and in clouds of dust we were soon clattering through the tree-lined avenues, within sound of the waters of the Genil and the Darro. On through an ancient gateway that led into a narrow, ill-paved, straggling street, with houses on either side, old, dirty and dilapidated. Many of the casements were barred like the windows of a prison: mute witnesses to a past reign of terror, when gratings were only too necessary to keep out the lawless and protect the weak; though powerless against many a well-aimed shot that stilled for ever the warm pulses beating behind them.

Sweeping round, and crossing a wide thoroughfare, we again entered a narrow, tortuous street leading up to the great Grecian gate that admits you into the hallowed precincts of the Alhambra. This reached, we immediately found ourselves within the charmed circle of the outer walls, and passed out of the broad sunlight into the grateful obscurity of a splendid avenue of trees. The ascent was steep and tolerably long, as if the magic halls of the Alhambra, like success in life, were only to be gained through toil and labour. But there was a solemnity about the approach worthy its reputation. Without these trees, where in spring you may listen to the song of the nightingale, and where to-day as we went, the rich note of the blackbird awoke echoes in the still air, the approach would not have been half so effective. And they are there, thanks to the judgment of



the late Duke of Wellington, who sent for the trees from England and had them planted in Spanish soil.

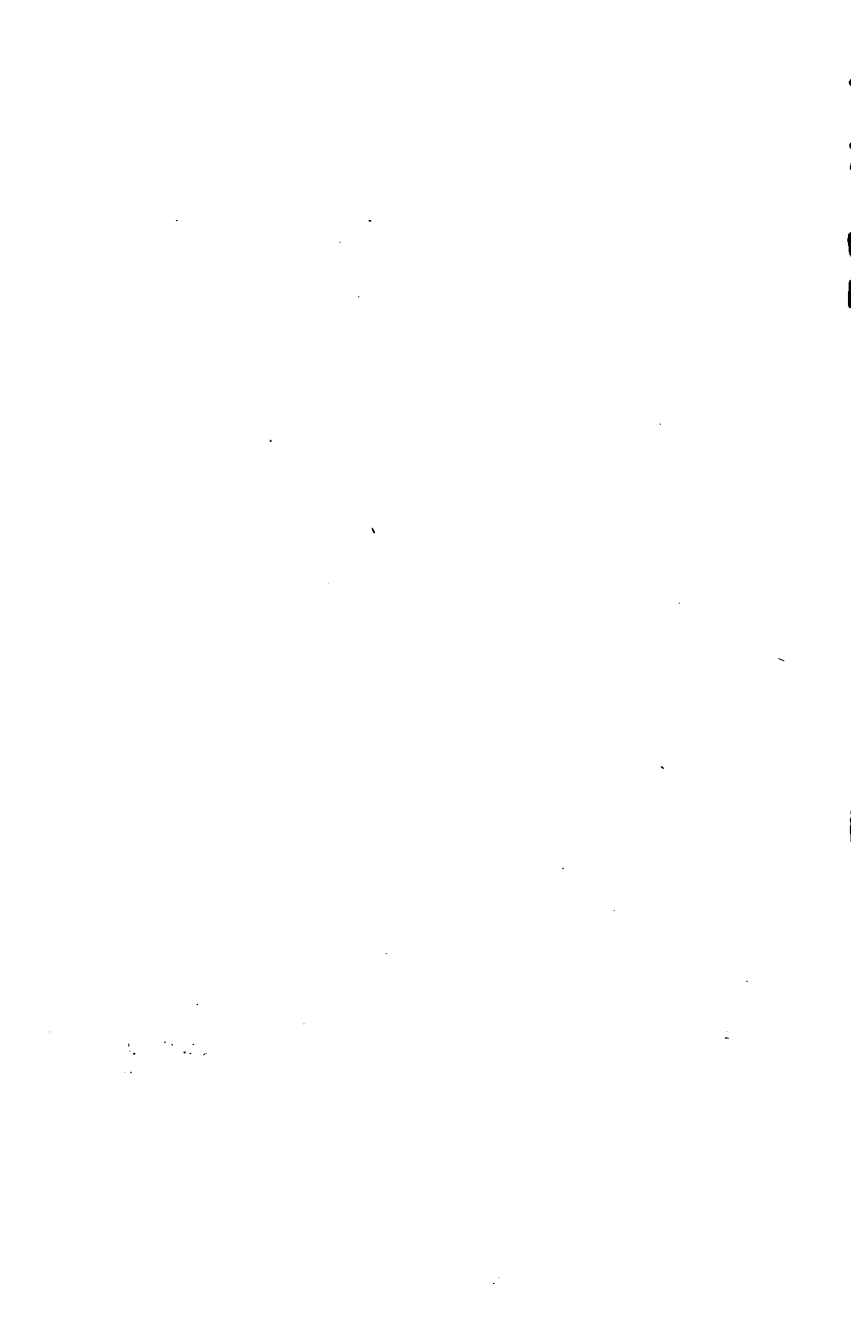
Finally, reaching the end of the Avenue—turning by the “Red Towers,” and obtaining for a moment a glimpse of the sweeping plain below and the far-off mountains—we saw before us, on either side of the road, a goodly pile—the two hotels within the precincts of the Alhambra. They were long, pleasant-looking buildings, very much resembling each other in all but name. Rooms had been reserved for us at the “Washington Irving,” and we found no reason to regret the choice. Probably the “Suete Suelos” would have proved equally comfortable and accommodating.

In the glow and excitement of first setting foot on this charmed soil, Broadley was handed a telegram announcing his promotion. Surely never had mortal received good news under happier circumstances, at a more fitting moment, or in better “form” for its due appreciation. Surely a brighter halo of beauty and romance was thrown over all he subsequently saw—if that were possible. And surely he were guilty of absolute callousness not to look back for ever upon that trip with feelings of unusual and extreme pleasure, wherein a “fortuitous concurrence of events” had combined to thus paint the rainbow of his life.

It was now past five o'clock, and we decided to visit the Alhambra by night. First impressions are everything, and beautiful as are these legendary halls



OLD HOUSES ON THE DARRO, GRANADA.



and courts, their charms are exalted to an unearthly point of romance by the soft silvery moonlight, so brilliant and intensified in this rarefied atmosphere. We were fortunate, for to-night the moon would be at the full.

The fortress of the Alhambra, built by the Moorish kings of Granada, was capable of holding an army of 40,000 men within the circle of its outer walls. It was situated on the crest of a lofty hill, a spur of the great Sierra Nevada chain, commanding a view of the town, the immense surrounding plains and far-off hills ; the whole forming one of the finest panoramas in the wide world. The palace of the Alhambra—all that now remains of the ancient glory of this kingly resort—forms but a small section of the territory of the Alhambra itself. Its halls and courts have passed through so many hands, experienced so much wilful destruction and alteration, marvel is that one stone is left standing upon another. It is difficult to realize what it must have been in the days of its Moorish grandeur. The most magnificent, most gorgeous edifice of modern times sinks into insignificance and the common-place, almost into vulgarity itself, when compared with this matchless refinement, this inconceivable grace and beauty.

The outer walls are thirty feet high and six feet wide. The name dates as far back as the Ninth Century, and the Red Towers, still existing, are probably the earliest portion of this marvellous structure. Portions were added at intervals during the next few centuries ; but not until the year 1248 was the true and

existing Alhambra commenced :—the palace that has come down to posterity, has been the delight of the world, whose very name has fallen into a proverb for all that is chaste and lovely.

The palace erected by Bâdis in the Eleventh Century was standing, and Ibn-l-Ahmar, the founder of the Masrite dynasty, determined to build a new portion, surpassing in splendour and magnificence all that had ever been heard of or any that might exist. The palace was called Kasru-l-hamra. Ibn-l-Ahmar died, leaving the continuation of the work to his son, Mohammed II. One king after another added to its extent and beauty, which culminated about the year 1354, in the reign of Yusuf I., the richest, if not the most powerful, of all the Moorish kings. So grew the Alhambra by degrees into perfection.

Then came the conquest of Granada by the Christians, and the reign of the Moors ended with Boabdil. The Alhambra for a time continued to be a royal residence, and was inhabited by the Castilian monarchs, but in this respect its glory ceased with the Moresco-Spanish dominion in Granada. Perhaps it was too beautiful and too refined for the Roman Catholic sovereigns; or they may have thought that it savoured of heathendom, and no blessing could rest upon it; or the marvellous pile may have suggested a voluptuous effeminacy little suited to their ideas and temperament. Whatever the cause, the sun of the Alhambra had set, and it lived on in a sort of afterglow.

It had to submit to changes and alterations, and

the best was done to spoil it. Charles V. began a palace within the walls of the fortress, adjoining the ancient building, but repeated shocks of earthquake, as if Nature herself protested against the sacrilege, compelled him to abandon his purpose. The walls are still standing, and upon them the eye first rests in visiting the Alhambra ; walls of massive masonry, richly carved, out of all character and keeping with the fairy-like halls and courts that would have been crushed with the weight of their presence. Fortunately nothing can be seen until you have passed beyond the offending ruins to the retired little entrance that, with the magic of an "Open Sesame," admits you at once into enchanted realms.

Philip V. and his Queen, Elizabeth of Parma, early in the eighteenth century, were the last monarchs to make a residence of the Alhambra. Philip Italianized the building, and otherwise harmed it. In the next century came the French, who would have razed it to the ground. Mines were laid, and the fuses actually lighted ; but they were discovered, and put out just in time, by a corporal of Invalidos, who, for this service done to the world, ought to have been ennobled and canonized. This was about the year 1810, when the Duke of Wellington did such good service to Spain that its gratitude took the form of presenting him with so much territory in the immediate neighbourhood. The French had turned the Alhambra into barracks and magazines, had destroyed, amongst other depredations, the Moorish mosque built by Mohammed III. in the fourteenth

century, which is said to have been without parallel in the world.

Seeing then that, in spite of chances and changes, so much of the Alhambra remains to this day, no wonder it has been said to bear a charmed existence. And truly, were it to disappear from the face of the earth, it would be a calamity for all time.

This enchanted territory we were about to see for ourselves. The dinner-hour would not yet sound, and the moment had come for the view from the "Watch-Tower," the Torre de la Vela. It is most effective and beautiful when, towards sunset, the lights and shadows are strong upon the vast plain, and a golden glow precedes the fleeting purple of twilight.

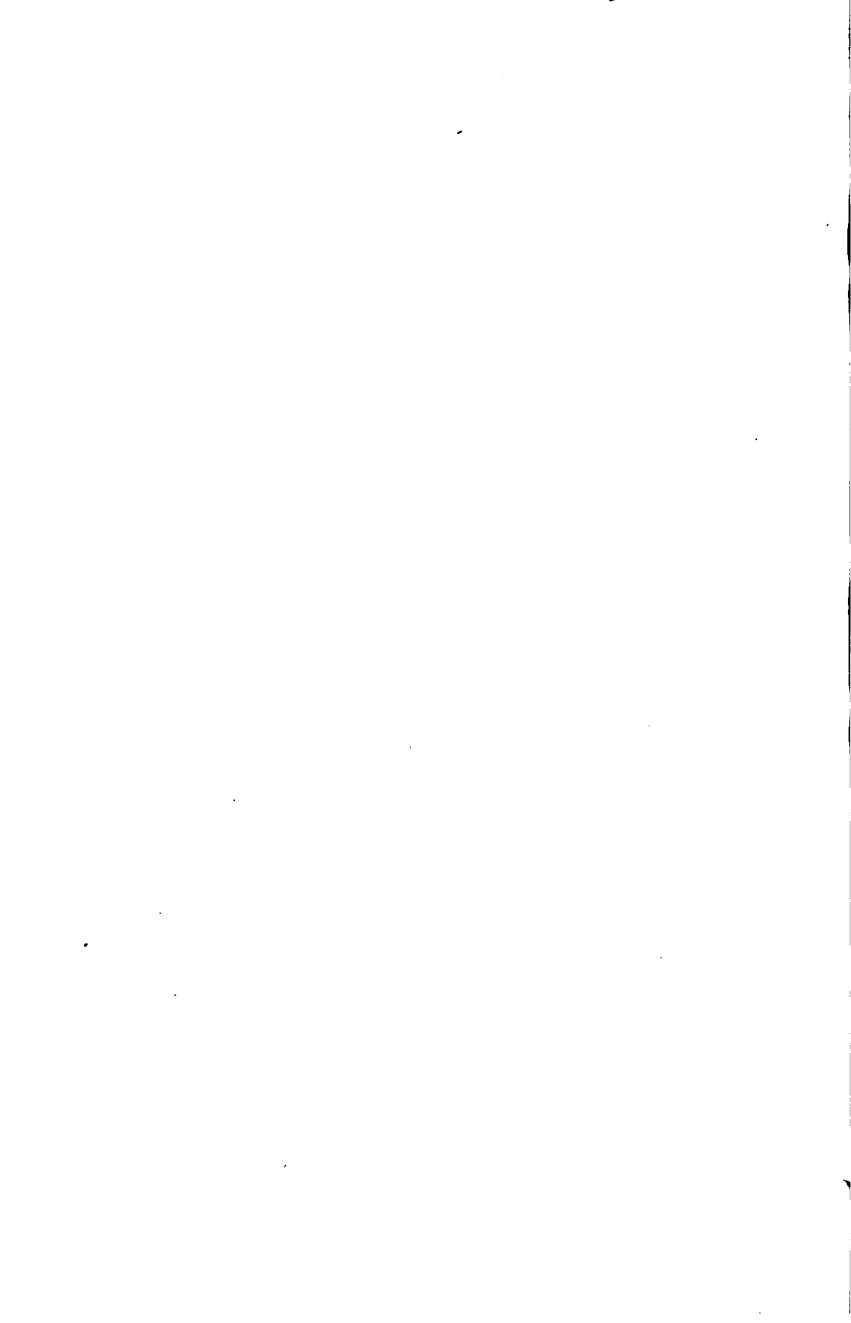
We entered a narrow, up-hill pathway, the broad avenue to the left, with its giant elms, which grew tall and straight as poplars, and did not spread their branches. Cherry-trees of amazing height, tall and straight as the elms, found place amongst them. Birds sang in the leaves, which the courier declared were nightingales, but we felt were simply black-birds and thrushes; songsters only less beautiful than the one that outrivals all others. To the right, beside the path, a stream rippled and murmured; one of the many tributaries that make of Granada a fertile plain of running waters; combining in summer a southern richness with almost the cool breezes of the north.

We reached a square, massive, Moorish tower, the Gate of Justice; so-called because, during the



GATE OF JUSTICE, ALHAMBRA.





Moslem reign, all petty trials were heard and judged within its porch—an ancient custom, frequently alluded to in Scripture. The arch, of horse-shoe form, and half the height of the building, was noble and imposing. On the keystone was engraved a hand ; and within the arch, on the keystone of the portal, was traced a key. One tradition holds that the hand was intended as the emblem of Doctrine ; the key, that of Faith. Another, that the Moors engraved the symbols, declaring no Christian should pass within the walls until the hand came down, grasped the key, and threw wide the gates. The latter interpretation, as approaching nearest to the marvellous, the mysterious and the magical, commended itself to our guide.

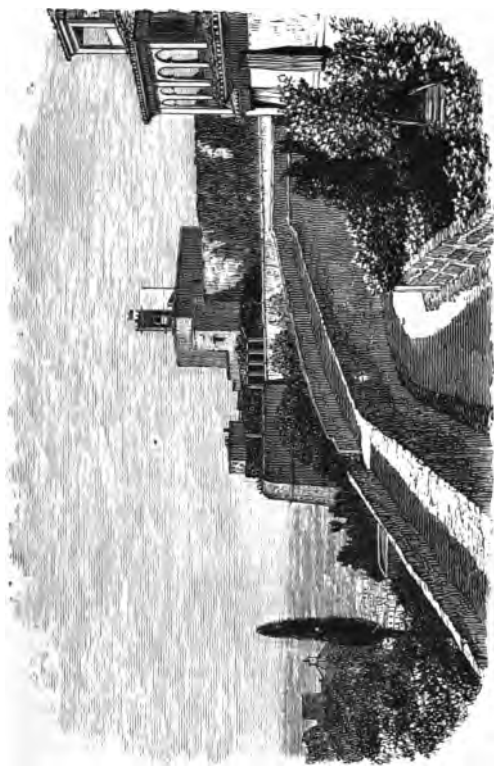
Again, it has been said that the open hand was merely intended to represent hospitality—a duty so sacred in the East, that, once eat salt with a man in his own tent, and you may rely upon his after fidelity. Yet once more, tradition has it that the device was simply meant to act as a talisman against the “ Evil Eye.”

We passed into a narrow lane, between high walls, which led upwards, and ended in a square opening, called the Place of the Cisterns. Here was a deep well, supplied from great reservoirs cut in the rock beneath by those wonderful Moors, who seemed as persevering and successful in all they undertook, as in their tastes they were refined and cultivated. It almost made one shudder to drop a pebble into the black depth and listen to the far-off splash. Our

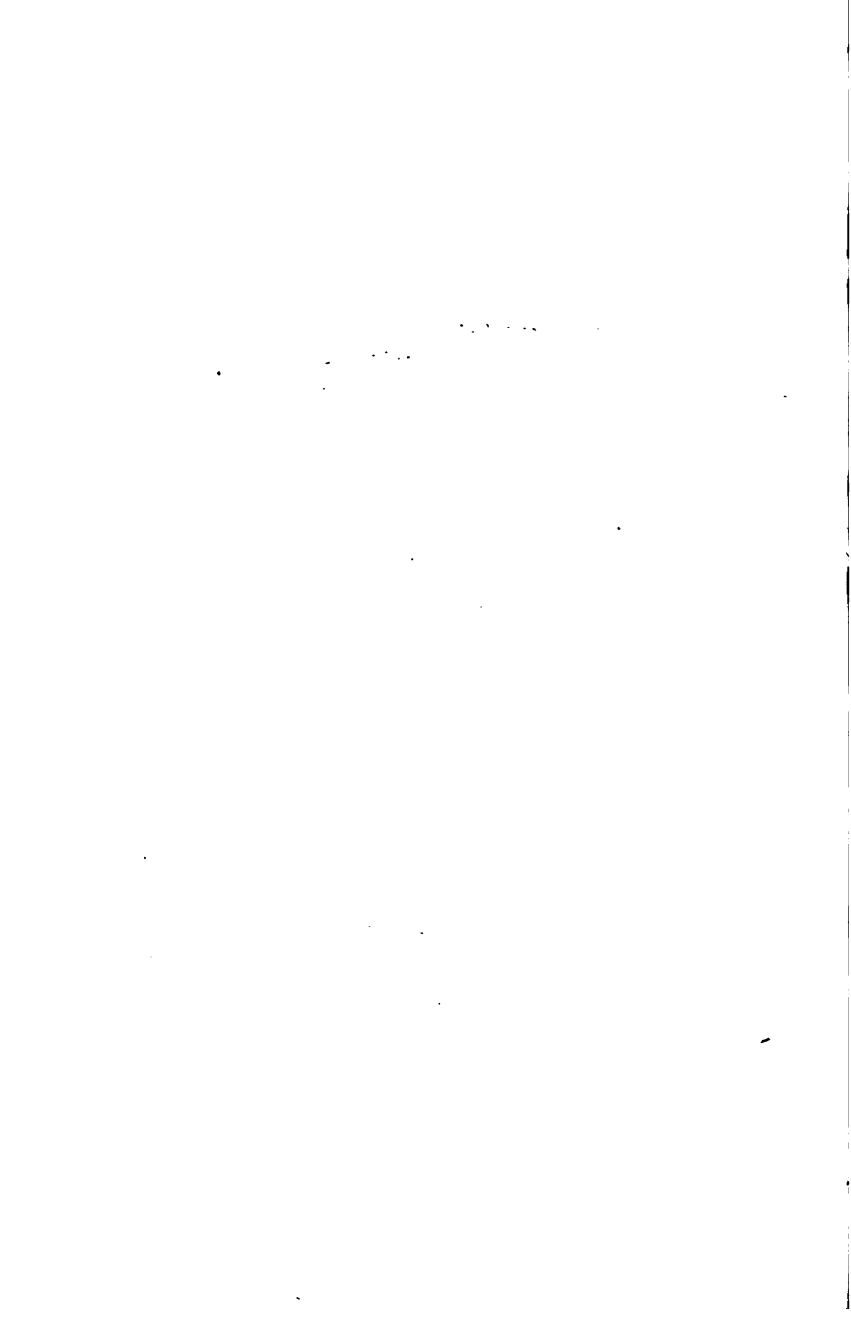
guide lowered the bucket that stood on the circular brick-enclosure, and presently brought up a supply of icy water, of which nearly every one, out of mere curiosity, took a draught. An Eastern well, but no Rebecca waiting for any Isaac. Probably many Rebeccas have in their time waited here for many Isaacs, and will wait again.

Then we went on to the Torre de la Vela, where a summons at the door raised a shrill female scream within, and finally brought forth a custodian who looked as old as the building itself, and far more tottering. But he gave us admittance, and led the way up the steep, dark, well-worn staircase to the summit of the tower—a roof some twenty feet square, more or less, open to all the cardinal points, and, on one side, a silver bell swinging in a sort of gibbet.

And what a scene was disclosed! We gazed upon what is said to be one of the three finest, most extensive, most romantic panoramas in the world. Turn which way we would, nothing but beauty and grandeur met the eye. The sun was sinking westward, and in the vast plain a far-off mist was slowly creeping upwards like a sun-flushed, inflowing tide. The tower was built on the spur of the hill, and we looked into quite precipitous depths. At our feet lay the town, the cathedral conspicuous in its midst; streets were clearly traced, and white houses gleamed. The palm tree raised its head; the cactus, the myrtle, and the prickly pear abounded.



TORRE DE LA VELA AND THE ARADERES.



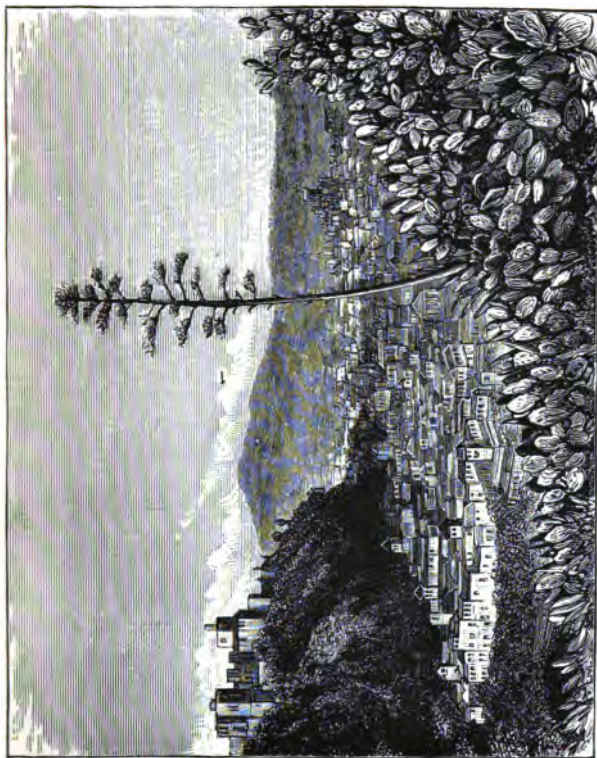
The Darro ran its course between banks picturesque and shady with trees. Far as the eye could reach stretched the wonderful plain of the Vega, bounded on the west by a range of hills, on which our guide pointed out ancient towns and hoary battlements that had rather to be taken upon trust. Here and there, indeed, we noted a solitary watch-tower that must have done good service in ancient days, whence many a decisive battle was followed in its course, and kingdoms rose and fell between sunrise and sunset. Defiles, just perceptible, led up the mountains into a world beyond. Wild, cold, and desolate they looked, yet strangely interesting as imagination peopled them with the countless armies that have passed through them to victory or defeat. And one vision stood out above all others. That of poor Boabdil, conquered, exiled, passing through the plain, entering the pass, looking back upon his beloved country, and weeping over his downfall. All that was gentle and sad in him must have risen uppermost as he slowly went his way to the land of Morocco, where, in fighting for another's country, he was to lose the life he had not hazarded to save his own. Far off, in the centre of the Vega, reposed the city of Santa Fé.

Higher and more glorious than all was the snowy range of the Sierra Nevada. These mountains are the boast of Granada, and like a beacon are visible and seem to overshadow the province from end to end; even to the shores of the Mediterranean and far-off Gib.; for Broadley and I had noted them

from the watch-tower on the top of the Rock; had seen them looking like dream hills belonging to another world, reaching into the heavens. It is the highest range in Spain; its snows are eternal, in summer ever melting, yet never exhausted; feeding the streams that supply the plains with water and render them especially fertile and beautiful; rich in orange groves and olive yards, vineyards and fruit-laden orchards. All this we traced in one immense field of abundance from the Torre de la Vela.

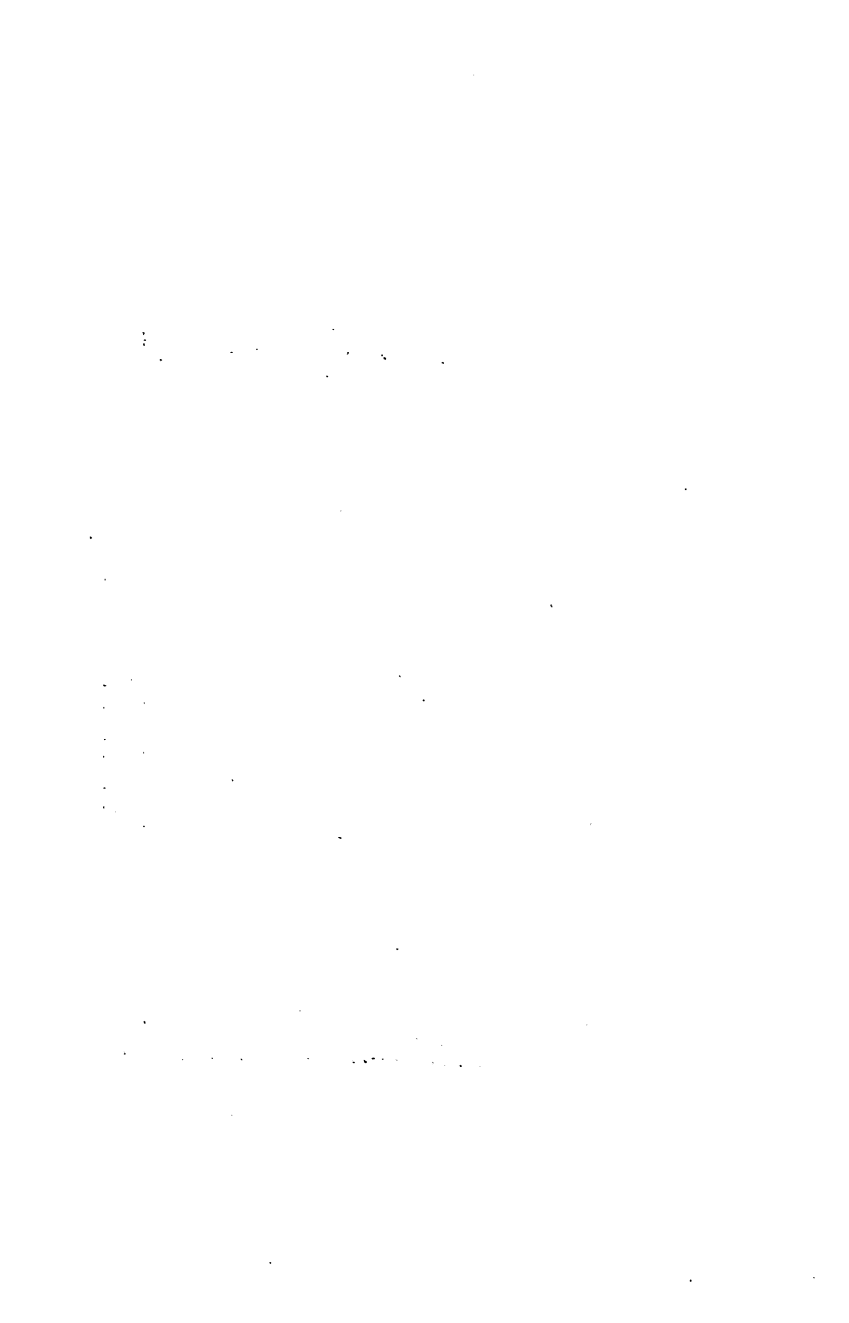
On the opposite side, almost lost in the vast surrounding, reposed the wonderful Alhambra, and still nearer and more conspicuous, the ruder walls of Charles V.'s palace. Nothing of the Alhambra's peculiar beauty was visible. A few roofs and towers, a small dome, sections like the lines on a map—this was all; the whole overhanging a steep precipice or ravine. Down, under the slope of the hill, were the caves of the gipsies, with their low, mysterious little doorways that gave admittance—to what sort of a life? The slopes were covered with the prickly pear. Higher up the hill, and overlooking the Alhambra, was the palace of the Generalife with its picturesque gardens, once the summer resort of the kings of Granada. Enclosing all, in a straggling, oblong form, the outer walls, turret-crowned at intervals, surrounded the territory of the ancient fortress.

The sun sank lower; the golden mist in the plains of the Vega crept up slowly and ascended



THE ALHAMBRA AND GRANADA.





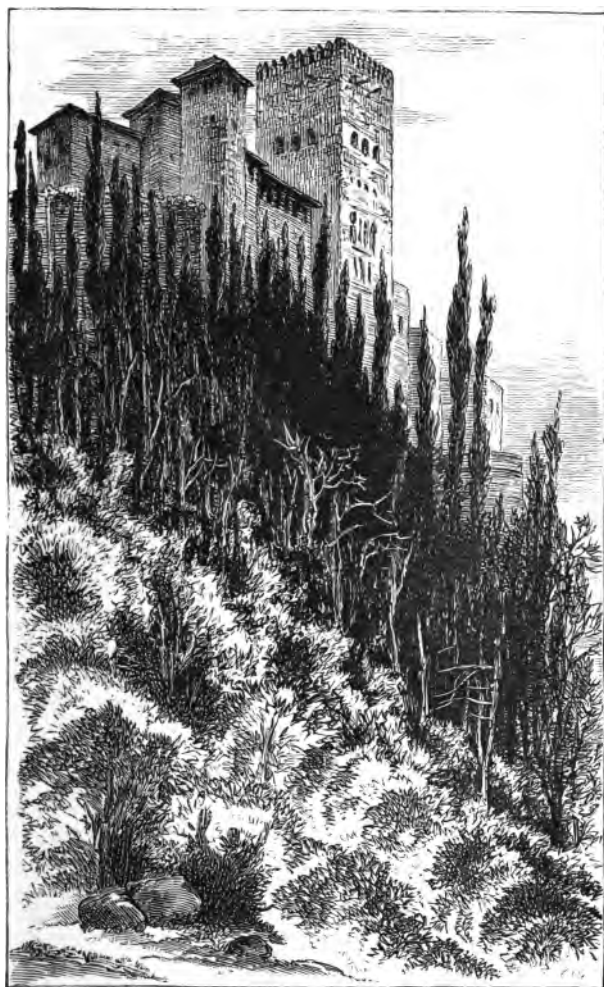
like incense, veiling, not hiding the landscape. The snow-capped Sierra Nevada grew flushed and rosy. Here and there, some object, bright as a shield, caught the sun's reflection, and flashed and glowed like a thing of fire. The murmur of running streams might be faintly heard; a sound refreshing and romantic at all times, but especially so here. The town lay at our feet, cool, calm, and deserted-looking. Compared with its ancient glory, it may indeed be called a dead city. The white walls of the houses, with their picturesque red roofs, stood out in exquisite contrast and colouring with the surrounding scene.

Suddenly the old man pulled a rope from below and struck a blow upon the silver bell, whose vibrations went floating into the vast space. It has to be tolled so many times an hour between 9 P.M. and 4 A.M., and on a still night may be heard thirty miles off. A comparatively small bell, but the light atmosphere conveys sound to incredible distances. Some say it is an old custom intended to frighten away the Evil One—like the griffins and gurgoyles on our cathedrals, which certainly might well have a corresponding effect upon all Good Influences. In reality it is meant as a signal to the irrigators in the plains, who, at their work all night, have to alternately open and shut the sluices. Yet it was not quite easy to fathom the mystery of this arrangement, from the description presently given to us by the landlord of the "Washington Irving."

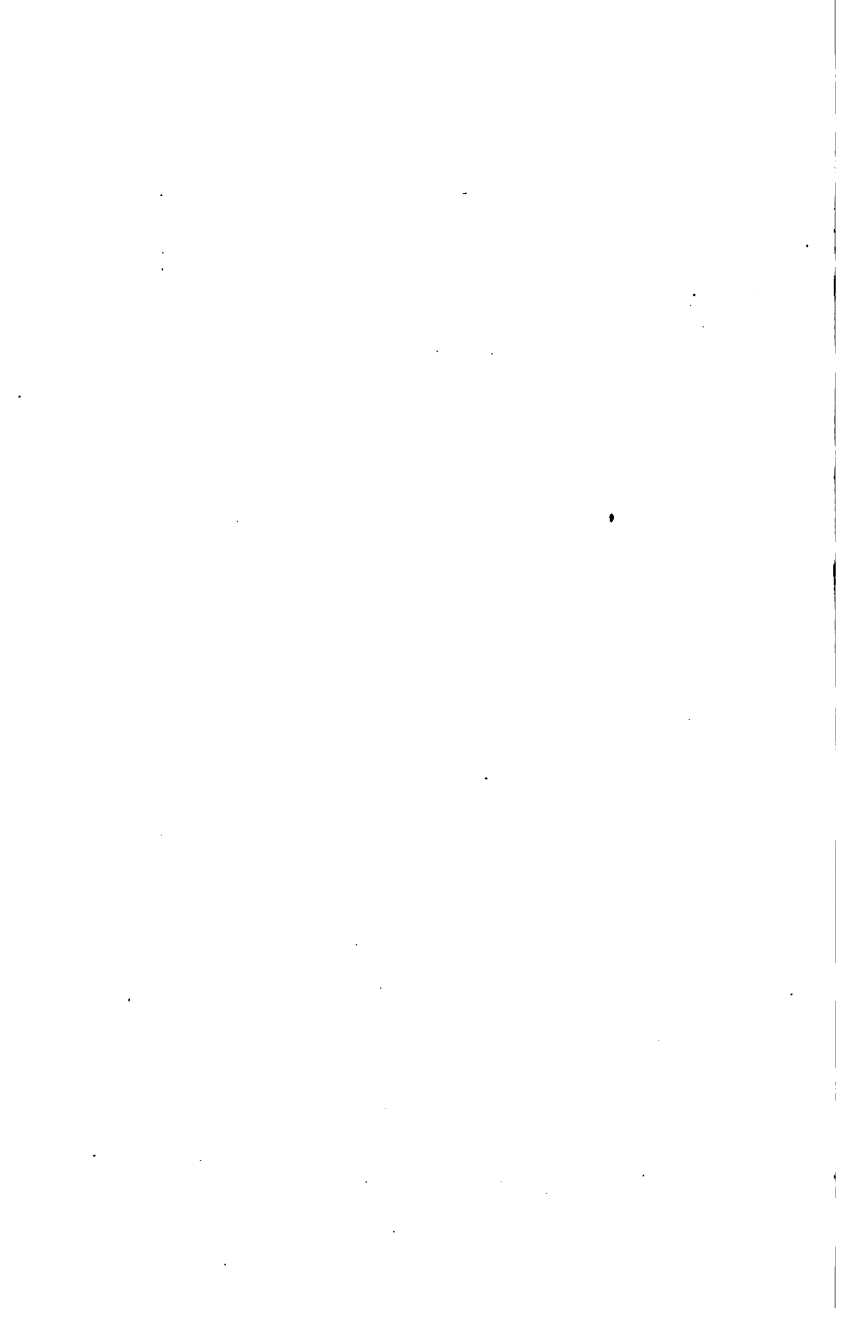
After long gazing from all quarters of the tower,

coming back to each one over and over again, we reluctantly turned from the marvellous scene. I almost think we left our hearts there, whilst in our memories would certainly be found its undying traces. Once more down the winding, narrow staircase, even as we had gone up: and at the bottom a youthful Rebecca—no doubt curious, like all the daughters of Eve—waiting to open the outer door and admit us to freedom. But she was the custodian's daughter—the child of his old age—the apple of his eye—and possibly the plague of his life. No sooner in sight than he sternly banished her to unseen regions and took her place, an equally efficient, but not equally comely substitute. The maiden, not to be baffled (when are they ever, these daughters of Eve?), as we went down the narrow pathway to the Square of the Cisterns, waved us a farewell from a casement just wide enough to admit a bewitching arm, and a face wreathed in melancholy smiles. Somehow she made me think of the Fair Maid of Pyramid, who had thrown him the lily at Arosa Bay, and was then languishing in captivity.

Down, past the palace and the office of the architect: the latter full of charming models of Alhambra doors and windows and courts and Alhambra vases. These are all to be purchased for a consideration, so that you may carry away with you a fragment of the very atmosphere and romance of the place. Onward into the shady avenue, where the birds still sang, and the brook still rippled on its



THE ALHAMBRA.



way. We trod upon air; we lived in a dream; were in the enchanted land of the Arabian Nights. Surely the Slave of the Lamp would appear, and the trees would sparkle with jewels, and caves would open and admit us to dazzling realms.

On reaching the hotel, and coming back to the ruder needs of life, we felt, with Lord Byron, that it was a pity the pleasures of the table should be a necessity of existence. Yet no one probably took his seat with positive reluctance, or objected to the *recherché* and specially-prepared repast. Even Broadley, after one suggestive, inquisitive glance as to whether I would second him, ventured not to utter the mysterious syllables of *Shandy-gaff*, but went in for the light, sparkling, refreshing wines of the country. He, indeed, had cause above and beyond us all, for viewing everything through *couleur de rose*, in an enchanted oriental atmosphere; for he alone had received a telegram burdened with good news: news that some have waited for all their lives, and left the world still waiting.

The moments sped, darkness fell, the moon rose round as a shield, full of a "divine effulgence;" apparently twice the size, and giving twice the light of a northern atmosphere. Now for the first view of the Alhambra by moonlight.

Once more we ascended the grove. The birds were hushed, but the brook still sang its song. Here and there might be heard the twang of a guitar, and groups of idlers lounged about the walls overlooking the avenue and the town. Some of them appeared

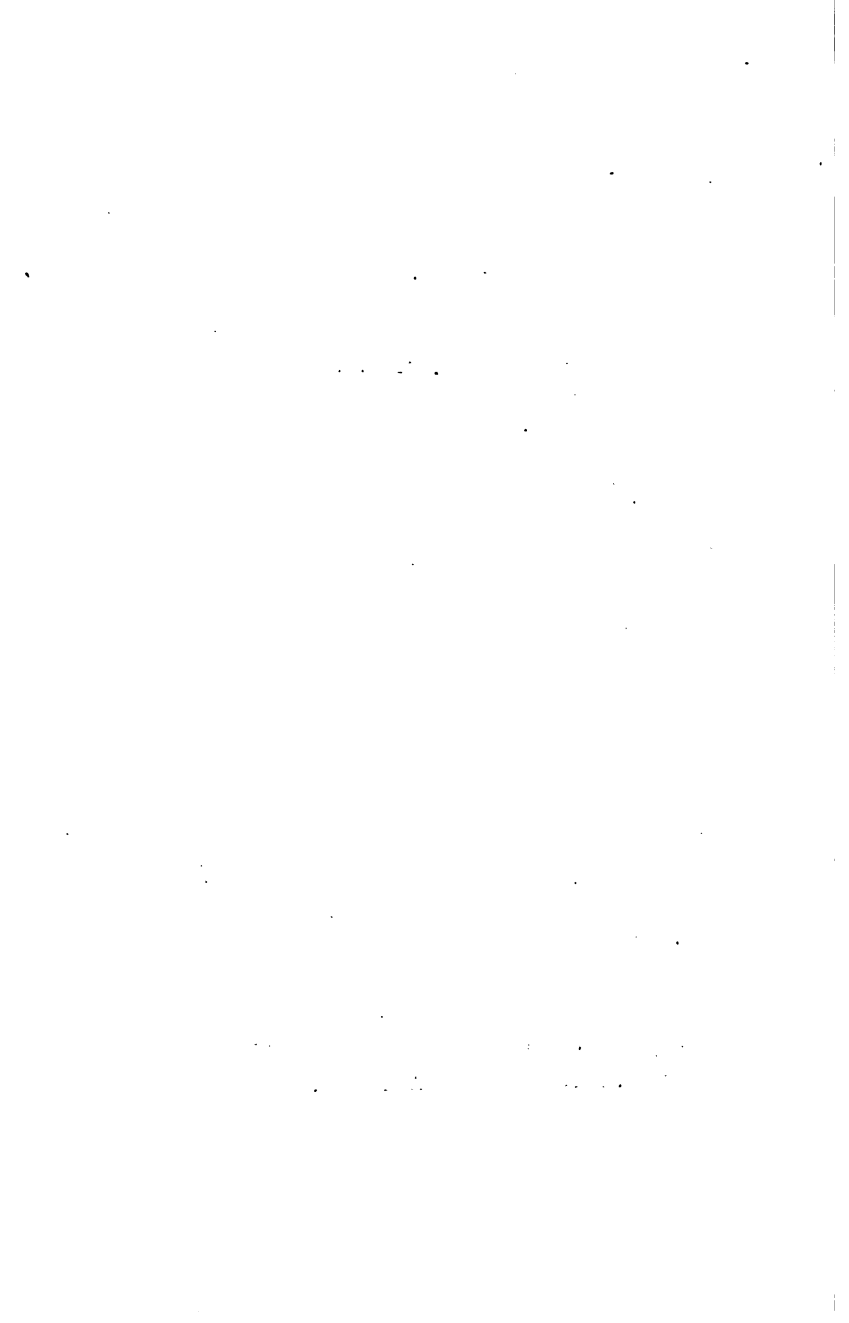
suspicious, as they cast backward glances over their shoulders. Were any of them the mysterious, treacherous banditti, lying in wait for one's life *and* one's money, foretold by Pyramid prophetic? They looked the character to the very life. There were women as well as men ; bold, gipsy-looking women, sauntering, arm-in-arm, up and down beside the walls of the Palace of Charles V., breaking out every now and then into that wailing, eminently disagreeable song. These, harmless enough, were taking the evening air and enjoying the moonlight. Yet presently, when our number had diminished to two, and under the shadow of the trees we seemed to see brigand forms and the gleam of stilettoes dodging about, I felt glad of the sword-stick Pyramid had pressed upon me, and almost repented declining the revolver.

But this was later on, in the small hours of the night. For the present we were a goodly number and a safe ; and whatever might be lurking in the minds of these gentlemen of the grove, they confined their polite attentions to looks only. On we went, in the full moonlight glory, past the long, straight walls of Charles V.'s palace. Turning to the right, we entered a short pathway, terminating in a modest portal. A bell echoed in the night silence, the doorway opened noiselessly and as if by magic. One by one we entered upon enchanted ground, and passed into another world.



PUERTA DEL VINO, ALHAMBRA.







## CHAPTER VII.

*The Alhambra by Moonlight — Diogenes — Court of the Myrtles—Silence—An Enchanted Scene—Court of Lions — Lights and Shadows — Garden of Lindaraja — A Bewitching Scene — Into the World Again -- Granada by Night — The Zacatin — A Fair — Spanish Ices — The Alhambra by Daylight — Boabdil — The Cathedral — An Old Monastery—Captain Jago's Benedictions—Waiting the Bull Fight.*

WE passed into another world. The moon, "round as a shield," was rolling upwards in splendour, like a ball of liquid silver suspended in the dark blue sky, lighting a scene with magic beauty and softness that surely had scarcely a parallel on the earth.

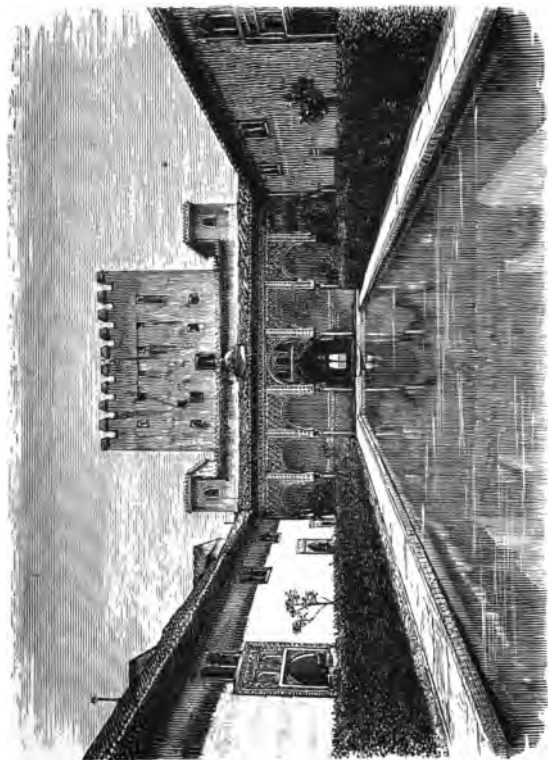
Not only the present, visible charm influences the gazer. There is all its antiquity and bygone history ; all the vicissitudes and dangers through which the Alhambra has passed—seared it may be, but, like the face of a veteran, who has well served his country, more loved for its scars. A halo of veneration surrounds it with such an atmosphere as that wherein the pilgrim views his favourite shrine. A glow of romance and contemplation takes you back in spirit to the days of the Moors ; that people rich in energy,

enterprise and ambition, in refinement and good taste, in Eastern imagery and pomp and splendour. The mind is full of retrospective thought and dreamy remembrance. Events of centuries seem to crowd upon the brain and rehearse themselves in the space of a few moments and with panoramic vividness. Within this wonderful structure you are brought face to face with a life-haunted vision, a wish long dreamed of and at length fulfilled.

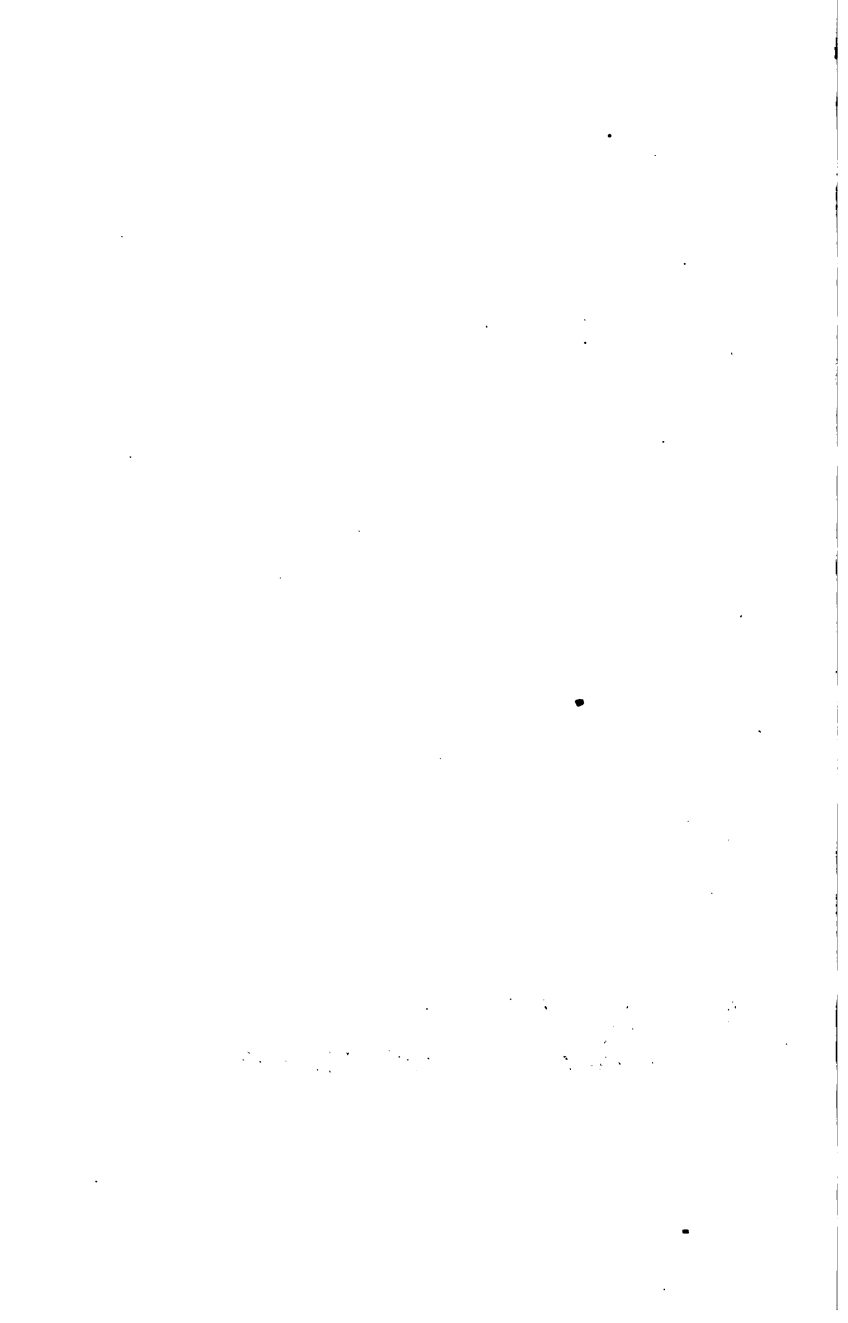
The door opened noiselessly. When it had closed upon us, the guardian spirit of the place stood exposed in the shape of an attendant, holding a lantern that shed a feeble light wherewith to guide our steps. He might have been Diogenes, and must at least have been the good genius of the place. Surely nothing evil could here find existence and a foothold.

The small corridor was in truth his local habitation. His rooms were above. A gilded cage hung in celestial regions, wherein probably he kept a sweet singing nightingale in the shape of a wife; though, as birds do not always agree in their nests, it is quite possible that she occasionally varied the laughing hours by a Wagnerian demonstration of sound. At the end of the corridor, a table held the book in which visitors are supposed to record their names, but we had nothing to do with that to-night.

The gloom enshrouding the corridor, only served more clearly to define the outlines of the small arches and slender pillars, through which you gain admittance to the Court of the Myrtles, or of the Bath,



COURT OF THE MYRILES.



or of the Blessing—as it has been indifferently called. In the corridor we were in shadow, but the court beyond was flooded with the most brilliant moonlight it is possible to conceive.

Never, if I live to be a century old (a most improbable possibility), shall I forget that first glimpse and impression as we passed out of the corridor. To begin with, we might have been in a city of the dead. Not a sound disturbed the solemn stillness. Our footsteps echoed mysteriously, our voices insensibly fell into a murmur. A few bats wheeled about with the noiseless, irregular flight that endows them with a reputation that would make of them something more than birds.

Turning towards the south end, we gazed upon an enchanted scene.

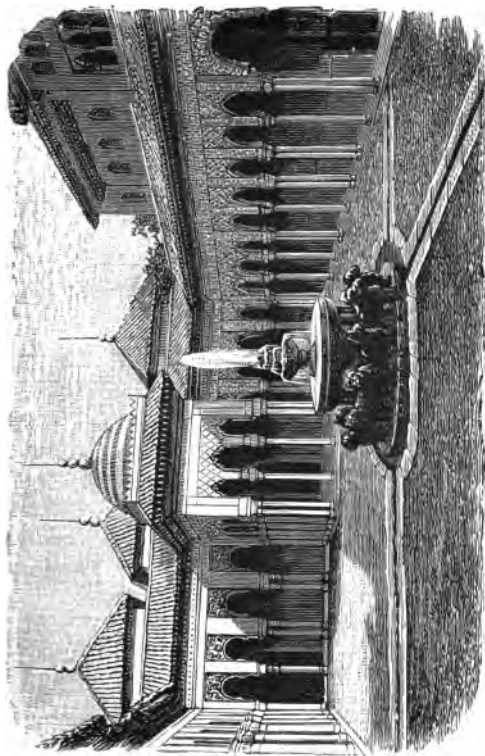
A gallery ran the length of the south side of the court, supported by delicate arches and peristyles that seemed too slender to bear their weight. But the actual supports of the building are cunningly placed out of sight, and thus the fairy-like character of the Alhambra is maintained throughout in an apparently mysterious manner. The dazzling moonlight so marvellously brought out the fretwork of the outside arches, with their arabesque designs, that we appeared to gaze upon an extent of minute ivory carving, too beautiful for human hands to have accomplished. Eight pillars supported the gallery. The moon, throwing the outer portion into vivid relief, only served to cast within the recesses a deep gloom in the highest degree solemn and impressive.

Strong, vivid lights and shadows, indeed, met the eye wherever the moonbeams penetrated.

The court is 140 feet long, and 74 feet wide. Like all the courts of the Alhambra, it has no roof, and the deep blue sky above only adds to its charm. It is paved with pure white marble, and in the centre is a large pond or bath, filled with gold-fish, bordered on each side by a row of myrtles, kept small and well trimmed. A few orange trees were trained right and left against the walls, and, facing each other, were the small arches and slender pillars leading outwards and inwards. At the north end rose the solemn Tower of Comares, its dark reflection upon the water clearly traced in the moonlight.

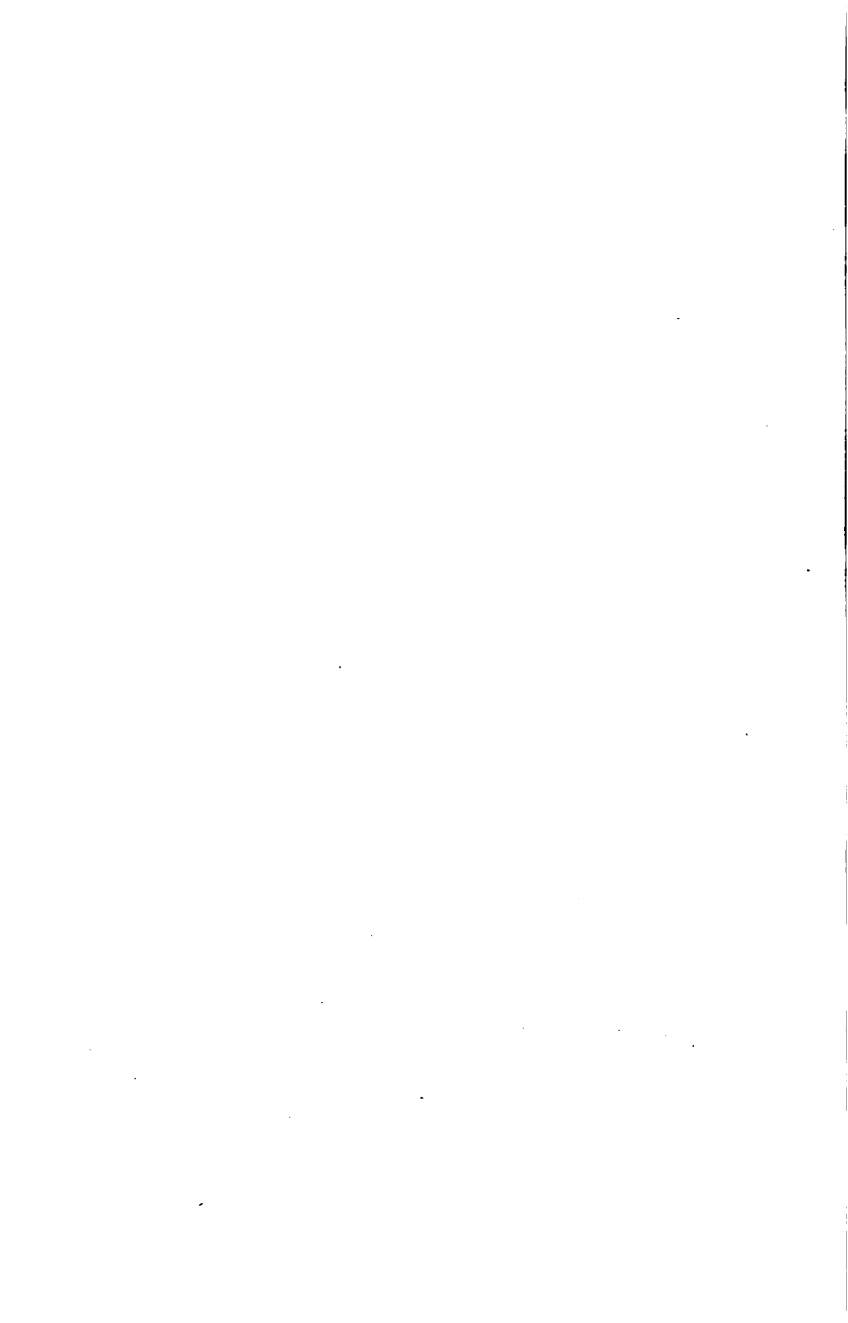
In the days of its glory, the court was richly gilded and painted in many colours, and the arabesque designs of the stucco and fretwork were picked out with wonderful care and skill. The effect must have been gorgeous, yet singularly refined. It has now faded almost to whiteness. But open to the sky, and exposed to all the elements, one marvels that the very courts themselves have not long since crumbled and disappeared as age after age rolled onwards. These designs consist of leaves and flowers delicately traced; and some of the inner walls of the halls are covered with inscriptions in Cufic and Arabian characters and texts from the Koran in endless repetition.

We passed into the Court of Lions, the principal court of the Alhambra—its centre, as it were, whence open and radiate all other courts, halls, and apart-



COURT OF LIONS.





ments of the palace. You may catch glimpses of it, and the celebrated fountain supported by its twelve solemn-looking lions, from a hundred different points of view ; each point possessing a distinctive feature. Arches and cloisters, distant courts and corridors, galleries and peristyles, domes and glazed roofs, walls of chaste filigree work, upper galleries lighted and lightened by arched windows. And through all, and above all, the wonderful southern sky and radiant atmosphere.

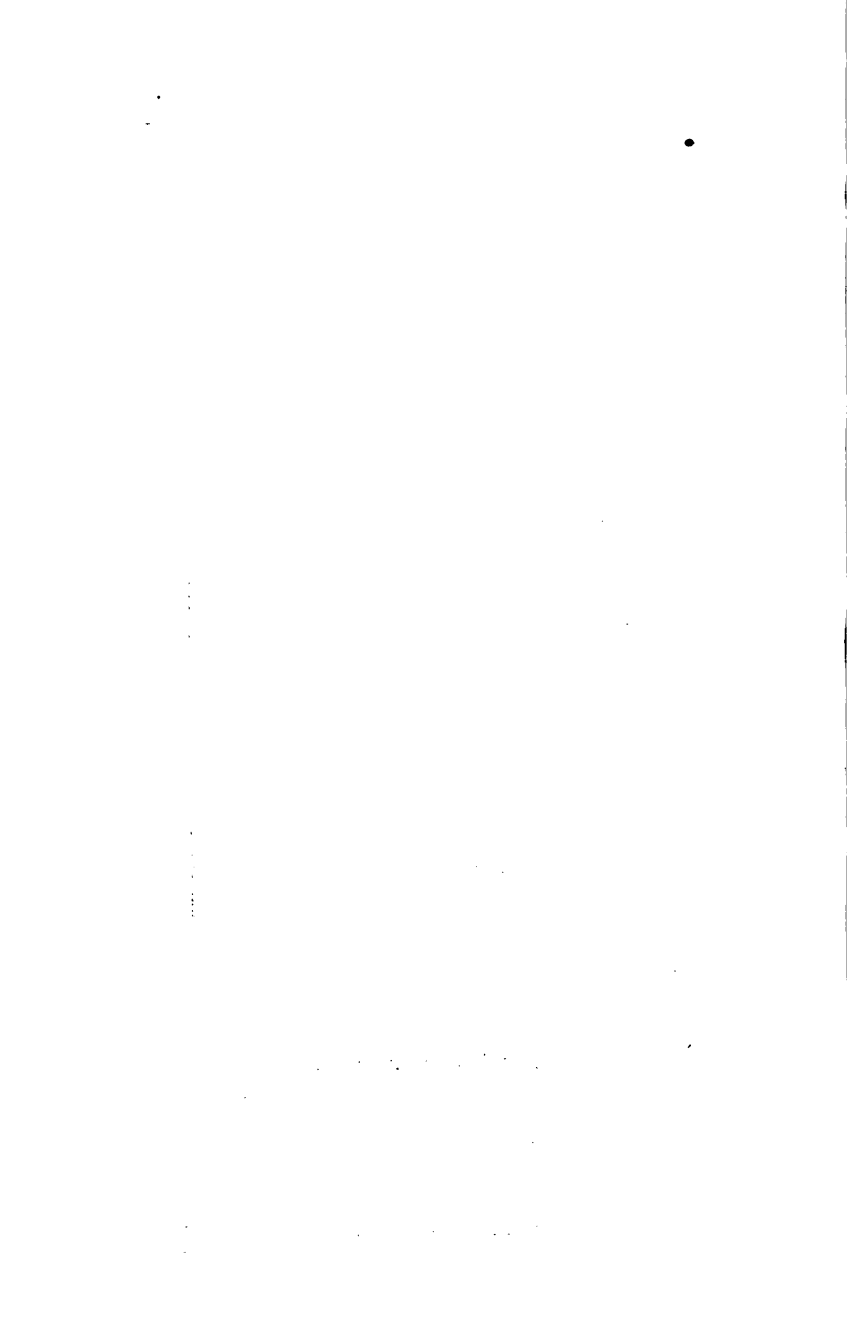
The Court of Lions was much larger and still more remarkable than the Court of the Myrtles. Here more than anywhere you may realize and contemplate the bygone majesty of the Alhambra—though it was ever distinguished for its beauty and delicate refinement rather than for the majestic. To-night, flooded by the pale moonlight, it looked of unearthly loveliness. On all sides ran a low gallery, supported by exquisite arches of open fret-work, and what, in the semi-obscurity, seemed a countless number of thin, white marble pillars. Deep shadows, thrown by these pillars and arches, chequered the pure white marble pavement, and the grim lions and alabaster fountain cast their shadows also. The small domes and roofs above the galleries, covered with highly-glazed tiles, caught the moonbeams, and gleamed as if studded with jewels. Halls and corridors beyond the court were steeped in mysterious darkness. Approaching, one could, after a time, dimly discern mysterious outlines, and cloister-like, far-stretching vistas. But Diogenes with

his lantern frequently wandered one way and we another, and a stumble over a marble step sometimes threatened to bring one's dream to an end, and dispel all this vivid illusion. We were not in the ordinary world, but in a spot owned and inhabited by magicians, all the wonderful and wise people one had met in the Arabian Nights.

These lights and shadows, the obscurity of the interior, seemed to invest the Alhambra with immense proportions and unlimited space. It might have been a kingdom instead of a palace, its area reckoned by miles rather than feet; a structure wherein one might roam day after day, still exploring, still discovering. More solemn and mysterious, more beautiful and unearthly seemed to grow the place, as we walked, now pausing in the exquisite Hall of the Abencerrages, of which to-night we could not see the exquisite delicacy. But we knew its sad legend by heart, and might lean over the sunken fountain in the centre, and try to discern the red stains that the guide said had existed since the cavaliers and chiefs of that name were there betrayed and murdered. Now and then—as when, passing into the Hall of the Ambassadors, in the Tower of Comares—Diogenes waved around his lantern and flashed a feeble glimmer, faintly revealing its fine proportions, its deep casements, the splendid decorations of the walls, the rich gilding and exquisite painting of its inlaid, cedar-wood roof. Imagination peopled it with the pomp and ceremony of old; the picturesque groups and figures of the Moors; the grave dignity of the kings



ARCADE IN COURT OF LIONS.



as they gave audience to foreign powers and dictated terms or granted petitions.

We passed into the little garden of Lindaraja, with its fountain, orange trees and Japanese medlars touched into life by the moonbeams. Its high walls looked gloomy and prison-like ; bats wheeled their noiseless flight. Back into the palace, guided by Diogenes, we went down into the Chamber of Secrets, where, by applying the ear to one of the angles of the wall, one heard distinctly what was said at the further end. Beyond this was a long, low vaulted room, not always shown, wherein were sculptured figures of curious device, more mythological, perhaps, than quite orthodox.

Finally, climbing the dark staircase of a tower, we were rewarded by a scene that amazed and dazzled our already bewitched senses. An immense tract of country lay spread before us, steeped in the silence of the night. The moon, still rolling upwards, threw a flood of vivid, silvery light over all. Below, like a dream city, Granada sparkled with lamps, and seemed in possession of a crowd. Immediately beneath us were the pine-clad steeps on which the Alhambra stands so nobly. On the right were the huts of the gipsies, but no sound came to-night from their dark and gloomy abodes. To our left were the courts and halls through which we had lately wandered and dreamed ; while the outlines of the outer walls with their towers, enclosing the territory of the Alhambra, might be distinctly traced.

Far down, the river ran its course. Beyond the

immense plain the mountains rose against the dark sky, the snows of the Sierra Nevada glistening in the moonlight. The scene was full of magic. Nothing broke the stillness but the sudden and occasional out-ringing of the silvery bell on the Torre de la Vela. The watchman was awake, the irrigators were at their work in the plains.

What we looked upon we had seen a few hours ago from that old tower. The sun was then declining, a mist was creeping up the valley like a golden tide, nature had been flushed with rosy light. Now all was changed. All was steeped in the hush and death of night, save where the southern moon warmed back to life the sleeping earth.

We left it, marvelling. Down the old stairs and through the enchanted courts, in and out of the columns and their mysterious shadows; back into the Court of the Myrtles, through the little archways and slender pillars, and once more out in the world. The portal closed upon us—and seemed to close an event in our lives.

The night was still young, and a few of us felt inclined to see Granada by artificial light as well as by moonlight. In its crowded streets we might draw comparisons with Malaga. So three of us started, accompanied by our indispensable courier. The avenue was dark, silent, and sombre. Any amount of brigandage might be lurking behind those trees, and the guide, to animate our courage, related how one night he had come up this very avenue and discovered a stranger who had been attacked and

robbed. They hadn't left him a shred of clothing. Thereupon Wiley had had to go up to the hotel and get a suit of clothes before the unfortunate victim could be made presentable to face the world once more. "I believe," continued our guide, "that my coming up the avenue at that moment saved the man's life. The scoundrels heard footsteps, knew not whose they were or how many they might be, and with a final crack on the head, which, happily, did no great harm, they made off with their booty—watch, money, clothes—everything he had about him."

We enjoyed this lively anecdote very much; and when the guide pointed out the exact spot where the unhappy man was nearly murdered, lingered as short a time as curiosity and politeness permitted; and felt rather glad when we had passed through Charles V.'s Græco-Tuscan Gate, and duly admired its crowning ornament—a helmet, or the arms of the town, or something of the sort—that in the strong moonlight formed itself into the head of the most grotesque old witch that ever was seen in life or on canvas. By day or by night, there was ever the likeness of a grinning old Mother Hubbard. The most solemn old crow flying across the world must have laughed as he looked.

Down the narrow, tortuous Calle of Gomeres, out into the broad Alameda. Turning to the left, we soon reached the Zacatin, to-night crowded and noisy. Presently we came upon an assemblage of shows and booths, travelling theatres and shooting-



galleries, as if it were the occasion of some great fête or fair. Perhaps it was so.

How different the scene from the silence and grandeur, the solemn beauty and repose, of those wonderful halls and courts of the Alhambra! Here crowds moved; gas and torches were flaring; the ordinary occupations and vulgar amusements of life had full play. It was coming back to earth and the things of earth with a reality that only an hour ago had seemed could never be again. Yet—sad record of human nature, so influenced by exteriors and surroundings—we enjoyed the crowd and the excitement. Contenting ourselves with the outside of the seductive booths and shooting galleries, we yet found it difficult to resist the spirit, energy, and strong enjoyment of those who streamed and struggled in to devour dramas full of murders and duels and gushing love scenes—if one might be guided by the outside canvases—or those who more soberly waited to test their skill at hitting the bull's eye.

And in one booth, somewhat apart from the rest, as being of a more elevated tone, there dwelt a fortune teller. A seer; grave and hoary; dignified, venerable, and *infallible*, asserted the guide. A patriarch, whose years were unnumbered, but who was supposed, like the Wandering Jew, to bear a charmed life. His age, at the very least, must be a hundred and fifty.

The entrance to his mysterious, mystic chamber led through a long passage, lighted with a rosy glow

that promised well as a beginning, and for what was to be heard within those portals of Fate. Beyond the rosy passage, heavy curtains, of which the innermost was composed of leopards' skins sewn together, admitted you into a small, square chamber, just sufficiently lighted for its purpose. Here sat the sage in a velvet robe that swept around him, his long white hair thick and abundant over his shoulders, a white beard almost reaching to his knees. On entering, he fixed upon you a pair of large, piercing dark eyes that read into your very soul. Near him was a crystal globe, suspended in some apparently invisible manner from the ceiling, so placed that he could consult it without moving. He bid you approach and take a low seat in front of him, sufficiently near to examine your hand when it was stretched forth. And in spite of the rosy passage that lured you on, he was uncompromising, this wizard; consulted his crystal, and examined your palm, and spared neither man nor maid. Some would depart superstitiously impressed, cheeks blanched and limbs trembling, as one who has just received his death warrant at the hands of a skilful leech. Others, on whom fortune had smiled, would leave in a species of mental intoxication: perhaps, on the strength of glowing promises, to pass to the physical stage at the first favourable opportunity.

Reader, I am sorry to say for your curiosity—and perhaps for our own also; since we are often deceived by our own hearts—we did not consult the wizard. I can but tell you about him as he was described to

me. We resisted the temptation of peering into the future. Only a few hours ago, Broadley had received an assurance of sufficient good fortune for one day ; it need not be heightened, it should not be marred. I was not curious as to the unseen and unknown. The lines of my life were cast. A road lay straight ahead that must be trodden, and the end is the same for all. The "uncertainties" of the future, so full of charm to the hopeful and the strong, for me were over for ever ; and the wayside chances and changes that come to each in their times and seasons—I did not think to find these recorded in any crystal. Even if they were, I would rather not know them. Mr. Jago declared that he had *his* fortune at his fingers' ends, and needed no interpreter thereof. He could prompt the wizard if he found him wandering out of the beaten track.

So we did not enter the rose-tinted passage, but turned and left the fair behind us. The road ended—or began—in a square and a café brilliantly lighted and thronged with people. In we went ; sat amidst the blazing lights, and listened to the rush and murmur of voices ; watched the animated faces, the dark, flashing eyes, the gestures that emphasized every other word, the hot Spanish blood that seemed to course so rapidly through the veins. These people are for ever one thing or the other ; in them extremes meet ; they know no medium ; they are all fire and energy and excitement, or all voluptuous indolence ; their moods vary with the hour and the occasion : now they are ready almost to take your life, and now

they will perform incredible acts of generosity to serve you.

The night was intensely hot, and the ices were delicious in quantity and quality ; a rare combination. But we thought of last night, the café in Malaga, the ices we had had there ; above all, those wonderful musicians who so impressed us that I hear them almost as distinctly as I did then, even now as I write, when another June has come round, and many scenes and much music have filled up the space between. We had no music here, and nothing to detain us very long ; so presently we left the glare and glitter of light and laughter, and went out into the deserted streets that led towards the Alhambra. Everything was dark and gloomy ; we did not meet a soul ; our echoing footsteps and voices alone broke the silence.

Once more in the narrow Calle de Gomeres, up to the Grecian Gate. Once more in the sombre avenue, where the hushed birds were sleeping in the trees, and the silence of night was oppressive. But the moon still rolled in splendour, giving us a flood of soft light that glinted through the whispering branches and cast shadows on our way. We wanted only the nightingales to perfect the night and the scene and the influence ; no nightingale could have kept silence here. But they had evidently all fled to other regions—these migratory birds, that come and charm us with their song, and so soon disappear ; depart like the fairest things of earth ; all we care for most, our dearest hopes, and cherished

aspirations. Do they not all drop from us one by one ; fly from our grasp with the fell certainty of an *ignis fatuus* ; to leave in their place in flaming letters the words Disillusion, Disenchantment, Disappointment? Once we doubted Solomon ; his wisdom was not for us, his experience not ours ; but the day comes when his "Vanity of Vanities" finds its echo in the heart.

The next morning our first duty was to see the Alhambra by day. We had seen it by moonlight. That visit had left behind it a profound, unfading impression. Halls, courts and corridors, steeped in silvery light and deep shadows, haunted the imagination. Looking back to those night hours, more than ever it seemed that we had visited a land of enchantment, a building raised by no human power. All one's dreams and conceptions of Eastern beauty and luxuriance were here more than realized. Daylight would no doubt dispel some of the illusion to which memory clung with so much pleasure, but a more intimate acquaintance with the details and surroundings of the Alhambra must prove our gain of a loss.

The sun was high ; the avenue, that not many hours ago had looked gloomy and threatening, was now bright and sparkling, and echoed with the song of happy birds. The picturesque loungers of last night, hovering about trees and walls for reasons foul or fair, had betaken themselves to other haunts. The long, straight, square palace of Charles V. was even less romantic now than in the glow of sunset.

We entered the narrow way leading to the modest portal, the door opened silently, and again one by one we passed through.'

Where we had had moonlight, all was now broad sunshine. The dark shadows had disappeared, and with them the mysterious depths suggesting unlimited space. At the end of the small corridor, the visitors' book was the only sign and record to remind one of a commonplace world. There were the small arches and slender columns leading into the Court of the Bath; the exquisite moulding that last night had looked like fine gossamer was certainly more earthly this morning, though at all times and in all lights beautiful and refined. The long rows of myrtles were green and refreshing; the orange trees pencilled their graceful branches and tender leaves against the side walls that held them. The pool looked so clear, one longed for a plunge, and envied the gold fish darting about at will. At the further end, the Tower of Comares was so vividly reflected, one almost started at the appearance of another tower existing below the water. Here surely we had at last found the habitation of the fairy folk who owned all this enchanted territory!

We passed into the Hall of Ambassadors—a splendid room 37 feet square and 75 feet high. Opposite the entrance was once placed the throne of the Sultan, and here amidst regal pomp and splendour he gave audience. There are three arched windows on each side, nine in all, deeply recessed, from the thickness of the masonry. The walls are

decorated with flowers and leaves, Cufic inscriptions and texts from the Koran, all wonderfully restored, and resembling as nearly as possible their ancient beauty. The ceiling is richly gilded, and coloured in white, blue, and delicate crimson. In some of these ceilings light was admitted through small, stained-glass windows cunningly placed in the roof, which chequered walls and pavement with kaleidoscopic tints that must have entranced the Moorish mind and imagination. What are our nineteenth-century ideas of luxury and grandeur, gorgeous glitter and display of wealth, compared with the oriental atmosphere and refinement that distinguished the men of that age?

The ceiling is of alerce or cedar wood, inlaid work of many colours, with devices of stars and crowns; all, as far as possible, imitating the original. The old roof fell in the 16th century, through an explosion of gunpowder in the neighbourhood, and brought down in its ruin a wonderful arch composed of mother-of-pearl, jasper and porphyry. Imagine it for a moment. Nothing more chaste and lovely can be seen than this hall: a dream building, worthy of gracing a world higher, better, purer than this—if amongst the stars, such an intermediate state is to be found.

The views from the windows are beyond comparison. From that overlooking the Darro, it is said that Ayeshah, the mother of Boabdil, let down the child in a basket to protect him from the fury of his father, and thus saved his life; a life, nevertheless,

destined to unhappiness and misfortune, defeat, the loss of his kingdom, and eventually death in a strange country, and fighting for another's cause. Abn Hasen, the father of Boabdil, seems to have been a fiend in human form, and is said to have sacrificed his children at the Fountain of Lions to satisfy the jealousy of Zoraya, the rival of Ayesshah.

The floor of the hall was of pure alabaster; an alabaster fountain is said to have once played in the centre. How delicious to have reclined in those cool window recesses in the heat of summer, listening to the soothing splash of the water, dreaming idle dreams, and gazing out upon that fair world! What men those Moors must have been, strong-minded and determined, to live surrounded by all this voluptuous luxury and not fall victims to its influence. Poor Boabdil, indeed, was gentle and yielding, but his feminine temperament must have been born with him, not resulted from education and influence. It is, after all, a temperament that some of the noblest men have possessed, and must not be confounded with an effeminate nature. The one is good for nothing; the other will prove capable of heroism, self-sacrifice, even martyrdom. Happily, for its own sake, it exists rarely, for it is fated to life-long trouble as the sparks fly upwards.

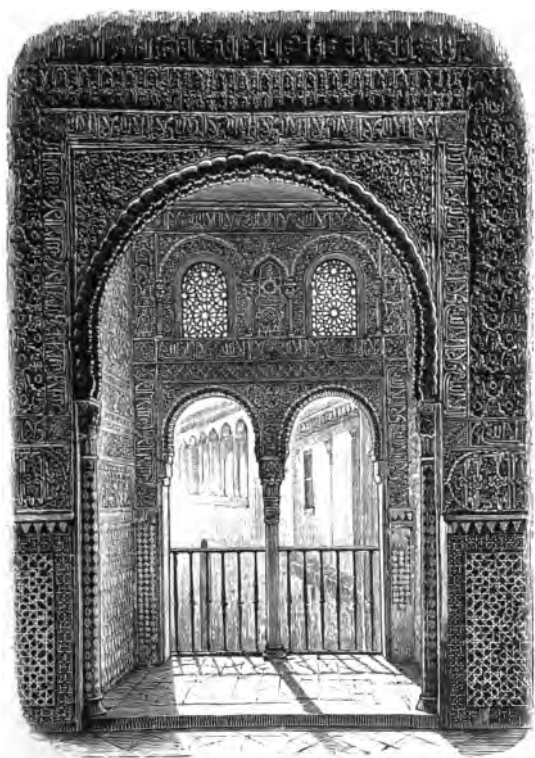
This Hall of Ambassadors was the work of Ibn-l-Ahmar, and is different in style and period from the rest of the palace. From this we entered the Court of Lions, the principal court of the Alhambra, of which one seems to catch glimpses from all points



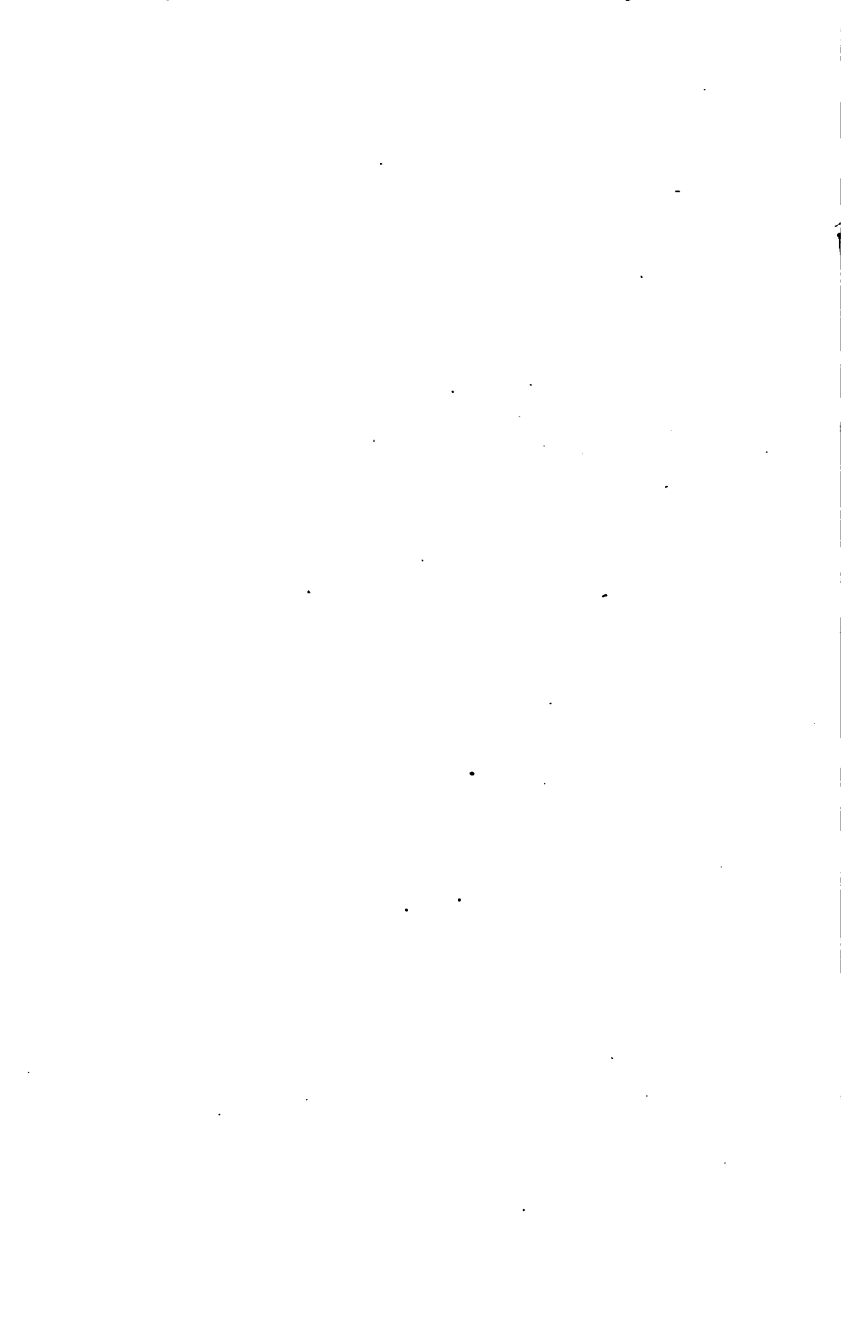
and all other courts and halls. It is of pure Moorish architecture, and is supposed to have been given up to the harem. Cloister-like arcades run down each side, with their exquisite Moorish arches of open fret-work and slender white marble pillars, that have defied—as by a miracle—the influence of five centuries.

As last night, so this morning, at a first glance, the pillars seemed innumerable. The Court is characterized by inconceivable lightness, grace, and refinement. The floor is of marble. In the centre is the celebrated fountain: an immense alabaster basin reposing on the backs of twelve white marble lions—the lion being a sign of power and bravery in the East, as with us. The arcades are of light and beautiful open-work; and the arches are decorated with the loveliest arabesque designs. The slanting roofs above the galleries and halls are composed of various coloured tiles, highly glazed. At each end of the Court is a pavilion, and at one end a small dome, covered with the same glazed tiles. Above, the blue sky rivals in beauty this fair structure; the sun casts slender shadows through the columns; it gleams and glitters upon those tiles that now almost look like some molten substance throwing out great flames and flashes that confuse the sight. The mind is bewildered, imagination is dazzled. Where are we, and what can be all this magic influence? Not on earth, surely, and not in a building composed of earthly elements?

Opening from the Court of Lions, passing under



WINDOW IN HALL OF AMBASSADORS.



the arcades and beyond the slender pillars, is the lovely Hall of the Abencerrages, so named from the legend attributing to Boabdil the murder of the chiefs at the Fountain of Lions, after treacherously inviting them to a banquet. Tradition says (and why contradict it?) that sometimes, in the dead of night, you may hear the groans of the murdered and a sound as of the distant clanking of chains.

But the act, if ever committed, was due to Abn Hasen, and not Boabdil, who answers for many of the sins of his father. As we have seen, Boabdil was gentle and kindly, though perhaps wanting in the iron firmness necessary to govern a kingdom. He was born under an unlucky star, and his virtues are eclipsed and forgotten in his misfortunes.

The last king of the Moors, the loser of his kingdom, a wanderer flying for his life across the desolate mountains—this is the picture and impression of poor Boabdil as it has come down to posterity. His picture hangs in the Generalife, and the calm face and mild, melancholy eyes gaze at you with a sadness that seems to be at once a revelation of his fate and a reproach to history.

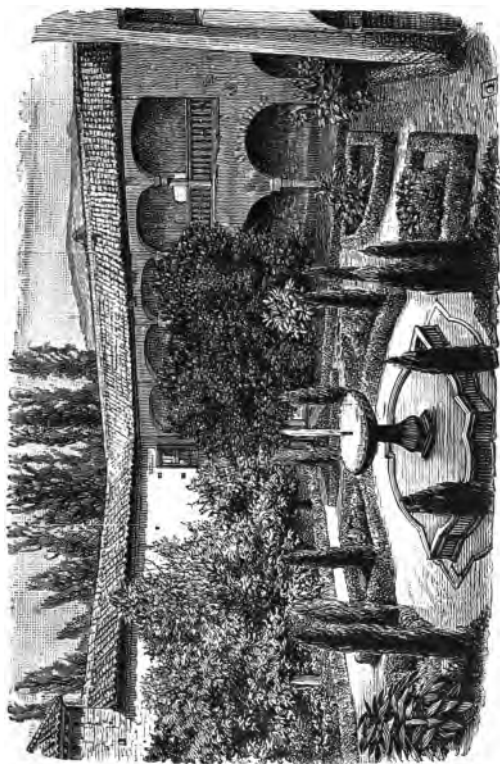
No part of the Alhambra is more lovely and refined than this hall, which has been well restored. The decorations of the walls are richly gilded, and the interstices pencilled with lapis lazuli and other brilliant colours. The roof, honeycombed, and therefore possessing a peculiarly chaste and mysterious beauty, is also richly gilded and painted in exquisite tints. The stucco work of the walls was invented at

Damascus. It consists of large plates cast in moulds and invisibly joined, and has every appearance of having been cunningly carved and sculptured by hand, at the cost of infinite time, labour, and skill. The devices are intermingled with texts from the Koran, and inscriptions in Cufic and Arabian characters.

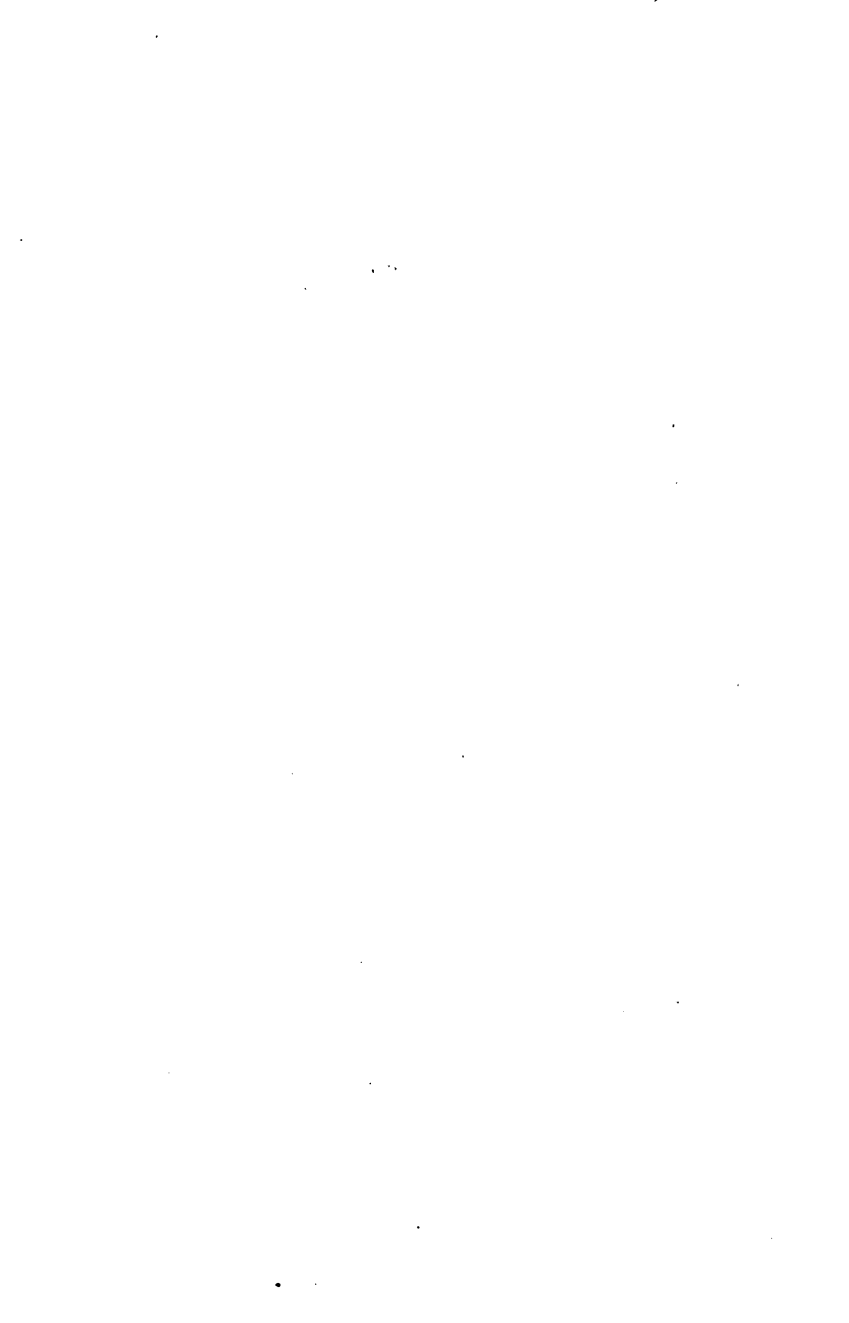
The arch opening to the central Hall of Justice is said to be the finest in the palace. The hall itself—on the east side of the Court of Lions, and possessing seven compartments or divisions—is richly and gorgeously decorated with the loveliest colours, subdued and softened by the semi-gloom, the dim religious light that marks all the halls of the Alhambra.

Only at sunrise or towards sunset, when perhaps the sun shines directly through one or other of the deep, alcoved windows, are the full colours revealed. But the subdued light is one of the charms of these halls, whose loveliness seems too sacred for exposure to the full mid-day glare. The obscurity adds to their refinement, to the feeling of romance and enchantment they throw on mind and memory.

A wonderful influence indeed. This Hall of Justice, in days past given up to the stern necessities of the Tribunal, seemed to us to-day, as we looked and loved its beauty and cool fragrance, only wanting in downy pillows spread upon these marble floors and deep alcoves to make them the very essence of exquisite idleness. Oh, for rooms here, and a lengthened sojourn ; for uninterrupted privacy, and a pos-



GARDEN OF LINDARAJA.



sibility of roaming at will from hall to hall, and from court to court, spending hour after hour and day after day in dreamy reverie; in picturing the past, and conjuring up the lives of the men and women who lived there, and must have been so strange a mixture of rudeness and refinement, strength and weakness!

We passed into the garden of the Alhambra—the garden of Lindaraja—with its fountain, its orange trees, myrtles and Japanese medlars—that delicious fruit, worthy of a terrestrial paradise. Diogenes—without his lantern to-day—picked us oranges, and we thought them ambrosia. Here, in the bygone centuries, the ladies of the harem must have revelled in the comparative freedom of their cloistered garden. Here they, too, must have eaten oranges and picked violets and listened to the cool plashing of the water. With a glimmer of romance about him, Diogenes also gathered us a few flowers to press between leaves—as Pyramid had pressed and preserved his lily between the leaves of his Sanskrit; and we charmed him by stowing them away with tender care.

Gloomy walls surrounded the garden, and on one side was a balcony enclosed by iron bars, where poor mad Joan, the wife of wicked Philip, is said to have been cruelly held captive, until the long years passed and set free the burdened spirit. The cool, green garden was grateful, and we lingered long. It was our farewell of the Alhambra—we had not the heart to hasten.

Once more through the halls and courts “with



lingering steps and slow," like Adam and Eve quitting Paradise, loth and reluctant to leave this enchanted spot, and break for ever the charm that held us spell-bound. It could never be repeated. No second visit would bring back the emotions and illusions that for a time had transported us into actual Fairyland, the reality and romance and magic of the Arabian Nights. In the outer corridor were the book and the table; Diogenes prayed for our names; and with these, and a reward for his civility and diligence, his oranges and flowers, we left—dismissed with his benediction.

It was over. The charm was dissolved. For a moment the spirit found itself plunged in melancholy. What would life seem after this but a tame and commonplace affair? Let us return and take up our abode for ever in those courts, and live in a dream world, and forget the roar and din and rudcr elements of the world beyond!

It was but for a moment. After all, human nature is desperately fickle. We go back to our first loves; but too often when all song has left the bird that seeks its early haunts, and the rose with wandering has lost its perfume. Before we had gone a hundred yards we were ready to turn our steps and attention towards the Generalife, its halls and gardens. Yet the impression made by the Alhambra would return; it could never fade. There it was in the memory, there it is still, there it will remain. Nothing I had ever seen had created the same romantic, dreamy, profound impression;

nothing, I was persuaded, ever would again. There must be a point beyond which one cannot pass. It is hardly possible twice in a lifetime to receive so vivid an effect as that produced by this ancient palace of the Moors. It becomes a possession safe and sure, as long as memory and feeling and the love of the beautiful remain.

Space admits of a very few words only to the Generalife. Perched on the hill side, still higher than the Alhambra, it was the summer resort of the Kings of Granada, and owns little of the dreamy romance and refinement of the larger building. Its rooms are quickly seen and chiefly interesting for the portraits that line the walls. Boabdil looks down upon you with melancholy eyes, which seem to plead his cause so earnestly that you discard tradition and pass an unqualified verdict in his favour.

The gardens are beautiful. Vines and fig trees abound, and portions of the sloping hill are cultivated. Here, again, in the gardens are orange trees and the Japanese medlar; gorgeous blooms and rare flowers, of which, evidently, the gardeners are proud. You walk under trellis work, picturesque with green leaves, with vines and roses that intertwine. Whilst revelling in the cool shade you feel the air heavy with fragrance. Lovely views, near and far-off, surround you. Days and weeks might be spent here in rich enjoyment of these beauties of nature and cultivation. For ourselves, our visit was measured by moments. Time passed only too rapidly; we had yet much to do before the day closed.

There was to be a Bull-fight in Granada that afternoon, and we held a solemn consultation as to whether or not we should assist at this essentially Spanish spectacle and institution. Ought it not to be seen once in a lifetime, if only to be able to protest against it for ever after? An unusually splendid bull-fight, it was said, was being organized at Seville in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh, to take place after we had put into Vigo: but a thousand chances might prevent our presence, whilst here was one at hand. We decided in its favour.

Luncheon over, we presently started. On our way we were to visit the Carthusian Monastery and the cathedral, which would dispose of the interval of time at our command. We took the cathedral first.

We had heard much about the cathedral of Granada, and were somewhat disappointed. It is an immense building in the Græco-Roman style, possessing five naves, and a groined roof supported by massive Corinthian pillars. The choir is in the middle of the central aisle, and the dome is painted in white and gold. The side chapels are some of them large and richly ornamented; but the most interesting part, perhaps, was the Chapel Royal, the burial place of Ferdinand and Isabella, Philip and Juana, or Mad Joan.

A magnificent screen of wrought iron divided the chapel, and behind it, religiously guarded, are the splendid alabaster tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella. Full length figures of the King and Queen reposed on the tombs; and the guide pointed out to our

especial notice that the head of Isabella indented her pillow more than did that of Ferdinand his ; signifying that she had been the greater of the two, had possessed more wisdom—the “heavier brain :” had done more for the honour and glory of Spain, had been the real and acting sovereign. Beside them were the tombs of Philip and Crazy Jane, possessing in death the repose not granted to them in life. We descended into the vault and saw the five simple coffins resting on shelves ; the fifth being the son and only child of Philip and Juana.

Leaving the cathedral, we went on out of the town to the Carthusian Monastery. So intense was the heat and glare, that on reaching it, nothing would induce Captain Jago to forsake the carriage. There he would stay quietly whilst we paid our visit. On coming out again we found him surrounded by a crowd of beggars—that scourge of Spain—consigning them, with the calmest air and most benevolent smile, to all sorts of distant and unfamiliar places—Kamt-schatka, Patagonia, and so on.

The monastery is an immense building, and was once richly endowed. The cloister corridors are large and decorated with horrible pictures, depicting all sorts of tortures and martyrdoms, representing, said the guide, the persecutions of the Roman Catholics by the Protestants ! The chapel is now empty, but still splendidly decorated, bearing witness to the immense wealth possessed by the monks of old. Like the rest of the building, it now looked dead and deserted.

Once more in the open air, we found Captain Jago, as I have said, in the midst of the unwashed crowd, mildly addressing them in gentle terms it was perhaps as well they did not understand. Back to the town, debating upon the approaching entertainment: not altogether sanguine upon the point, but determined to do our duty.

Crowds of people were flocking, in the intense heat and dust, across the Plaza del Toro; streams of carriages were drawing up to the principal entrance. The immense building seemed surrounded by a crowd of idlers, young and old, who, unable to afford a ticket, were on the look out for some happy chance or good-natured person to admit them. Our guide left us to get places, and for about twenty minutes was battling with the crowd that swarmed around the office.

When he reappeared, we followed him to the entrance, and passing through the turnstile, found ourselves within a vast amphitheatre, amidst a perfect sea of faces that reflected nothing but eagerness and anticipation. Ladies fluttered their fans; a rustle of emotion seemed to run through the vast crowd, a sound like the distant surging of the sea. With feelings of wonder as to what was about to be witnessed, we took our seats and waited for the trumpets to sound.





## CHAPTER VIII.

*The Bull-ring—A Struggle for Places—A Great Assembly—The Trumpets Sound—The Bull-fight—Exit—The Gipsies—Dining al Fresco—A Midsummer Night—Politics—Music and an Audience—King of the Gipsies—Gipsy Dance—Broadley Receives an Offer—Improvisation—The Alhambra by Moonlight Again—The Witching Hour—'Twixt Heaven and Earth—A Marvellous View—Dreams, Idle Dreams—Good-bye to Granada—En Route for Malaga—Magic Music—The Clockmaker's Son—Guitar Playing on the Mediterranean—A Soft Summer Night—Under Weigh.*

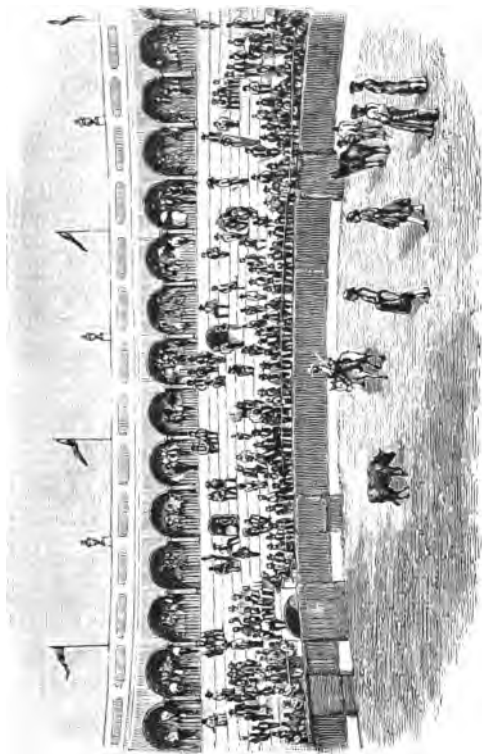
THE Bull-ring of Granada is capable of holding many thousand spectators. Like all others of its kind in Spain, it is open to the sky. As a place of public entertainment it has its seats of "high and low degree." The performance generally takes place about five o'clock, when the declining sun gives the building a shady and a sunny side. The former commands a higher price than the latter, so that an early visitor, not in the secret, will mildly wonder to find the sunny side packed and blazing, the shady seats still half empty. Before the play begins, however, there is scarcely standing room on the right hand or on the left, and late comers are often turned away. The bull-fight is

the most popular and renowned amusement in Spain : and the more cruel the sport, the greater the pleasure, excitement, and gratification of the spectators.

Our courier, after his twenty minutes' struggle, secured the best places at command. They were excellent for seeing, in the shade, sufficiently elevated, and not too far from the arena : plain stone seats, tier above tier, uncushioned, and running round the whole building, mere divisions here and there marking degrees in price. Behind us, sloping upwards, was what might be called the dress-circle. Still higher were the boxes, reserved for the authorities and *élite* of the town. Most of these subscribe by the year, just as one may subscribe in London for a box at the opera.

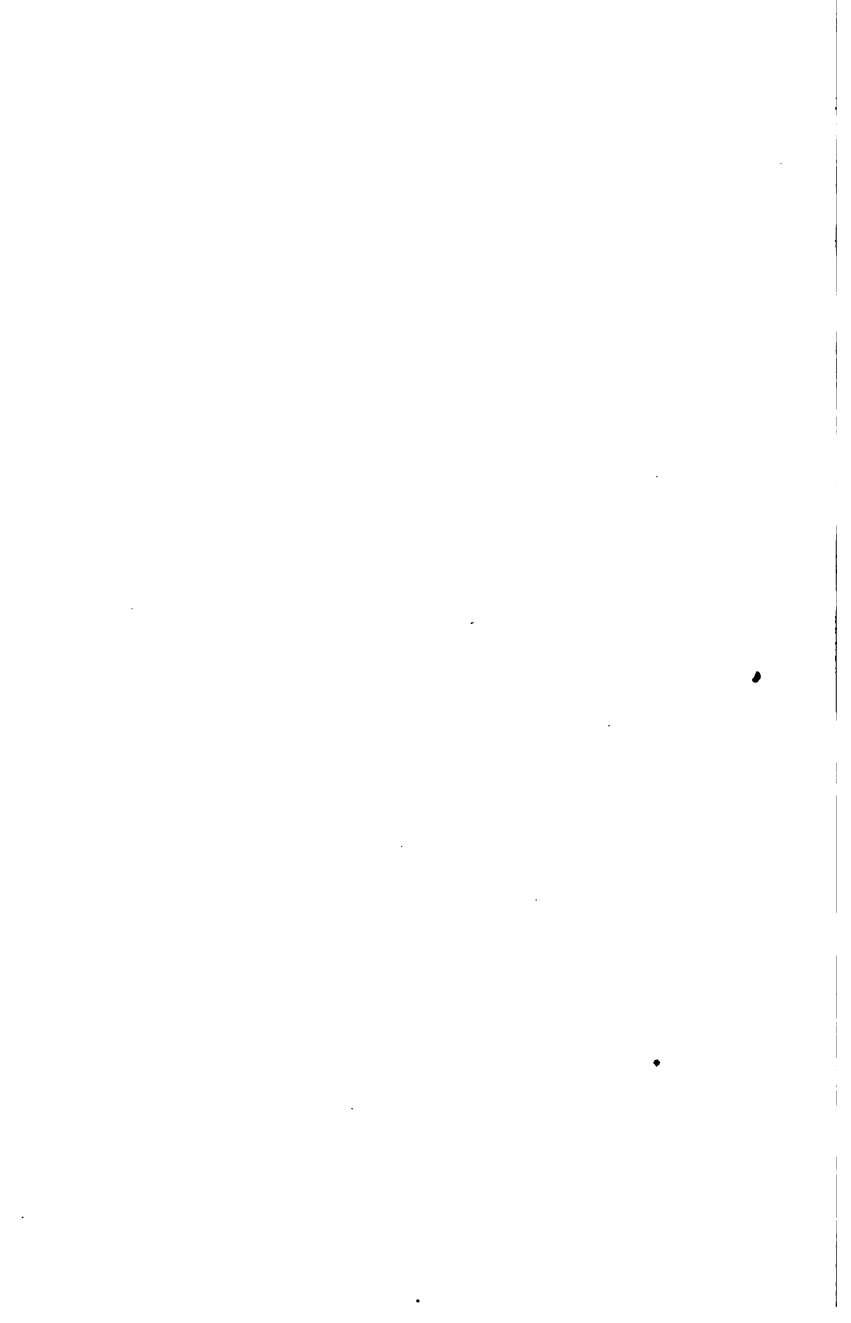
The Spanish bull-fight is a sort of drama in three acts, and the performers are divided into four classes. The *espadas* come last of all, and kill the bull with the sword. Most expert, they are paid at the highest rate, and receive the greatest applause. As a rule, they are wiry, quick, somewhat small men, and their frequent good looks enlist people's sympathies in their favour. There are the *banderilleros*, whose part is to stick small weapons—something like a rocket-stick with a large, thin fish-hook fastened to it—into the back of the animal. The bull gradually infuriated by pain, sometimes rushes madly about, sometimes stands at bay, not knowing what to make of it all.

At the commencement the bull is suddenly launched from its dark cell into the broad glare of the arena, where it is greeted with the shouts of the



A SMALL BULL FIGHT; NOT THE BULL KING OF GRANADA





multitude. Dazzled and bewildered, it plunges for the centre, and stands there, almost as if suddenly stupefied by some narcotic; nor moves until the *chulos* or *capas* attract its attention by holding up the proverbial "red rag" to its terrified vision.

The capas are picked men, provided with long red cloths or banners, to attract the bull's attention at critical moments, and work it up to a pitch of frenzy. Especially needed are they when the picador is in danger, and the bull, having, as it were, driven him into a corner, makes a dead set at him or his horse. Then up comes the capa, and flourishing his red banner, turns the animal to a fresh point of attack and releases the picador. These capas have to be men of agility, and many a time nothing else saves them from certain death. Over and over again if their foot slipped they would never have the chance of attending another bull-fight. The heart stops and the blood freezes as you think the bull has the capa at last, and no earthly power can release him. And he frequently escapes only by jumping over the partition that separates the arena from the spectators.

The *picadores* carry the lance and are mounted. Their business is to ride at the bull, and defend themselves and their horses from its attack, contriving the while to prick the animal just sufficiently to draw blood and cause enough pain to commence infuriation.

The chief bull-fights of Spain—those of Seville and Madrid—are organized with an elaboration not to be seen in any other town. The best men are to

be found there, and they seldom fight elsewhere. The play commences with a procession of the whole band of performers, who, in their gay dresses—picadores on horseback and chulos carrying their red banners wound round the arm—enter the arena and cross it solemnly to the Mayor's box. That dignitary then throws down a key that is supposed to release the bull from confinement. The espada as solemnly picks it up, an act considered equivalent to an assertion that he will do his duty either by killing the bull or losing his own life in the combat. The procession then retires, the trumpets sound, and the bull rushes in.

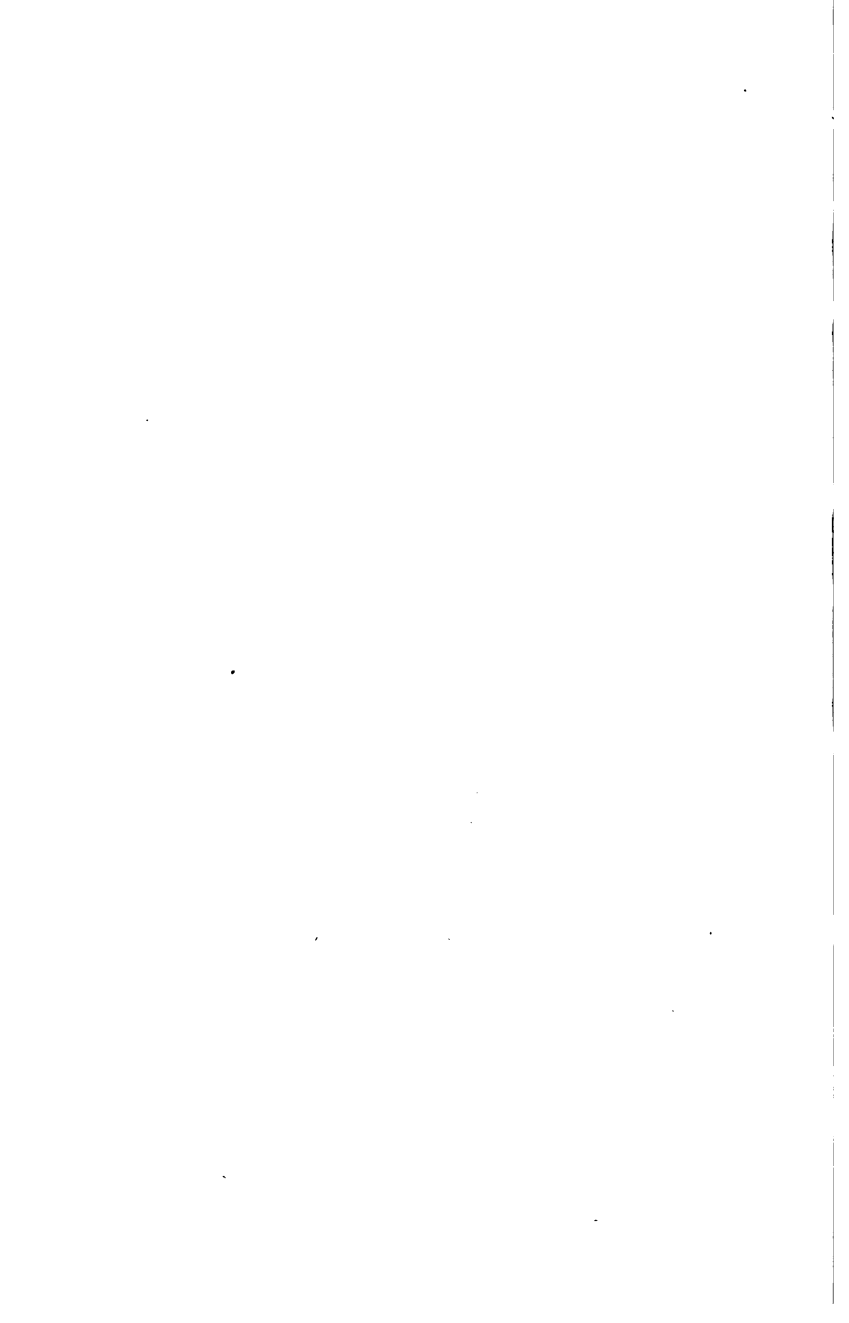
We took our seats amidst a vast concourse of men and women given over to excitement and expectation. The women looked, if possible, more anxious than the men for the enjoyment of the coming sports. An expression of cruelty seemed to dominate most of the faces. This might have been fancy; but whether it was so or not, only a nature hardened to cruelty could possibly, time after time, take pleasure in this national pastime.

To-day there was no procession. The hour struck from the town clocks, and the sound came in through the open space above. As with one consent, the multitude directed their gaze towards the entrance to the arena. The trumpets blew a shrill martial air. Enter the bull—a somewhat small animal, black as jet, hero and victim of the moment.

Out of darkness into this blazing sunlight and heat. The animal rushed to the centre of the ring



BULL FIGHTERS.



and stood still, looking stupid and terror-stricken. Then entered the capas, with their long red cloaks or banners, followed by three picadores, mounted on the most wretched hacks ever seen; living skeletons of horses, only fit to be put to death, though not in this merciless way. The wretched animals seemed hardly able to bear the weight of their riders—a weight, indeed, sufficient to test the powers of a horse in good condition.

One of the capas advanced and flourished his banner. The bull gazed for a bewildered instant, then, head down, plunged full tilt at the point of attack. The capa sprang from side to side, performing wonderful feats of agility. This portion of the spectacle was interesting and exciting. The dexterous manner in which the capas avoid the bull; the graceful wave and flourish of the banners; their gay and picturesque dresses, showing off to perfection the active, well-made forms: these are the few redeeming, not excusing, points in the drama: a drama which sometimes ends in a terrible tragedy. Each time the capa escaped from what seemed a moment of extreme peril, the crowd clapped and cheered lustily, and the bull, between the noise and the dazzling red, seemed to grow paralysed with terror, and took that hunted look so painful to see in any animal.

A picador advanced, watched his opportunity, pricked the bull with his lance, and backed. The bull, roused by the pain, dashed at the horse. Up came a capa with his red banner, and, diverting the attention of the bull, for a moment saved the horse.

All was now excitement. The play had really begun. The eyes of the spectators flashed with pleasure ; mouths opened with eagerness ; the rustle of a surging tide ran through the assembly. Again the women looked more cruelly full of enjoyment than the men. The capas were all in the combat, waving their banners from all parts, springing from side to side, jumping the barrier when hard pushed, maddening the bull. As I have said, this part of the entertainment, as far as the capas were concerned, was graceful and interesting.

Again a picador advanced, pricked the back of the animal, that with one bound plunged its horns into the horse. It is hardly too much to say that it made one's blood curdle : and from this point, the play became a scene of horror.

A portion of what followed is not to be described. The horse fell, rolling over its rider. The latter would be crushed over and over again, but he is so protected by padding and invisible armour that he does not easily come to harm. Weighted and encumbered by these necessary shields, he has to be raised by the capas. The horse, maimed, mutilated, dying, is again goaded on to its feet, and the play re-commences. The more horrible it grows, the greater the enjoyment of the spectators.

At one moment three horses lay dead in the ring, and this ended the first act of the drama. The trumpets sounded, the picadores retired for the present, amidst a volley of cheers wild and deafening.

Then commenced the second part. The capas,

more needed than ever, remained in the arena. In came the banderilleros, with their barbs or hooks. There were no horses, but the risk to the men was greater than at first. Their part was to stick these short barbs into the back of the bull, a feat requiring great activity and presence of mind. Over and over again it seemed that nothing could save them from death: and sometimes nothing did save them except a jump over the barrier, or a capa advancing with his banner and directing the fury of the animal towards himself.

The scene was no doubt exciting, but it was also full of pain. The bull often seemed in the very act of plunging his horns into his enemy, who, nevertheless, escaped as by a miracle. Capas and banderilleros were all life and quicksilver. The bull in a short time was rushing about with five or six barbs in his back, streaked with red, hunted, maddened, unable to escape. In some bull-fights crackers are attached to the sticks, which explode as soon as the hook is fixed into the animal.

The barbs disposed of, the trumpets again sounded. Act the Second was over.

Act the Third. The bull had now to be killed—or to kill his opponent, for this sometimes happens. In came the espada, with his sword, carrying a short red cloak. He was dressed in black velvet fitting tightly to the body, was small and active, and looked courageous and determined. The people received him with loud applause.

This is the most critical part of the performance.



Single-handed, the espada has to attack the bull, parry its plunges, and end the play. It requires the greatest activity, nerve, and presence of mind ; whilst to plunge the sword into the animal down to the very hilt, needs dexterity and strength of wrist.

The bull, after a few moments' rest and respite, was standing, exhausted with rage, pain and loss of blood, but still a formidable enemy. The espada, throwing his cloak over his sword to conceal it, advanced cautiously and waved it to and fro. As if tired of the play and unwilling to begin again, the animal took no notice beyond slightly raising its head and blinking its eyes. Then once more seized with fury, it suddenly plunged at the espada, who sprang aside and let the animal rush past.

This sort of thing went on for five minutes or more. The fate of the espada seemed often to hang upon a thread. Over and over again his activity and presence of mind alone saved him from death. Many times he tried to plunge his sword into the animal where the spine and the neck meet. At last came the inevitable opportunity. The bull lowered its head at the red cloak, and paused to make a surer attack. That moment's hesitation was the espada's triumph. Tearing the cloak from the sword, in an instant the thin steel blade had disappeared ; the bull fell dead upon the ground.

There was no roof to raise, and the people rent the air instead. Women fluttered their fans, men waved their hats, applauded, and beat a veritable devil's táfoo. Some, excited beyond bounds, threw their

hats and caps into the arena. The conqueror stood impassive in the midst of the uproar. The trumpets blew a loud and prolonged blast. A team of mules rushed in and rushed out again with their burdens ; the dead bull and the dead horses. The play was o'er.

For a few minutes there was silence and respite : breathing time. Then all began again. Another bull was launched into the arena. Again the capas, and picadores on other miserable hacks, entered ; again the attendant horrors. This first part, with its cruelties to the horses, is worst of all. When six horses and two bulls had been killed, we all felt we had had enough, and departed, eight of us in single file. No doubt the crowd looked down in pitying contempt, for they, indeed, were only just warming up to the right pitch of enthusiasm and enjoyment.

But we had had even more than we cared for. One's feelings had been properly harrowed, curiosity was satisfied. It might be the right thing to see a bull-fight once ; there was no desire to see it again. Yet it is the favourite pastime of Spain ; an institution firmly rooted in the hearts of the people ; and at least one king has risked his popularity in endeavouring to put it down. They will have it. Its influence can only keep alive in the Spanish temperament all that is cruel, and stir up the evil that is in them. The very children, as soon as they can talk and walk and observe, are taken to the bull-fight, and grow up familiar with the sight of blood and torture. No

doubt it is degrading ; but where a people possesses revolutionary power and sway over a country it is difficult to discontinue anything on which it has set its heart.

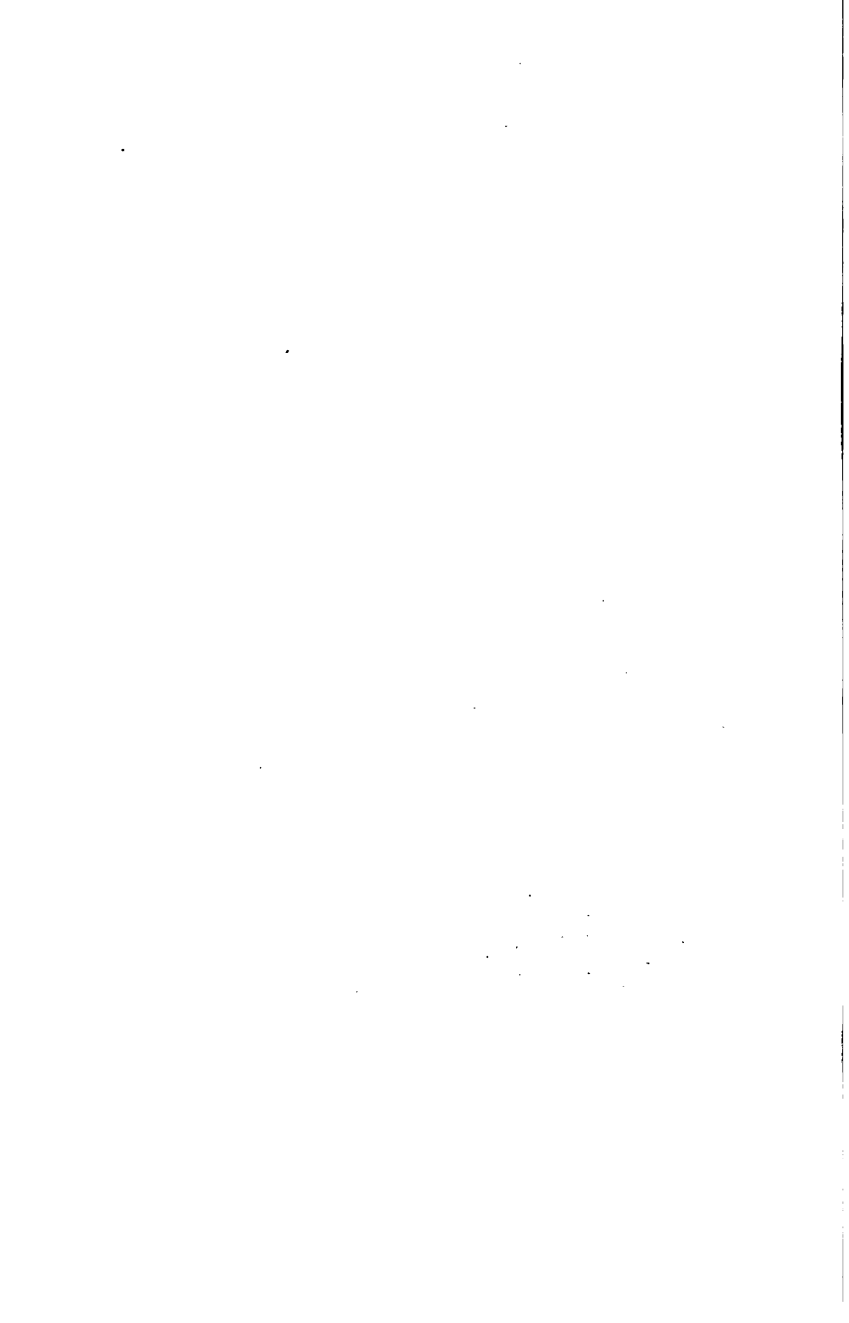
After we left, five more bulls were killed and about fifteen horses. The espada, too, nearly lost his life. Once, his foot slipped : he did not quite fall, but the bull was able to reach him. Its horn, happily, glided in between the arm and the ribs, hurting neither, and so he escaped yet again. But what can be said in favour of those plays and pastimes where such dangers are possible ?

We had heard much of the gipsies, and the gipsy dance ; of the king of the gipsies, who was really king by virtue of centuries of descent, and was said to be almost the best guitar player in Spain. It seemed the right thing to hear these wonderful people and judge of them. They live in caves below the Alhambra, and for a consideration are prepared to put on their best, turn out, and perform. A messenger was despatched desiring their attendance, and after dinner we sallied forth.

We had dined, that evening, in the open air, under the trellised vines that threw their quivering outlines across the snow-white table-cloth. Orange trees loaded the passing breeze with perfume ; myrtles and rich roses and gorgeous geranium-blooms adorned the garden. Distant mountains belted the Vega, as if they would shut out the world beyond, all cold and cruel influences, everything that intrudes. We traced



**GIPSY CAVES, ALHAMBRA.**



their dreamy outlines ; whilst the plain reposed in all the beauty and glow and calm of a midsummer night. The sky was growing a deeper blue, the birds in the groves were singing a vesper hymn to departing day.

And we, in such influence, of what did we talk ? Of poetry—Lalla Rookh—Spanish beauties—the Arabian Nights—Strains of divine music—Moonlight serenades—Elysian fields and Arcadian bowers ? Any subject that was magical and dreamy and romantic ? On the contrary. Some one fired a rocket and opened up the question of politics. I remember it now. The arguments waxed warm. Each defended his colours on premises that he thought unanswerable. And when our feelings had been harrowed all round, some one put an end to the debate by declaring that, like the landlord in "Silas Marner," it was best in these days to "hold with both sides," and so have sympathy with neither. "I agree with Mr. Macey, here, as there's two opinions," says the host of the Rainbow ; "and if mine was asked, I should say they're both right. Tookey's right, and Winthorp's right, and they've only got to split the difference and make themselves even."

The effrontery of such a quotation in such a cause, to the larger number present, who were sterling Conservatives of the good old-fashioned sort, was too barefaced for reply. So we gave up politics, and resorted to the roses and the orange flowers, the hushing birds and the far-off hills. We turned into the long sitting-room, where the shadows were

deepening, opened the piano, and made music on our own account. A small crowd gathered in the gloom of the corridor and under the windows, and when we forsook music for the gipsies we wondered to find so large an audience. Evidently other instruments besides guitars, and other songs besides moonlight serenades beneath some fair one's balcony, are appreciated in this land of impulse and passion, intrigue and romance.

We were to meet the gipsies in a house not far from the hotel; a house near the "Red Towers," overlooking the plains of the Vega, the flowing waters of the Darro, the snow-capped Sierra Nevada. Here, in an upstairs room, we awaited the tribe.

The king was the first to arrive. His guitar had preceded him in the hands of one of his subjects, who had immediately decamped. His majesty's appearance was not very regal and imposing, but, compared with those who came after, it certainly rose in one's estimation. He accepted a cigar, and smoked it whilst giving us a series of gipsy airs, now wild and discordant and with an absence of melody worthy of the School of the Future, and now somewhat weird and plaintive. It was a fine instrument, and he handled it tolerably well; but when rumour called him one of the best players in Spain, rumour, as is her wont, had wandered very far from the Palace of Truth.

The gipsies, men and women, began to appear in ones, twos, and threes, until about sixteen or twenty had assembled. Some looked bashful as they slipped

into the room and took their seats with a shy grin upon their faces. Others might have been improved perhaps by a little more bashfulness.

For example.

One of the young women in the course of the evening came up to Broadley, and fixing her pensive eyes upon him, invited him to emigrate with her to Salt Lake City. But I explained that he was under my care and jurisdiction; and though I felt sure so great a traveller would have been charmed to escort her to Salt Lake City, yet, unfortunately, it could not be. Indicating Mr. Edward Jago, I remarked that he was free to roam the wide world, and if he developed a fancy for crossing the Atlantic, I should not feel called upon to offer any opposition. But there was a dignity and reserve about him that evidently rather awed the young lady, and she returned to her seat in high displeasure. Presently, she broke out into a strain of improvisation, like another Sappho or a second Corinne. Theme and melody must have been full of agony and despair. Agony and despair were certainly the effect it had upon some of her hearers.

Three or four of them took it in turns thus to improvise, very much after the manner of the singing we had heard—and not admired—in the cafés of Malaga. Without being quite so repulsive, it was almost as painful and disagreeable to listen to. The old king occasionally struck a random chord upon his guitar, which only seemed to make yet more melancholy the long-drawn cadences indulged in by the singer.



They danced a gipsy dance, and if confined to the gipsies, so much the better for the world at large. It was graphic and demonstrative; so energetic that sometimes one trembled for the room. The gipsies themselves thoroughly enjoyed it, if no one else did, and applauded each other when it was over. Most of them were singularly ugly and awkward, without a particle of the grace and beauty with which poetry and romance love to clothe these wandering and mysterious tribes of earth.

Our politeness held out for more than an hour, and then the assembly broke up. The women surrounded us as we went down, begging for money for fairings; ribbons and garlands and other harmless vanities: nor would they be satisfied until they had cleared our pockets of whatever small change had lurked there. On the whole, the exhibition was not a success. Anyone visiting the Alhambra will lose nothing by avoiding the gipsies.

The sun had set, darkness had fallen, the moon had risen almost as large and round as last night, and, if anything, was more brilliant. Never a cloud as large as a man's hand had chequered the sky since we had left Gibraltar. The heat of day only gave place to the comparative coolness of night. To-day the grass had not grown under our feet; we had not known an idle moment. And now that it was waxing late, some talked of resting from their labours. On the morrow, another long day's journey back to Malaga was in store for us. The train left at an

unearthly hour, and soon after four o'clock we must again be in action.

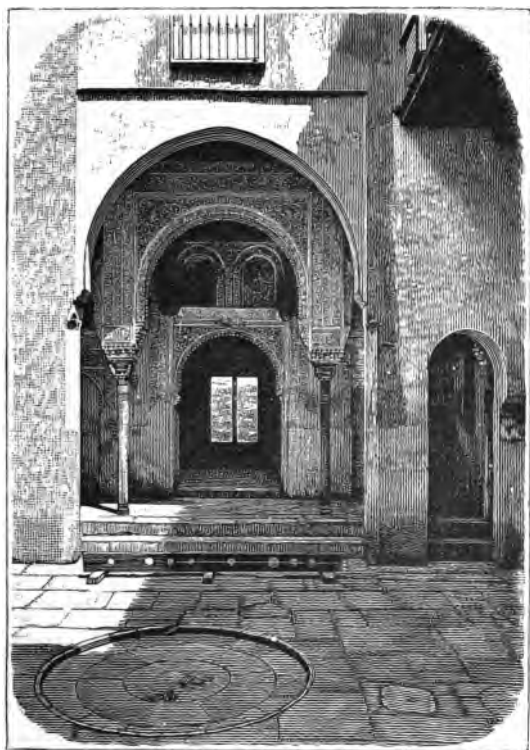
Somehow the gipsies had left a slightly unpleasant sensation behind them, jarring like an unexpected discord in a flowing melody. It seemed a pity to close one's day and recollections of the Alhambra with such an experience. I proposed that we should once more visit the palace by moonlight, renew and confirm all our previous impressions. Broadley alone responded. For the others sleep seemed to have the greater charm. It was now midnight : the witching hour when ghosts might be supposed to lurk in those solemn halls. If we listened, perhaps we should hear the groans of the unhappy Abencerrages, the hollow chains in the Court of Lions.

So we started. Our guide accompanied us without a demur, notwithstanding the hour ; proving, as from the commencement, the most ready and willing man in existence, to whom nothing came amiss and nothing was a trouble. In this instance we could not do without him. Our ambition was to wander at will through the halls and courts without Diogenes and his lantern to pilot us about at his own pace and pleasure. Wiley knew every inch of the ground, and under his guidance we could dispense with Diogenes.

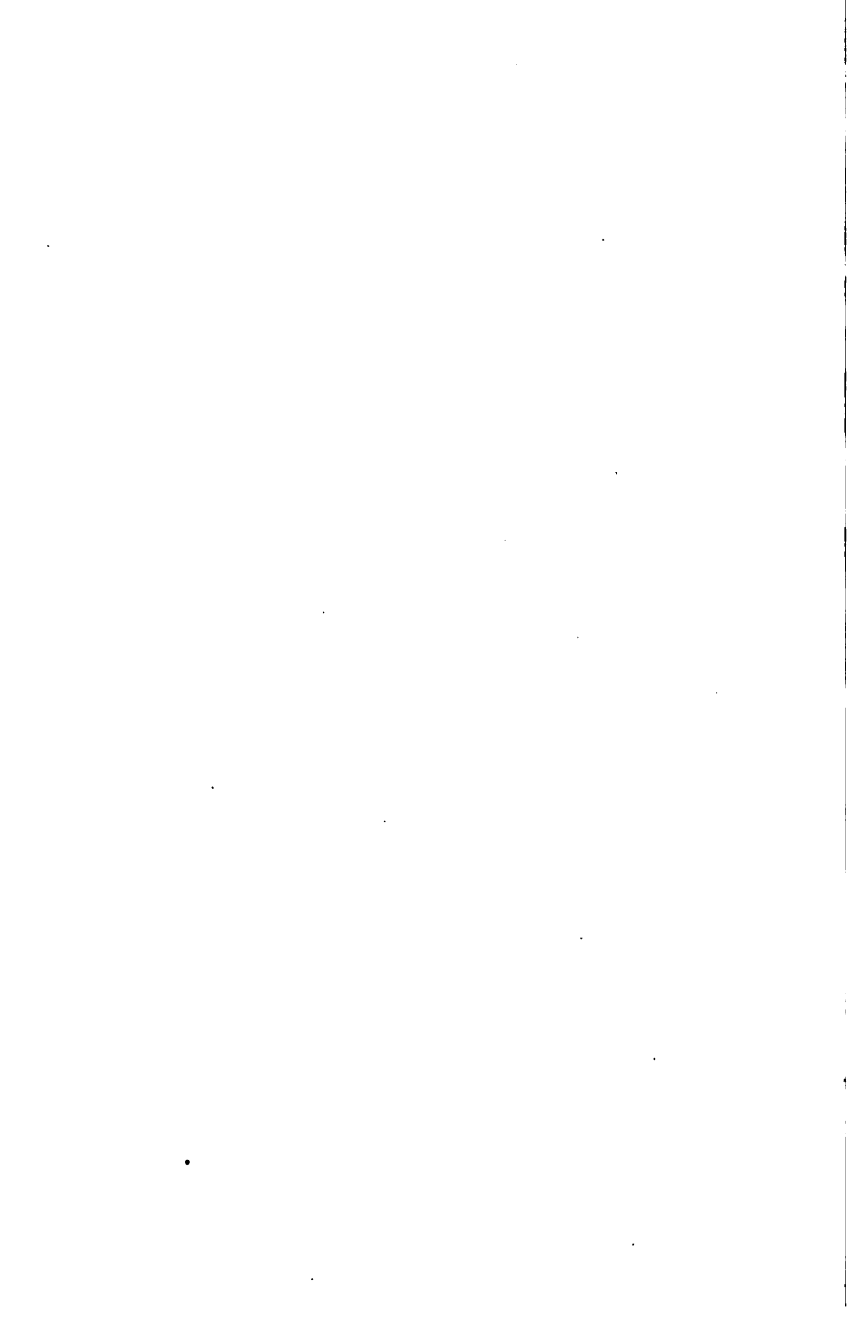
I believe that some of those we left behind regretted their decision, but since they had so decided, perhaps we were not sorry to be alone. There would be no one's time and inclination to study ; we might wander at will, and return at leisure.

The grove was hushed in the silence of midnight : that peculiar and mysterious influence that ever seems to envelop trees when darkness falls. It is as if they knew the secrets of life and all creation, and were pregnant with warning. The brooklet trickled over its stony bed, hastening to the broader waters of the Darro. In those solemn trees and about the walls we distinctly traced shadowy forms that certainly were not visitors from another world. Late though the hour, we here and there heard the far-off twang of a guitar, and wondered who was being serenaded. But neither substance from this world nor shadow from another molested us, and presently the modest portal admitted one to enchanted realms. A gentle ring instantly brought forth Diogenes the wakeful. Surely the man never slept, so alert was he at the first note of entreaty for entrance. He raised his lantern, recognized old friends, and admitted them with a welcome. Then Wiley possessed himself of the lantern and the key of the tower, and Diogenes left us to our own devices.

It was later than last night, and the moon was higher and more brilliant, though a day past the full. Again, on entering the Court of the Myrtles, we were charmed into silence by the moonlight effect, which turned the tracery above the arches into the finest gossamer. Again it seemed that the hand of man could never have produced such a result. The still water in the long pool reflected the stars and the dark sky, and outlined the massive Tower of Comares. The myrtles and the pillars threw dark shadows on



ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL MOSQUE, ALHAMBRA.



the pavement. Snow-white looked the marble, where the moon fell upon it. Beneath the galleries and down the long arcades the gloom was more impenetrable and mysterious than ever.

Ghosts certainly might lurk here, if anywhere. The numerous columns of the Court of Lions might have stood for sepulchres, spirit-haunted. But the groans we listened for came not, and the clanking chains were inaudible. We saw nothing more unearthly than the bats wheeling their crazy flight about pillar, and dome and roof. Only the hooting of a distant owl broke the stillness of the midnight air.

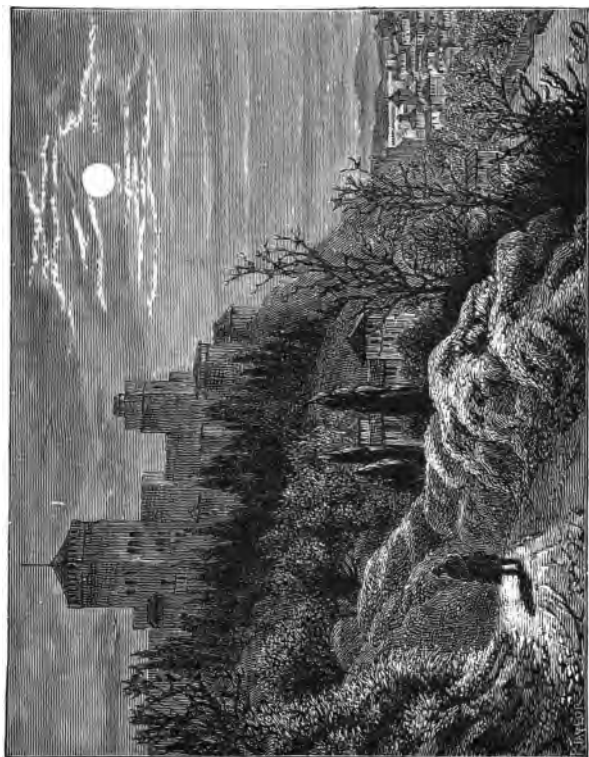
Lovely and lonely was this Court of Lions ; yet more mysterious and impressive than last night. Then all had been so new that it was seen and realized only as a dream. To-night it still had all the mystic beauty and poetry of dreamland combined with reality. We wandered through the Halls of the Abencerrages and Ambassadors, the seven divisions of the Hall of Justice, all the long corridors, cloisters and arcades ; now in broad moonlight, now feebly guided by the glimmer of the lantern. Then our master-key opened the door of the tower, and we climbed the narrow staircase for a last view.

The moon rolled in splendour. The country was flooded with her light, as clear though not as strong as that of day. Not content with our present position, a mad freak seized us. But here, if anywhere, madness is to be pardoned. With cat-like agility

we began to scale the red, pantiled roof, that, slanting upwards to a dizzy point, was crowned by a lightning conductor. There we hung on to the iron, as if for dear life. It was a delicious position, intoxicating and commanding. We had risen above people and cities and world. In the soft luxuriance of the southern summer night we seemed to float in ether, wafting towards the skies and stars. With a firm hold of the rod, we hung over the precipices and revelled in the unutterable scene. Granada, belted by trees and sleeping in repose, looked a deserted city. Its streets and houses and red roofs were clearly and distinctly outlined. We heard the distant murmuring of water, traced the flowing of the Darro, the sweep of the long avenues, whose foliage seemed to rustle in the night wind. The courts below us, and the myrtle and orange trees in the Garden of Lindaraja, were in all their beauty of light and shadow. Beyond the town the great plain of the Vega and the far-off hills stretched outwards and upwards in silent majesty, and the snows of the Sierra Nevada looked soft and sleeping in the moonbeams.

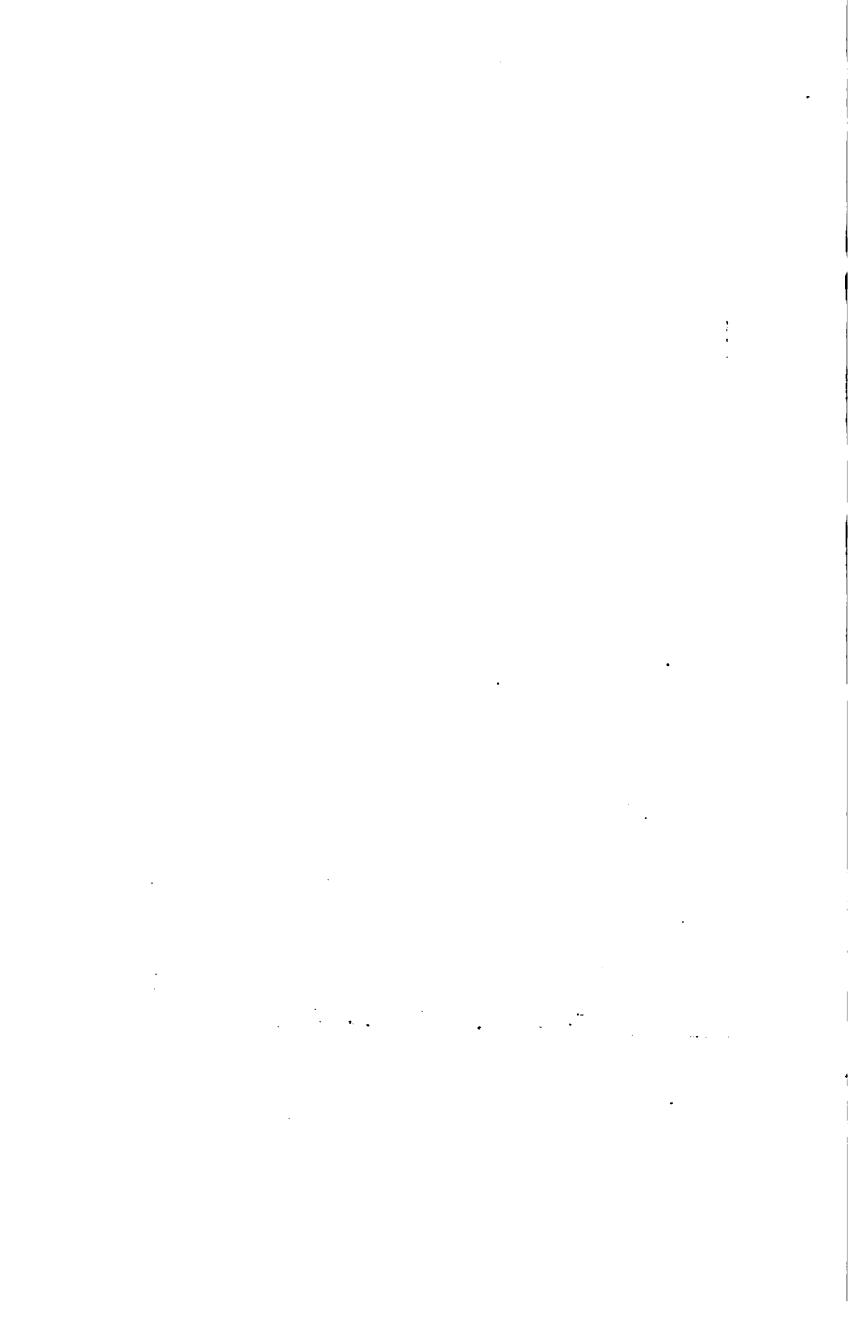
Moment after moment passed. It was impossible to forsake this paradise; more beautiful than anything we had ever seen or imagined. Well for us that the iron rod held its place, or a diminished party might have returned to the Reserve Squadron. But the temptation of reaching that highest point had been irresistible, and we had our reward.

Gliding down those tiles proved a harder task



THE ALHAMBRA.





than getting up, yet it had to be done. Presently we found ourselves on *terra firma*, if a little lower in the world. It was now nearly two in the morning, and wisdom suggested the necessity of at least some rest and respite before commencing the labours of another day. Nothing could again equal that moonlight view, soft, beautiful, and romantic, as we had seen and revelled in it from the tower's giddy height. It should be our last recollection, worthy the place and the occasion, of all that had gone before, of living for ever in the memory. So we lingered no more as we slowly went through the courts of the palace. The key and the lantern were delivered to the amiable Diogenes, we bade him farewell, and passed out into the ordinary world. The door of this enchanted ground closed upon us.

Back at the "Washington Irving," we sought our pillows ; but to one at least sleep came not. Before his closed eyes there passed a continuous vision of the bull-fight, with all its horrors vivid as we had seen them in the afternoon. When the guide came up between four and five to call us, he found me girded and ready for battle.

"Wiley," I said, "have you not been to bed? I thought the waiters were to see us this morning."

"So they were, sir," he replied ; "but these Spanish waiters are good for nothing. You can't depend upon them. When they have to wake me early, I generally find that I have to get up first and call them to do it. Please, sir," he continued, "I've done my best to wake Captain Broadley, and I can't

succeed. He keeps muttering something about dancing and gipsies and Salt Lake City, and is plunging about the bed as if he had nightmare. I can't for the life of me imagine what he's driving at, and feel rather frightened. Would you mind coming, sir, and trying to rouse him? There's no time to lose."

So I in went and found Broadley in delirium.

"Come, come," I said, "wake up. It's gone eight bells. We've only just time to dress and catch the train."

He opened his eyes vacantly, to close them the next moment in dreamland.

"Belles—belles!" he muttered. "Eight belles—sixteen belles!" He was evidently counting last night's assembly. "Atlantic—Utah—Brigham Young—fine institution—shame, old fellah—tyranny. . . ."

It took five minutes, and our joint efforts, to rouse him. Then all at once he sprang up and turned out, ready for action.

"What were you dreaming about?" I asked.

"I dreamed that we were in the Bay of Biscay," he answered, as readily as possible. "The good old *Defence* was rolling—as she *can* roll. It was Sunday morning. We were all assembled on the upper deck, waiting for the parson to begin service. They had turned me into the clerk, and I had to say Amen, as a reward for good conduct. So I was working myself up into an extra-devout frame of mind, when you came and woke me and spoilt it all. Funny dream, wasn't it?" cried he, looking at me with large eyes full of innocence.

"Very," I answered, in the same spirit. "But now make haste and tub and dress, or you won't have the chance of saying Amen or anything else on board the *Defence*, for we shall lose the train. Like time and tide, it waits for no man."

But we did not lose it. Needless to say that we turned our back with regret upon the Alhambra and its charmed precincts. At the railway station the train was getting up steam. The bull-fighters of yesterday were on the platform, seeking fresh fields and fights. One or two of them looked worthy of better things, but the greater part did not.

Once more on the way, towards Malaga. We had gone through so much, that a week, not two days, seemed to have passed away since we had travelled over these lines. One familiar spot after another was passed. At Loja we bought another basket of crayfish, at Bobadilla halted for another breakfast. Between three and four in the afternoon we reached Malaga, settled ourselves at the hotel, and went forth to visit the cathedral, of which we had not yet seen the interior.

It is of Græco-Roman architecture, like that of Granada, but smaller. Of the exterior, little is visible except the large and effective façade, with its splendid arches supported by Corinthian pillars. The cathedral stands on the site of a mosque, dating back to the days of the Moors, but has been built and altered and added to, with a result not very satisfactory. The large and lofty interior is divided into three naves by fluted pillars. The effect is not good, and

is cold and lifeless. From the tower, which is nearly 400 feet high, we had a glorious view of the town, the great plain, the hills that protect Malaga from the East, and, above all, the far-stretching, lovely blue waters of the Mediterranean. Coming down was almost as bad as Jacob's Ladder had been at Gibraltar, and seemed as interminable.

Crossing the square, where a few nights ago we had heard those blind players and watched the gambling, I was attracted, as the needle to the pole, by sounds of harmony issuing from a modest clock-maker's. A piano was being really splendidly played. I went up and listened, and everything and everybody were forgotten in music. Mr. Jago and Broadley stood some fifty yards off, gazing, patiently wondering how long they would have to gaze. At last they approached, and observed, in tones of veiled sarcasm, that they would call again for me in an hour's time. They wanted the offices of the courier to act as interpreter, and we had left him at the hotel.

Away they went, and presently out came the clockmaker's wife, and politely asked me to go in and sit down—at least I should hear the music more comfortably. So I entered, and discovered in the musician an interesting lad of sixteen, who had not long learned, yet had all the best and most difficult music at his fingers' ends, played with unusual skill and expression. For an hour and more he charmed me into forgetfulness of time. Before leaving, he told that he was half French, half German; his own mother was dead—she had been French—and his

father wanted to bring him up to the clockmaking. He should like to study at one of the great academies of Germany, but feared his father would not consent.

So I argued the matter with the father—who seemed proud of his son's talent and pleased with any notice—advised him to give up the idea of making his son a watchmaker, and to cultivate the genius he possessed. The old man promised to think about it seriously. Then giving the young musician a name and address, I told him that some years hence, when astonishing and delighting the world, he would come and tell me how he had worked and studied, the battles he had fought, the victories he had won.

By this time the absentees had returned, and we strolled back to the hotel. There, after dinner, in a quiet sitting-room upstairs, we listened to a young inhabitant of Malaga, who was said to be one of the best guitar players in Spain—and no doubt is so. Pale, melancholy and refined, his appearance bespoke our sympathies whilst his playing charmed us. Moment after moment passed, beguiled by his airs and improvisations, until the hour struck for the steamer.

Upon this the gentleman who had introduced the player to us insisted that he should go on board also. It was a happy thought. Upon the water, in the moonlight of the soft summer night, we listened to sounds and strains full of poetry and refinement, and plaintive airs full of tender charm and sympathy. It was our closing impression of Malaga and the Alhambra, this guitar playing on the deck of the

French steamer, in the brilliant moonbeams that lighted up the calm, tideless waters of the Mediterranean; whilst the sweet, sad strains, lovely, dreamy and romantic, floated over the surface, and lost themselves in the dark warm skies above. A fitting termination to a succession of days and experiences that come only once and again in a lifetime.

The steamer started on her way. She was large and palatial compared with the little cockle-shell that had brought us down—yet brought us safely. There were cabins and berths *ad libitum*, and we were glad to turn in. Four o'clock the next morning found us at Gibraltar, alongside the Reserve Squadron, waiting for "Pratique" to present us with a clean bill of health and permission to return to our vessels.

The boat was going on to Tangiers, and some of us—ready to do or die—determined, as there was time, to cross over and see the wonderful old place that has retained unchanged the ways and whims, manners and customs, of a thousand years ago.

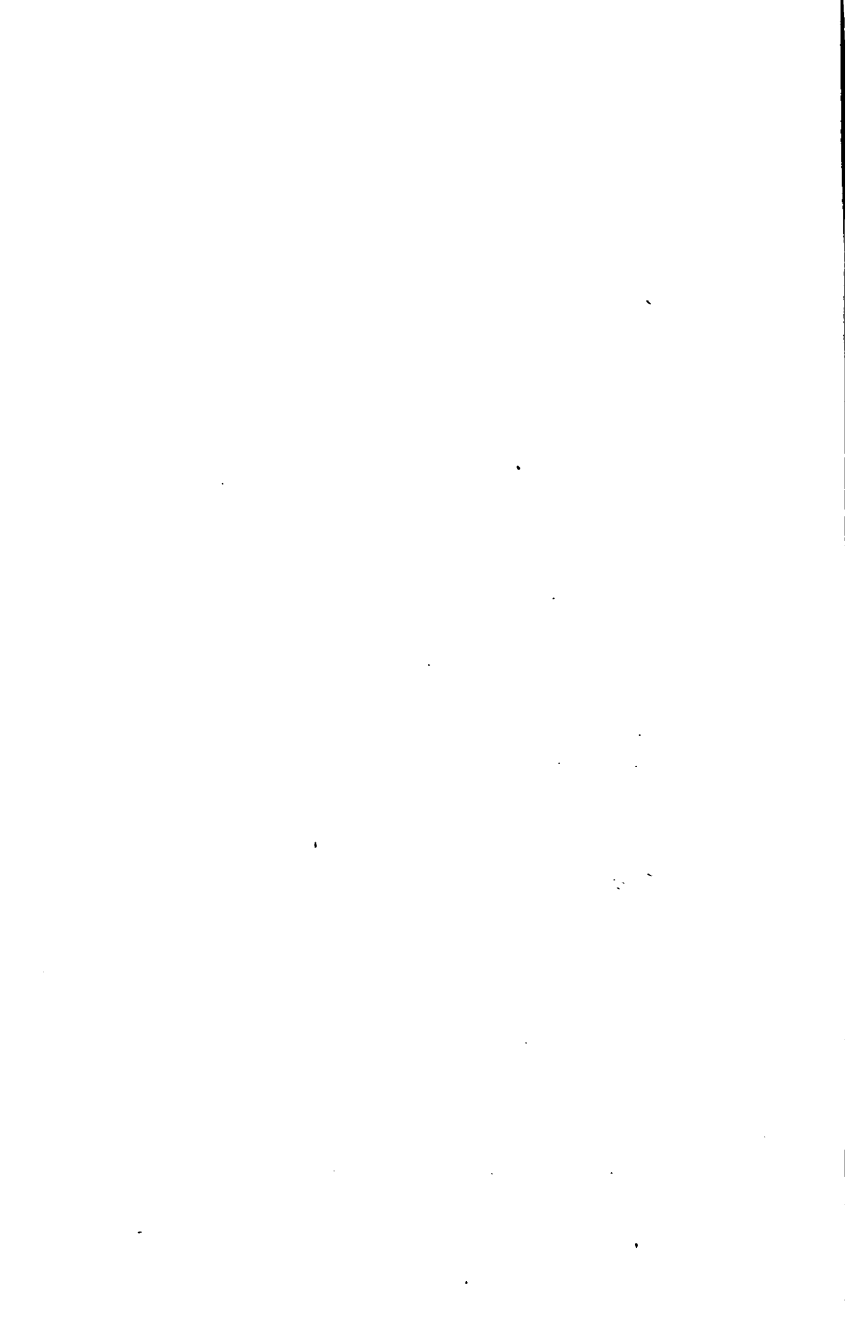
How we fared and what we saw there must be the subject of the next chapter.





RUINED WATER TOWER, ALHAMBRA.







## CHAPTER IX.

*Back at Gibraltar—Waiting for Pratique—A First View of Tangiers—Landing—A Quarrel—Two Invalids—Lemon Tea—Moorish Bazaars—Oriental Craft—A Dutch Auction—A Narrow Escape—Objections to Being Sketched—Interesting Women—A Lively Market Place—Moorish Ambrosia—An Eastern Caravanserai—Singular Effects of Lemon Tea—Tangiers by Night—A Studious Chemist—Wasting the Midnight Oil—Bromide and Chloral—Anxious Moments—Vigil—Convalescence—Good-bye to Tangiers.*

THE hours had passed swiftly after leaving Malaga. The night was soft and warm, as only these southern nights can be. The moon, like a globe of liquid silver, rolled steadily through the dark blue sky, where the stars flashed like diamonds. The sea was calm and still, the boat comfortable and not crowded. We watched the lights of Malaga diminish and disappear, followed for a time the outlines of the coast thrown into vivid relief by the moonlight, and presently went below.

Sleep needed no wooing, and when the steamer anchored next morning in Gibraltar Bay, moments rather than hours seemed to have passed away. In the grey dawn the Rock towered silent and asleep,

and we, in quarantine, waited for Pratique to set us free. This said pratique is often a great nuisance, the cause of much trouble and delay. Where a boat comes from an infected place or country, the regulation cannot be too much enforced ; but where this is not the case some discretion might surely be left to the captain of the vessel.

I remember, for example, that last winter the steamer from Malta reached Syracuse hours before the morning train started for Catania. It was of the utmost consequence to two passengers, on business, not on pleasure bent, to catch this train. The agents in Malta had assured them it could, would and should be done. But the doctor that morning was in no mood to hurry for anyone, and sauntered on board about half an hour after the train had started, ran the gauntlet of the few passengers, and declared them free. The next train did not leave for eight hours.

It was not so bad as this with us at Gibraltar ; no train awaited us ; but we did wish to return to the *Defence* before proceeding on to Tangiers.

Presently the boats of the *Defence* and the *Lord Warden* were seen approaching, pratique was declared, and away we went. To stand once more on the old deck was like returning to a large town, and for a moment we revelled in space. But there was little time to spare, and the Captain's galley was soon taking us back to the French steamer, now getting under weigh for the coast of Africa. Three only had found courage and perseverance to venture

Mr. Edward Jago, Broadley and myself. The courier had done his duty so well that we felt it almost due to him that he also should accompany us.

The journey across the Straits is rather more than thirty miles, and we ought to reach Tangiers before one o'clock. The morning was intensely hot, the sky cloudless, the deep blue sea had not a ripple. Thus had it been for many days. The shores of Spain grew faint, the Rock diminished, the African coast opened up, and presently Tangiers, a white object upon sloping hills, became more and more visible. We anchored in the bay, and were immediately surrounded by boats and half-naked men, who shouted, fought, and seemed ready to murder each other for precedence.

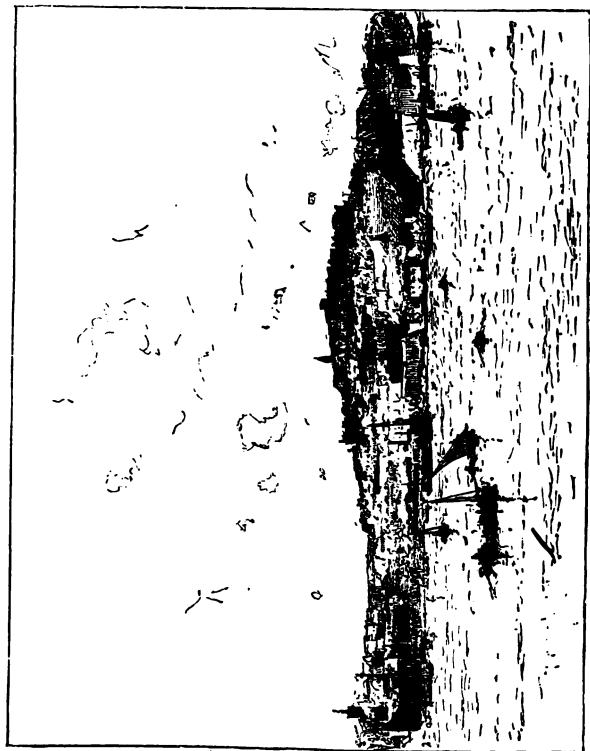
From the water Tangiers looked excessively eastern, distinct and different from anything to be seen on the other side the Straits. But we were in another quarter of the globe, amongst a separate race. The houses, rising on the slopes of two hills, looked white and cool with their flat, white roofs; and the fact of their having no chimneys added to their singular appearance.

The mosque towers and minarets stood conspicuously above the houses. In broad, hot sunshine, the town yet looked pleasant and dazzling. It also looked sweet and wholesome—save the mark! We thought what a charming and civilized place we had come to; what a pity that we should have less than twenty-four hours for enjoyment therein. The fort, crowning the hill and overlooking the water

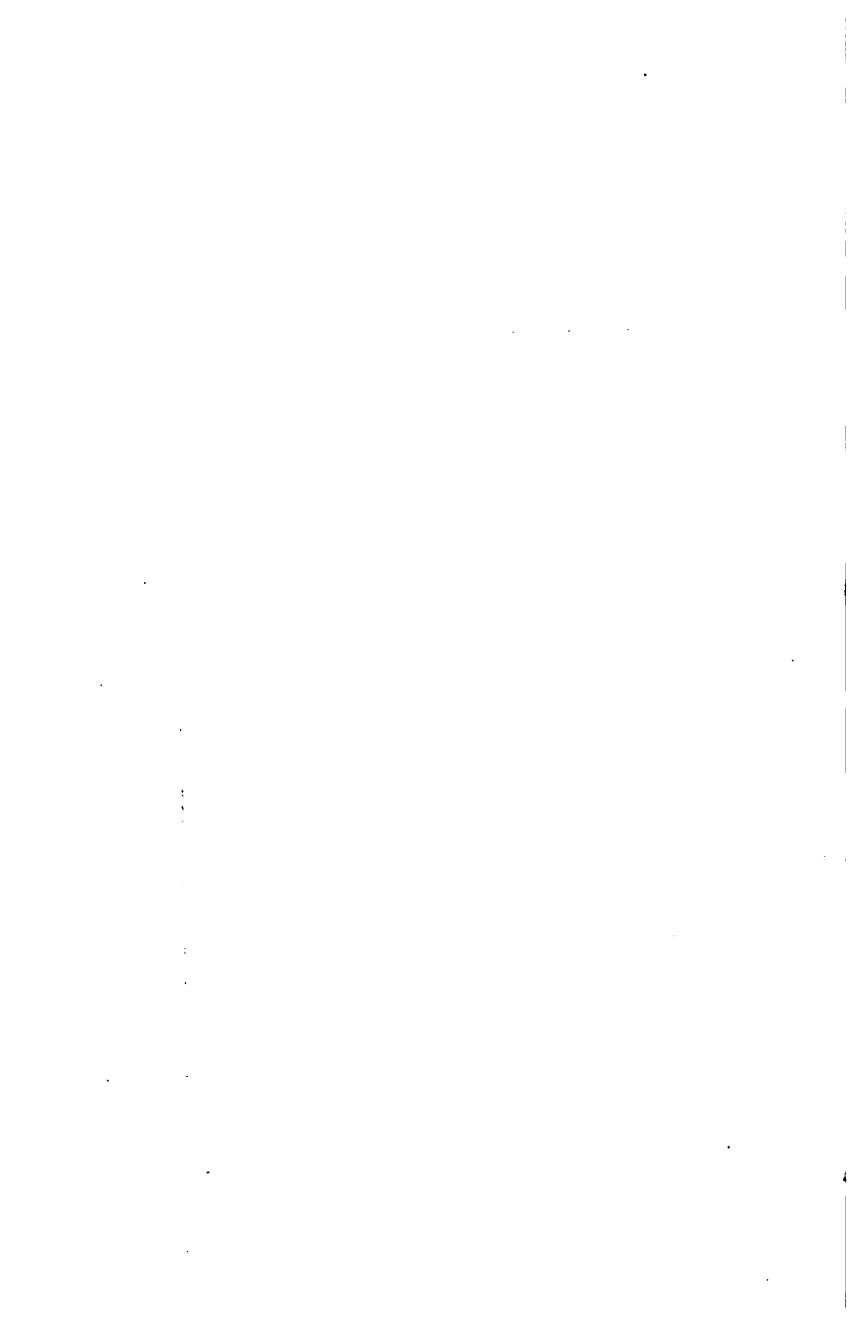
stood out boldly ; a Moorish gateway at the end of the short, steep pathway was very picturesque and romantic. Nothing could exceed the beauty of colour and clearness of the water, from deep blue to the most transparent aqua marine, as it rolled over its golden sands, leaving the shores beyond high-water mark pure and glistening. Indeed, we seemed bathed, as it were, in purity and sunshine and intoxicating ether, which threw a glow over one's imagination, and raised one's spirits to fever heat. A sixth sense was developed, which swallowed up all the other senses in the mere delight of existence.

We managed to scramble into a boat, narrowly escaping being torn to pieces in the struggle, and landing in the same simplicity of costume as that affected by our clamorous boatmen. Once upon a time, all passengers had to be hoisted on to the shoulders of these shiny Moors—a penalty that might have atoned for many sins. Now they have a sort of movable stage, which stretches from the boat to the shore—a distance of only a few feet—and enables you without other aid to escape to land.

The hotel was at hand ; merely up one street and down another. Yet was it distant enough to convince us that Tangiers, true to its reputation, certainly could not, in some respects, have made any progress during the last thousand years. This was what we had come to see ; had been desirous of seeing. How could we tell that far, very far more than the sense of sight would be exercised in the service of experience?



TANGIERS, FROM THE SEA.



It would be impossible to describe the smells. My companions, right and left, both nearly fainted over and over again in that short walk. I felt that now my hands were full, and my responsibilities had begun. I was about to have charge of two invalids in a foreign country, amidst an unknown tongue. Yet I, as sensitive as any one about smells, and with about as much strength in my whole body as they had in their little fingers, happily remained unaffected. The back is fitted to the burden. Had we all three succumbed, I am persuaded that a melancholy cortège, consisting of three corpses, would have returned to the Royal Reserve Squadron.

The boatmen shouldered our small amount of luggage, and we followed them more leisurely up hill under the broiling sun. In the narrow thoroughfare we met a few straggling Moors wrapped in their gehabs or abbas. Turning a sharp corner, and passing down to the left, we came full tilt upon two Moors and a mule quarrelling at the very height of their voices, gesticulating, raving, ready to tear each other's eyes out. The men were thus behaving, not the mule. The animal was patiently listening, and under any circumstances would have known better. We, too, were obliged to stand and listen, for mule and belligerents between them blocked up the entire gangway, paying no more attention to us than if we had been phantoms. There came a moment when they seemed about to fly at each other's throat ; dark, lusty, powerful men, with swarthy complexions and flashing glances, and faces heated with passion ;



strong enough and determined enough, apparently, to knock down the very walls against which one of them was leaning.

"What are they quarrelling about?" we asked of Wiley.

"One man says he has paid the other man some money: the other man says he hasn't," replied Wiley. "The one who says the money hasn't been paid declares he will keep the other man's mule until he does pay him. A Moor would as soon part with his life as with his mule, you know, sir. In a few minutes they'll pull each other's beards, and the mule, between them, will come in for some rough handling."

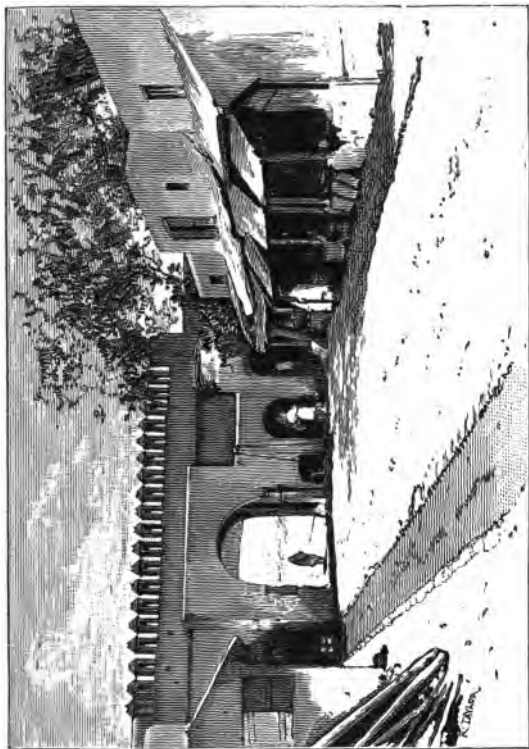
We did not stay for the last act of this lively drama. Slipping past the combatants, when a closer proximity to each other—not inspired by the tender chords of affection—left an opening in the way, we soon reached the hotel. Mr. Jago and Broadley sank into chairs.

"Are these smells indigenous to Tangiers?" asked Mr. Jago, in feeble tones.

"Bless you, sir, they are," replied the landlord, "if by indigenous you mean customary. Why, sir, Tangiers would be nothing without its smells. It would lose half its reputation."

"There's such a thing as a bad reputation," mildly protested Broadley, in a voice that seemed to come from underground.

"Quite true, sir," returned the landlord; "but these smells, I assure you, are wholesome; there's nothing



GATE OF TANGIERS.



bad about them. You may go amongst them with impunity."

Mr. Jago and Broadley looked at each other, and I felt how often looks can express infinitely more than words.

"Our wisest plan is to have some luncheon before going out again," I remarked. "We shall thus, as far as possible, be fortified against the evils of Tangiers."

"Decidedly the best thing, sir!" cried the landlord, briskly. "And if I make these gentlemen some Moorish tea—a sort of lemon mint much used in this part of the world—it will at once put strength and spirit into them."

"An excellent decoction," said Mr. Jago, reviving. "I've heard of it before, and place great faith in it. Bring us a good supply, landlord."

After lunch and the lemon tea they seemed to recover health and spirits. We sallied forth to reconnoitre this town, that had not changed its manners and customs for a thousand years.

It was smaller than we had anticipated, with narrow streets all up and down hill, and houses for the most part poor and insignificant. Not a street in the whole place seemed given up to anything representing wealth or fashion. Originally the houses had nearly all been white; the greater part were so still; it is a necessity as well as a virtue, and, as far as possible, keeps the heat of the sun from penetrating into the interiors.

Shops, such as we see in European towns, were

not visible, and the streets, therefore, have not this feminine attraction about them. They are represented chiefly by bazaars, many of which are to be found up narrow staircases or at the end of small passages, leading, one might suppose from appearances, to some bourne whence no traveller could reasonably expect to return. Thus, only the initiated in these labyrinthine mysteries are able to guide you safely to the abodes of Oriental craft and cunning.

Craft and cunning in every sense of the word. If Tangiers itself has stood still for a thousand years, and its people are now as primitive in habits and customs as then, exception must be made in favour of the owners of these bazaars. Expecting to meet here all that was innocent and candid, we were not prepared to find these Moorish traders ready and willing to take you in with a truly Eastern magnificence.

On entering, they bow down to you with a kingly dignity, and treat you with a deference gratifying from every point of view. They offer you a photograph of their bazaar, and invite you to a cup of Moorish coffee. Here, you murmur, is that Oriental uprightness of character and bearing that has descended to them as a heritage from ages past. We felt that we were in the hands of grave and honest men. There was no mistaking that calm look, the open eye that gazed straight at you and never flinched. We prepared for great bargains. Pyramid, the Commander, Darrille and others had loaded us with commissions. We were to take them back brass trays

from Tetuan, daggers from Fez, steel blades from Damascus, Moorish costumes for fancy balls, hand tapestry for cushions, and I know not what—we should probably get a mule and a Moor thrown into our bargains.

The first bazaar we visited was at the bottom of one of these *culs-de-sac*. We groped up a winding staircase, and found at last quite large rooms on the first floor, crammed with Oriental splendours; knick-knacks of every description; carpets, lanterns, swords, abbas; dresses that would have created a sensation in England; the identical brass trays we were in search of; everything, in short, imagination could conceive. The owners—there were a pair of them—talked broken English that sounded innocent and picturesque. They knew just enough to understand and be understood—and to drive a bargain.

A carpet caught our eye; one of those Oriental carpets of many colours and no particular pattern, much affected in these days of Dutch imitation and Queen Anne revival. It is a craze, by the way, this “revival” in art and furniture, and will go the way of all crazes. The other day a friend refurnished his house from top to bottom, to please his charming but slightly capricious wife. No sooner comfortably (or uncomfortably) settled, than they discovered the shape of the rooms and the general style of the house to be out of harmony with the furniture. This was not to be endured. There was only one thing to be done. Having bought the furniture for the house, they must now build a house for the furniture. Lares

and Penates were warehoused, the house pulled down, and my friend and his charming wife have gone travelling abroad for a year, whilst a famous architect of advanced views builds them a house on a pure Dutch model to suit their upholstery.

One of these admirable carpets caught our eye. It was the very thing to take back to England to some æsthetic friend or relative. No doubt over here—in this town of the manners and customs of a thousand years ago—we should get it for a mere song. I can only say that personal experience leads to the conclusion that the broad outlines of human nature are the same everywhere and in all ages. In a thousand years they must, indeed, have undergone less change than the general aspect of the world itself.

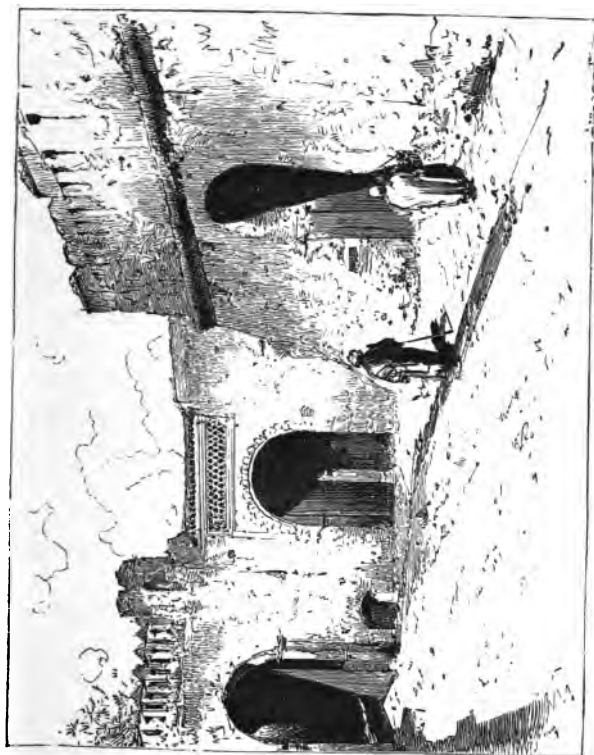
We inquired the price of the carpet.

"Twenty-five pounds," said the dignified Moor, with an inflexion of voice that seemed to protest against a positive sacrifice.

"Twenty-five pounds!" we repeated, in astonishment. "Why, that was infinitely dearer than England—thrice as dear as Gibraltar."

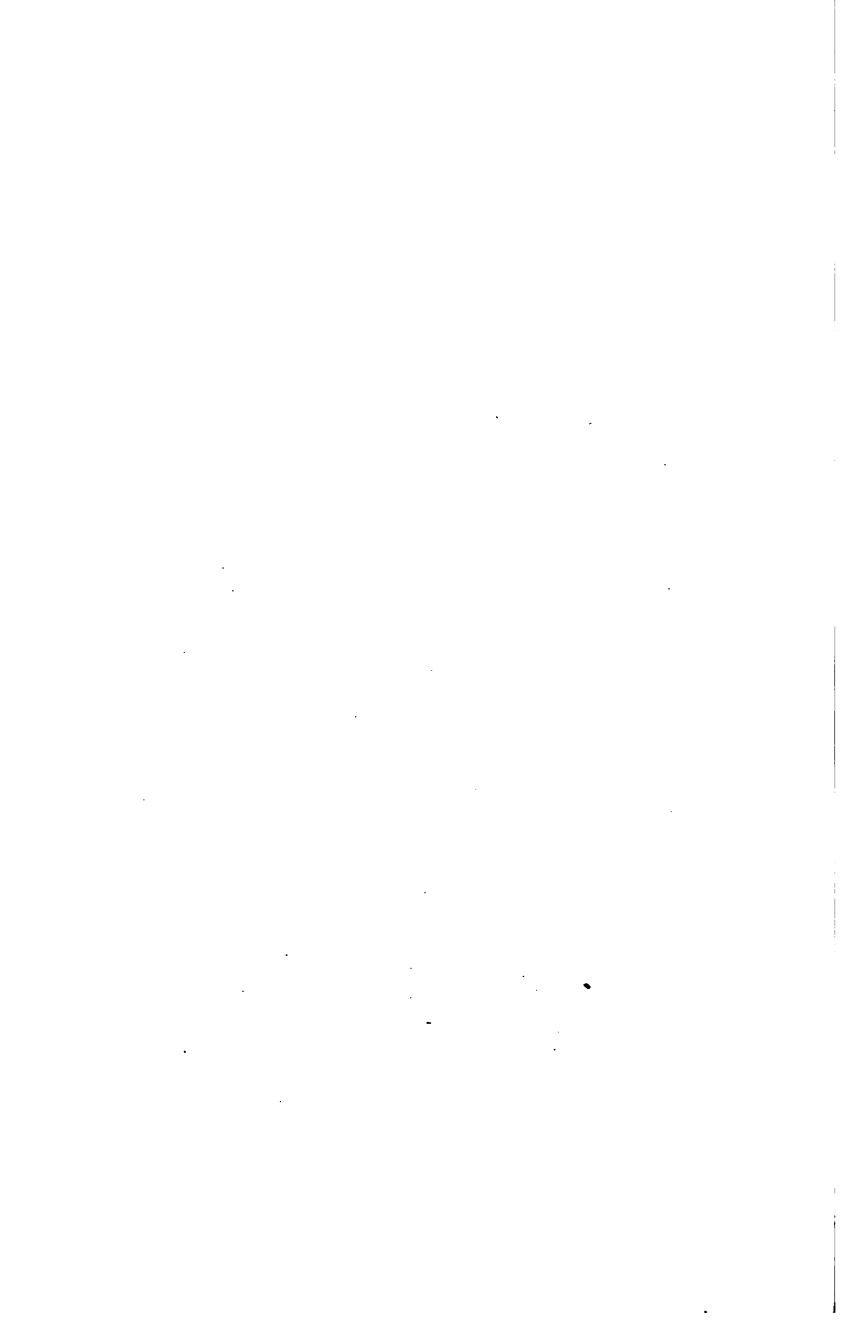
Of course the Moor took refuge in *quality*. This was the *real* thing. Gibraltar—England—no one ever knew there what they were buying. However, he would say a little less—twenty pounds.

So the Dutch auction went on, until the auctioneer had come down to nine pounds; all done in the most innocent and matter-of-fact manner. He was giving away his carpet to oblige us. This was a



AN OLD NOOK, TANGIERS.





truly Eastern magnificence of character and generosity. Finally, if we would not give nine pounds, what *would* we give? It should be ours at our own price. At last, convinced that the man must have stolen the carpet, we declined it at any price whatever. We bought nothing from him except a few brass trays of designs too good to be passed over, and went on to what the courier said was *the* bazaar of Tangiers. In point of size and site it certainly merited its reputation. A large, imposing Moorish archway displayed Oriental mysteries. The owner of these very pretty things, Wiley informed us, was as honest as the day. *Was* he!

They have a way of offering you—these inheritors of the manners and customs of a thousand years ago—one or two trivial articles so absurdly cheap that they might as well give them away at once. Having thus taken you off your guard, and established a feeling of trust in your mind, they next proceed to business, and ask for their more important articles five or six times as much as they intend to take.

But after our late experience, we felt convinced that we were not to be done. Brass trays, rugs, embroidered cloths, cushions, dresses of softest fabric, daggers, and various other articles, were purchased in rash confidence. It is hard to say how far we were imposed upon: perhaps, after all, not to any very great extent; but upon asking the price of a Moorish inkstand in Gibraltar, similar to one bought at Tangiers, I found that I had paid exactly three times its value. That inkstand naturally became a sore sub-

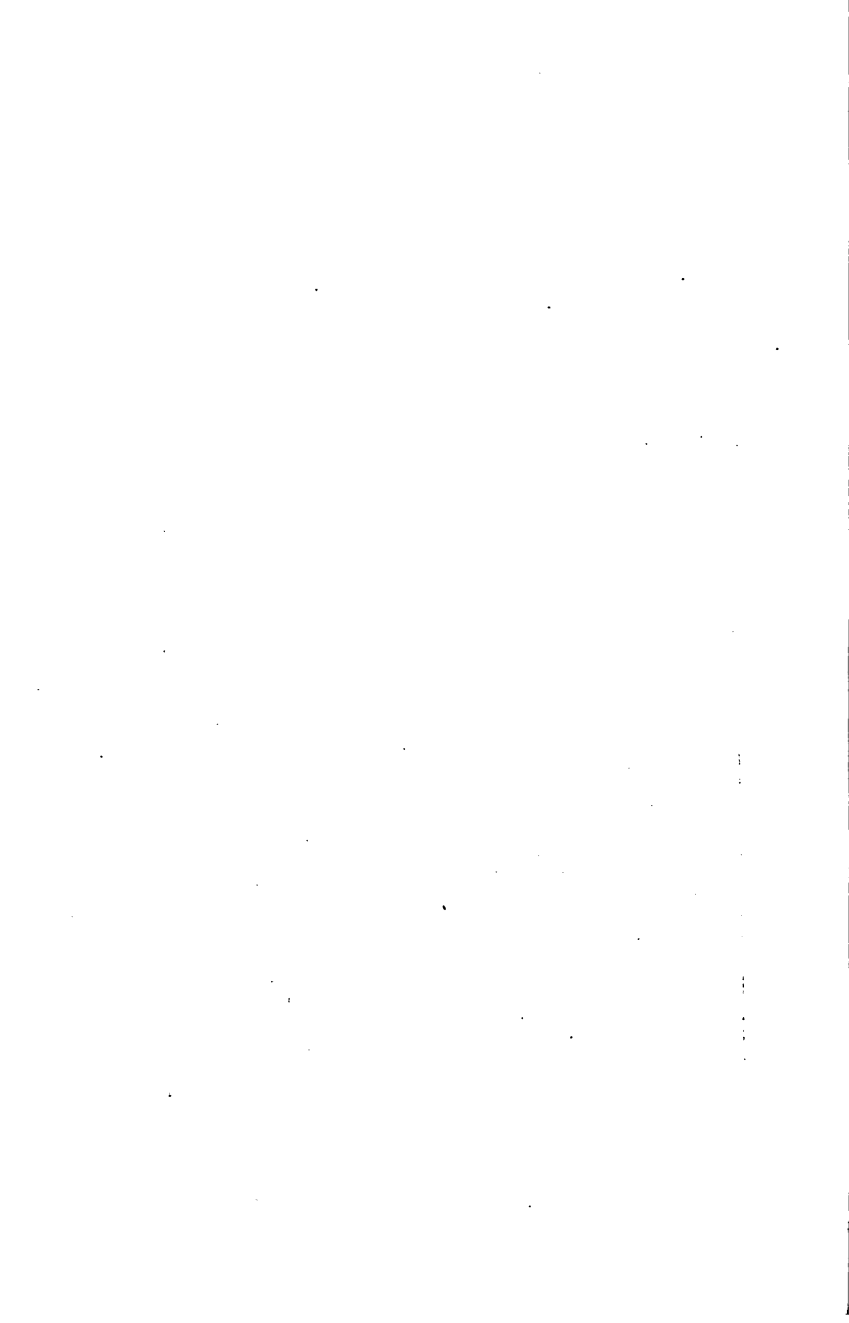
ject, especially as Broadley was for ever sarcastically digging it up from its sepulchre at the bottom of a huge deal box ; and as soon as we reached England I gave away the offending article.

All purchases completed, the remainder of the afternoon was devoted to the town. On passing the Mosque, I was about to enter, when Broadley and the guide laid violent hands upon me, declaring that, had I gone in, probably it would have been, like another Thomas à Becket, to fall victim to the dagger of some fanatic. Having no ambition for a tragic end, I contented myself with looking through the opening on each side of the doorway. Moors were at their devotions, now raising themselves to their full height, now almost prostrate upon the marble floor. Movements, ceremonies, and genuflexions seemed strangely heathenish and superstitious. The little that could be seen made one anxious for more, but we had to pass on with curiosity ungratified.

There are many interesting spots in Tangiers. Ancient Moorish gateways, whose deep arches, full of solemn beauty, looked as if they indeed might have existed a thousand years. Turbaned Moors wrapped in their abbas traversed the streets, urging on their patient, well-laden mules : Eastern, picturesque groups not to be found out of Africa. Scene, place, and people were a vivid contrast to anything we had found elsewhere. Here and there a Moorish archway or window recalled to us, for a moment, some portions of the Alhambra, though with little of the



MOSQUE TOWER, TANGIERS.



beauty and none of the romance and magic that for ever surround and overshadow those ancient halls and courts of Granada.

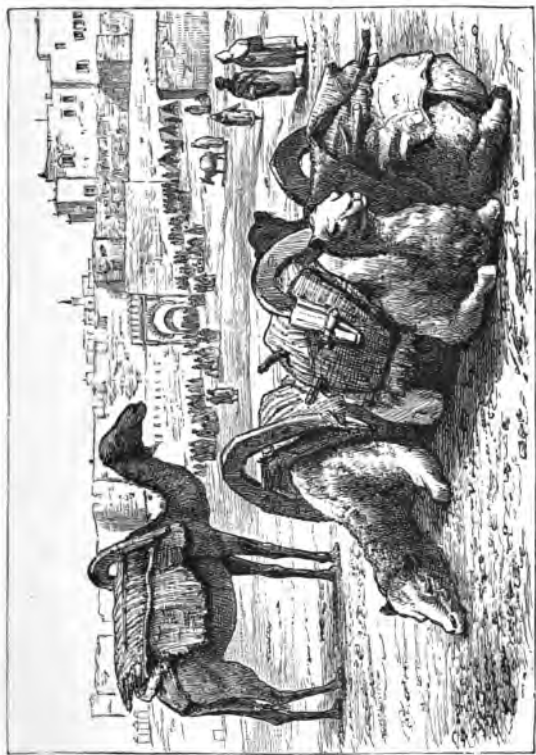
Handsome, stalwart, firm-footed, well-made men were many of these Moors, with features that appeared to indicate a distinct and elevated race. Noble heads and faces had they, types of a true manly beauty. One longed to sketch them ; but the moment they found out what you were doing, they disappeared as if a very demon had been in pursuit. With them it is an ingrained superstition. Scarcely one will allow himself to be taken. Your only chance is to make yourself as invisible as possible, and sketch in your head before you are observed.

The women went about like bundles of sacking, their faces—with the exception of half an eye to steer by—entirely hidden. As far as could be made out, they were distinctly inferior to the men in form and feature, but we had little opportunity of judging. If we came upon one suddenly in some lonely thoroughfare, with face uncovered, the moment she caught sight of Broadley she hastily adjusted her hood and fled. They certainly looked neither becoming nor alluring, nor in any way dangerous to one's peace of mind, as they shuffled along in these great wrappers, that covered head and face and form, and never by any accident fell aside. Did we by chance meet one unveiled, she invariably turned out to be a toothless old hag, ugly and wrinkled enough to form part and parcel of the traditions handed down for a thousand years. And even she, with the

force of habit, on passing us would turn her face to the wall, lest the sight of so much female charm should prove too much for well disposed but frail human nature. This custom, also, amongst others, made us forcibly realize that we were in an Eastern town.

We found the market-place crowded with Moors, a few of them leading mules and camels. The water carriers, with skins slung round them like inverted bagpipes, kept up a deafening cry in their efforts to administer to the wants of man and add to their little store. The heat was indeed intolerable enough to parch the least thirsty soul. The sun poured down upon us one bright intense flood, but the Moors, with their dark complexions and loose linen abbas, seemed indifferent to the heat. Nevertheless, one did not care to go too near them; they looked unctuous and shining, their bodies and clothes alike strangely unfamiliar with water.

Some were squatting on the ground in charge of what looked like bags and barrels of meal or grain, and nearly all were either buying or selling. It was the provision market, and round the high, hoary walls booths or sheds were erected. In many of these sheds was a small stove for an open fire, and the presiding genius—a dark-eyed Moor, in a turban and little else—held a long iron skewer, on which he was sticking, at short intervals, small balls of what appeared to be meat finely minced. Evidently they wanted much persuading into a particular form, for he rubbed them round and round in his swarthy hands, until, as we imagined their being eaten, we turned quite



WITHOUT THE WALLS, TANGIERS.





interestingly faint and feeble. These fashioned to his liking, were lodged over the fire, until roasted and ready for sale. Hundreds of such little meated skewers were exposed to tempt the hungry. We watched many a Moor approach, buy one, go on to the next booth, and invest in a small, round, flat cake that looked all flour and water, or a thick hunch of bread that at least had the merit of substance. Next, happy as a king, he would squat upon the ground and deliver himself up to the delights of his feast.

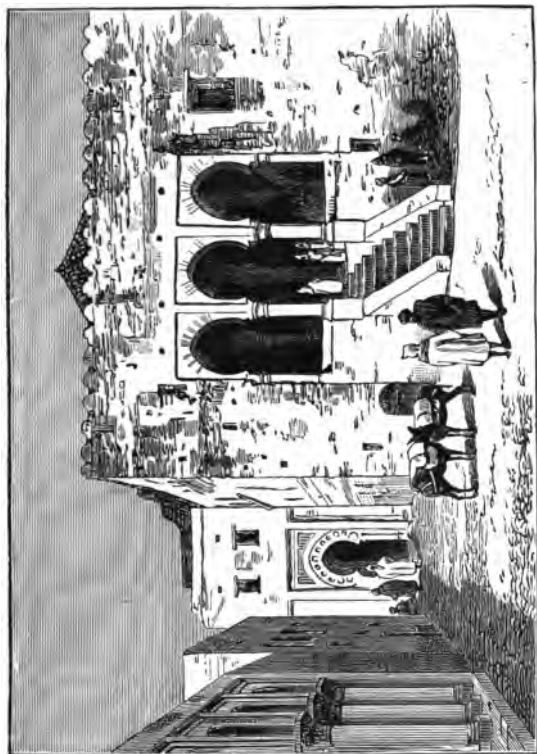
The whole scene was truly Eastern, and to us interesting. We had encountered nothing like it on our travels, and, for the present, should not again be likely to see anything of its kind. I don't know that we grieved on that account. A little of the heat and smells of Tangiers went a very long way. Close contact with the Moors in the market-place was not encouraging to a philanthropic view of humanity. We were not sorry to get beyond the confines of these four prison-like walls, where, unable to escape the crowd, one felt uncomfortable and half suffocated.

In our peregrinations we visited the gaol, and there must be a good deal of wickedness going on that needs restraining, for it was crowded with prisoners. One could not help pitying them—though probably it was a waste of emotion—for they looked miserable enough; yet more in condition than expression. We failed to discover any especial marks of shame, or deep repentance, or heart-breaking remorse. They regretted their liberty, no doubt, but did not seem to feel their position. It may be that,

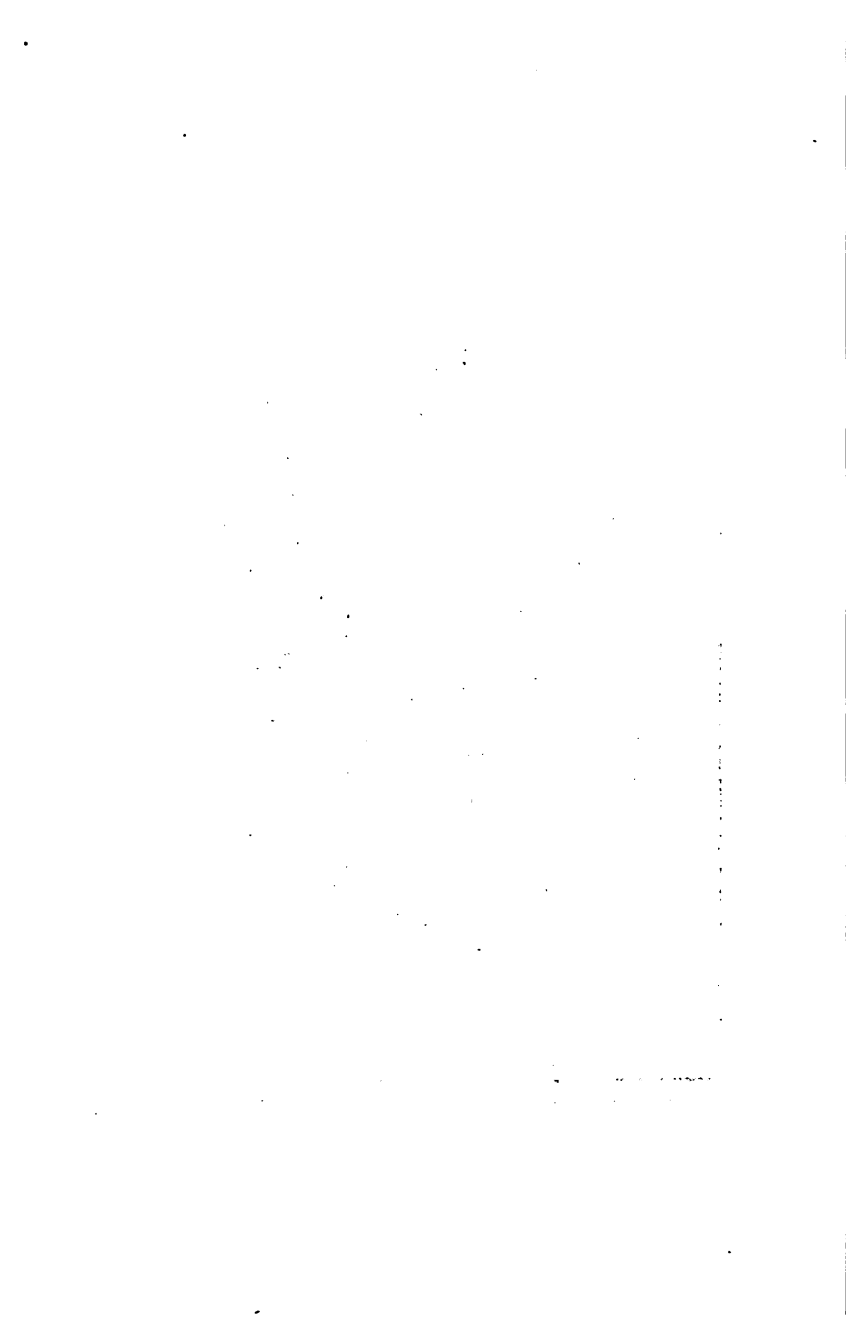
here, less stigma attaches to these wholesome restrictions of the law, these temporary "retreats" from the world, than in places that have not enjoyed the privilege of standing still for a thousand years.

But at least they were not made comfortable—though the Moors seem unacquainted with our ideas of personal ease. We were admitted into a large room, hot and badly lighted. The floor consisted of the bare earth. The prisoners were squatting about, and some, as we entered, turned their faces away or covered them up; not from shame, but in order that our curiosity should not be gratified. Perhaps, too, they were afraid of being sketched. Many of them were at work, some in making baskets and mats, which they are allowed to sell for their own benefit. Out of curiosity, and by way of experiment, we offered one of the prisoners, for a small straw basket, less than the price he had asked. In a moment, with all the air of a spoilt child, he threw it behind him; turned sulky, and would not speak or look at us again. Then the keeper of this strange menagerie came up, remonstrated with the offended dignity, and coaxed the man back to good temper. The basket was again offered to us with a sheepish air that was irresistible, and the man received his demand in full. He now looked as pleased as a child with a new toy; the gaoler patted him on the back, and we departed.

Contiguous to the prison was a very different institution—the Bank or Treasury; an old, picturesque building with a flight of steps crowned by



**TREASURY, TANGIERS.**



Moorish arches that led into a hall or vestibule, where a number of pillars supported the arched roof. The whole of this small square was interesting and ancient looking, with its gateways and recesses, its deep lights and shadows. In such spots lay the chief attraction of Tangiers. While gazing, you were really carried back into the past centuries, and realized the antiquity of this Moorish town.

But perhaps the most Eastern and unfamiliar sight was the caravanserai outside the town walls. A great plain, crowded with Moors and camels; men in every attitude, squatting or lying full length upon the ground, or leaning against their animals, talking and arguing with each other. The number of men and beasts seemed unlimited, and all alike looked venerable and sedate, picturesque and time-honoured. Here, no doubt, was the veritable sight one might have seen a thousand years ago; and many of the Moors, from their high-cast type and dignified mien, might well have had direct ancestors encamping outside those very walls in the days when Morocco was a power in the then known world. The brilliant blue of the sky, the inexhaustible sunshine, the calm, exquisite sea sleeping a little to the right, the pure, light, sparkling air—all added to the charm of this little glimpse we were able to get of Eastern life and a true Eastern picture.

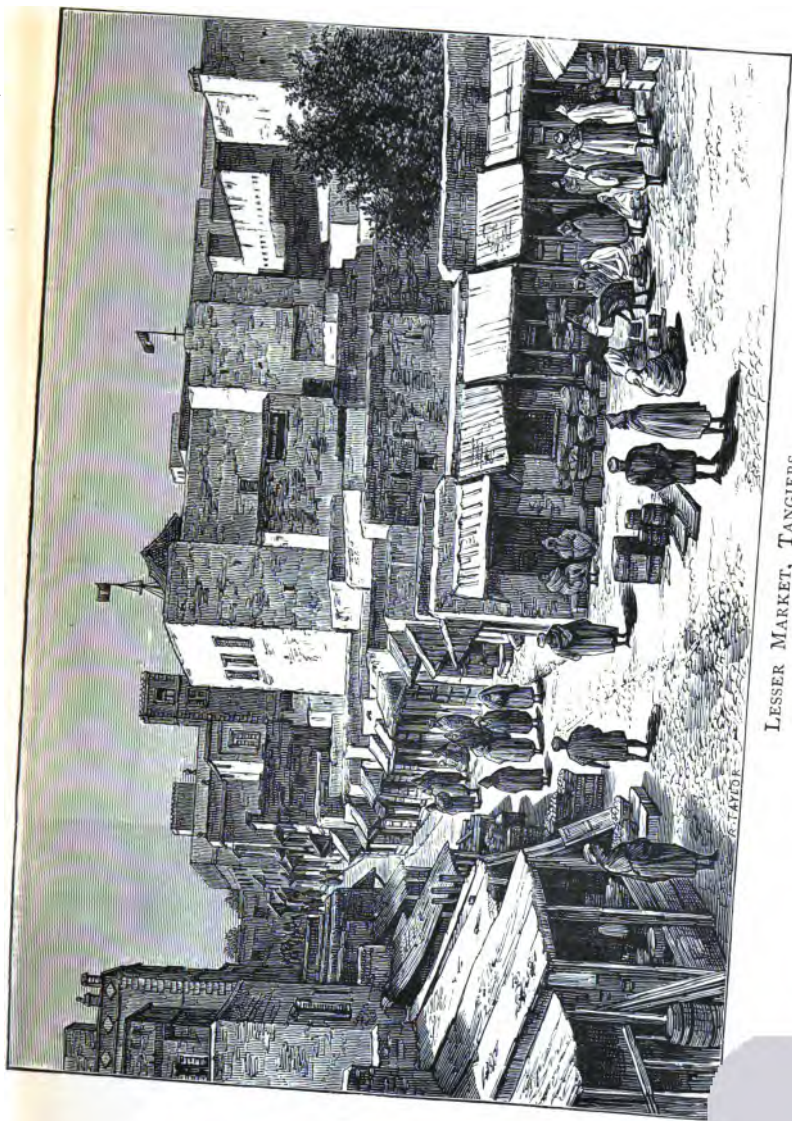
As much as anything, perhaps, we enjoyed the freshness of the air and the beauty of the view from the elevated citadel that almost overhung the water. Here in a moment's combination, we saw people and

plains and far-off hills. The lovely Mediterranean that plashed lazily and soothingly at our feet. The town reposed on the slopes, its white houses and flat roofs looking very Eastern, very dazzling in the sunshine. We traced the walls of the town, the prison and the bank, the mosques and the squares. The narrow, crooked streets, where wretched looking, half-famished curs trotted about in search of prey ; where men squatted, and women, veiled and mysterious, hurried along. We were above the smells and disagreeable influences ; the scene suggested only beauty and repose, as if nothing could there exist that was not spotless virtue and purity unsullied.

The afternoon was waning. Now and again I had been anxiously watching my two companions, and did not altogether like their looks. Both were pale, languid and frequently abstracted. I held a moment's consultation with the courier.

"What do you make of this?" I said. "Is it a common experience in Tangiers? Can there be anything in the air that affects an English constitution?"

"Not that I ever heard of, sir," answered Wiley. "The air's good enough, and if the smells are disagreeable they are not mortal. But I haven't much faith in that lemon tea. My opinion always has been that it's a kind of narcotic, or drug, that brings on singular delusions until the effect has worn off. For the moment it really very much upsets the health. And when gentlemen take it in large quantities one must expect evil consequences."



LESSER MARKET, TANGIERS.





"But that's hours ago," I returned. "Surely the effect would have worn off by this time?"

"On the contrary," returned Wiley. "The effects of the drug are slow. I shouldn't wonder if we have some trouble with Mr. Jago and Captain Broadley. I can see fancies coming on as plainly as possible. I assure you, sir, that I've known the most absurd delusions arise under the influence of that lemon tea. A good bottle of beer would have done these gentlemen far more service. It's now almost dinner time, and the best thing we can do—if it can be managed—is to get them back to the hotel."

Seriously alarmed, I suggested our immediate return, for evening was coming on. As we went through the streets, the Moors, squatting on doorsteps or shambling along with their mules, took little notice of us, and we reached the inn.

At dinner both proving past the stage of eating, I persuaded them to go to bed, established myself as sick-nurse, and kept vigil.

About ten o'clock they had fallen into a fitful doze. The moon had risen, bright and beautiful as ever. A breath of fresh air would help to carry one through the night. I also wanted to see Tangiers by moonlight—to observe the town in a state of quietude. So, turning the landlord into a temporary watcher, away I went with Wiley for a short stroll.

All was very calm and peaceful. The streets were almost deserted. Here and there a silent Moor, wrapped in his abba, with quick, noiseless tread, flitted along like a ghost, now passing into shadow,

and now into light. Half the street was shrouded in darkness, the other stood out in brilliant contrast. Houses were closed and quiet, lights were nearly all extinguished. It looked almost like a city of the dead. The long rows of small, flat houses, might have been Pompeian streets of tombs. Up narrow, unfrequented alleys, and even in the main thoroughfares, Moors were lying fast asleep on the bare stones, curled up in their sacks like dormice, not an atom of head or foot visible. A hard bed, truly, to which they seemed indifferent. We stooped over one or two out of curiosity ; they never stirred, and might have been so many logs of wood or blocks of marble.

We went up to the citadel. The moon threw her light upon the tranquil waters of the Mediterranean, where myriads of flashes died out and renewed themselves in silence. The hills were outlined against the dark night sky ; around us slept the town. The white roofs gleamed flat, and cold, and distinct in the moonlight ; the mosque towers and minarets might have been genii guarding for good or ill. The fair moon herself rolled upwards in splendour, without whose aid nothing of all this could have been visible. Night would have enveloped all in sable wings and profound silence. As it is, on these occasions, the broad sunlight is merely exchanged for a light more soft and beautiful, but almost equally distinct.

We did not stay long, for I was anxious about my charges. The landlord, with the best will in the world, could only possess a partial influence. As we

went back through the streets, from a silent doorway there came a solitary ray. What could it be? Some bookworm wasting the midnight oil? for such things might exist in Tangiers, notwithstanding its habits and customs of a thousand years ago. Or was some sad and lonely Moor keeping guard over a sick patient? If so, I felt I should like to stop and shake hands with him. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.

I turned inquiringly to the guide.

"I believe it's the chemist," said Wiley. "It is just about the right spot for him. He often sits poring over his books until the small hours; sometimes even falls asleep over them. And the next morning there he is, with his head on the counter, his lamp still burning, the house never shut up. Moors can sleep anywhere, anyhow, you know, sir. The harder the bed the better they like it."

"So it seems," I replied, pointing to a Moor curled up at the foot of a doorstep, where the moon shone full upon him. "They must be stiff and cold when they wake in the morning."

"Not at all, sir," returned Wiley. "Habit is second nature. They get up, give themselves a shake, like a big dog, and are ready to begin their day."

"And how about washing?" I asked.

The courier laughed.

"There's no act of parliament in Morocco which makes washing compulsory," he replied. "Perhaps, sir, the less we inquire into that matter the better."

We had now reached the solitary ray of light. It was, as Wiley had guessed, the chemist's, and streamed through the glass-door. The sage sat at his counter, quietly reading a book that looked large enough and old enough to contain the archives of Tangiers for the last thousand years. The student raised his head, and there was a far-off gaze in his eyes. His aspect was too clever and imposing for a mere dispenser of drugs, altogether devoid of the commonplace and the practical. He ought to have been an astrologer or astronomer; or even a seer—like the magician that dwelt at the bottom of that rose-coloured passage in Granada.

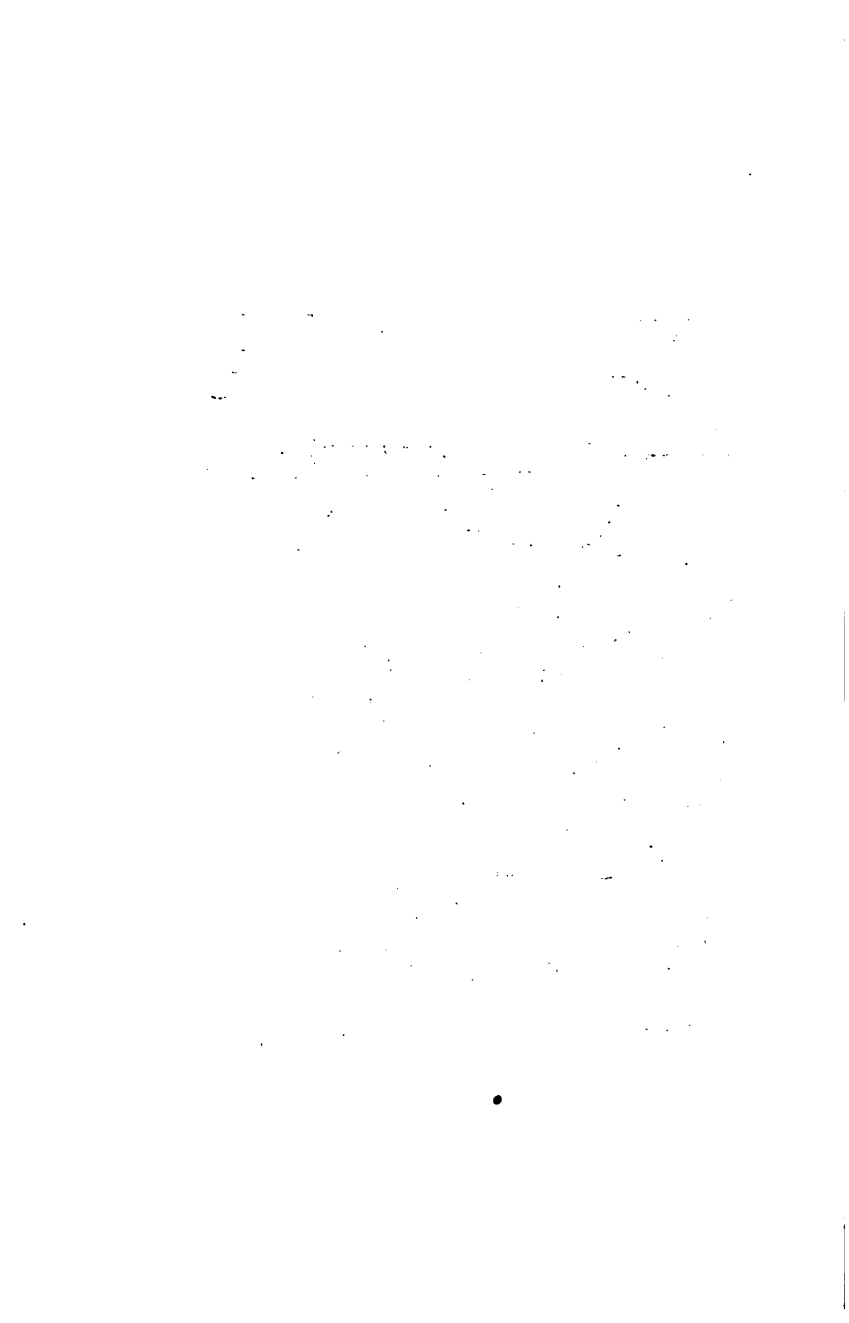
He spoke not a word of English, so Wiley described the symptoms under which my patients were labouring, and which seemed so alarming. What could he recommend?

I had little confidence in the look of the chemist. His head was evidently full of his book; he was just as likely to suggest a deadly poison as a remedy. For a moment he plunged into a profound meditation; then muttered: "Turkey rhubarb."

I started in amazement, and Wiley, at my request, again carefully went over all the symptoms; the vacant eyes, the strange hallucinations, the lemon tea. At the mention of the latter, the old sage shook his head ominously, yet at every pause continued to mutter "Turkey rhubarb;" until, at last, I could have thrown the whole jar of Turkey rhubarb at his head. Finally, I told him that these cases wanted a soothing treatment, nothing in the shape



STALL IN TANGIERS.—DRIVING A BARGAIN.



of an irritant or tonic. I begged him to prepare me a bottle of bromide of potassium mixed with a certain quantity of chloral, and, armed with this invaluable medicine, we departed. *Æsculapius*, disturbed in his studies, put out his lamp and went to bed.

I found that my charges had been restless during my absence. The landlord looked flushed with anxiety, and was glad to retire from his post. With much persuasion, I administered a strong dose of bromide and chloral. The effect was magical. In ten minutes both had sunk into a child-like slumber, from which the happiest results might be anticipated. I sent the courier off to bed, and prepared to keep further vigil. They woke at intervals, fancies still upon them ; but about three o'clock, when the dawn was breaking in the east, and light had begun to spread her wings, they fell into a deep sleep—the result of repeated doses of bromide and chloral—which lasted over four hours. From this they awoke refreshed and restored, looking like interesting convalescents.

After a light breakfast (they positively asked for lemon tea, but didn't get it), Broadley felt sufficiently recovered to stroll through the town ; whilst Mr. Jago sat in the large square hall or court, and contemplated the noisy birds, the daggers, and the Moorish curiosities by which he was surrounded ; and interviewed the Moorish merchants, who came and went, and tried to persuade him into buying goods that would have tested the combined tonnage of the



First Reserve Squadron. But he was proof against their wiles.

When the time came for leaving, we quietly strolled down to the beach and put off in one of the shore boats. The steamer, lying a hundred yards or so out in the bay, looked a very pretty object on the broad blue waters. I must say that I left Tangiers with no great reluctance on the one hand, and with grateful emotions on the other. I had gone through a time of tremendous anxiety; the sole responsibility of two invalids had been upon me. If recovery had not proved as rapid as the disease—but I would not pursue the thought. The steamer weighed anchor and the water foamed around us. The shores of Tangiers began to recede. White houses, mosque towers and minarets, looking so Eastern and cool and pure, diminished and faded away. The hills grew faint and shadowy.

"All's well that ends well," I quoted, clasping my friends' hands.

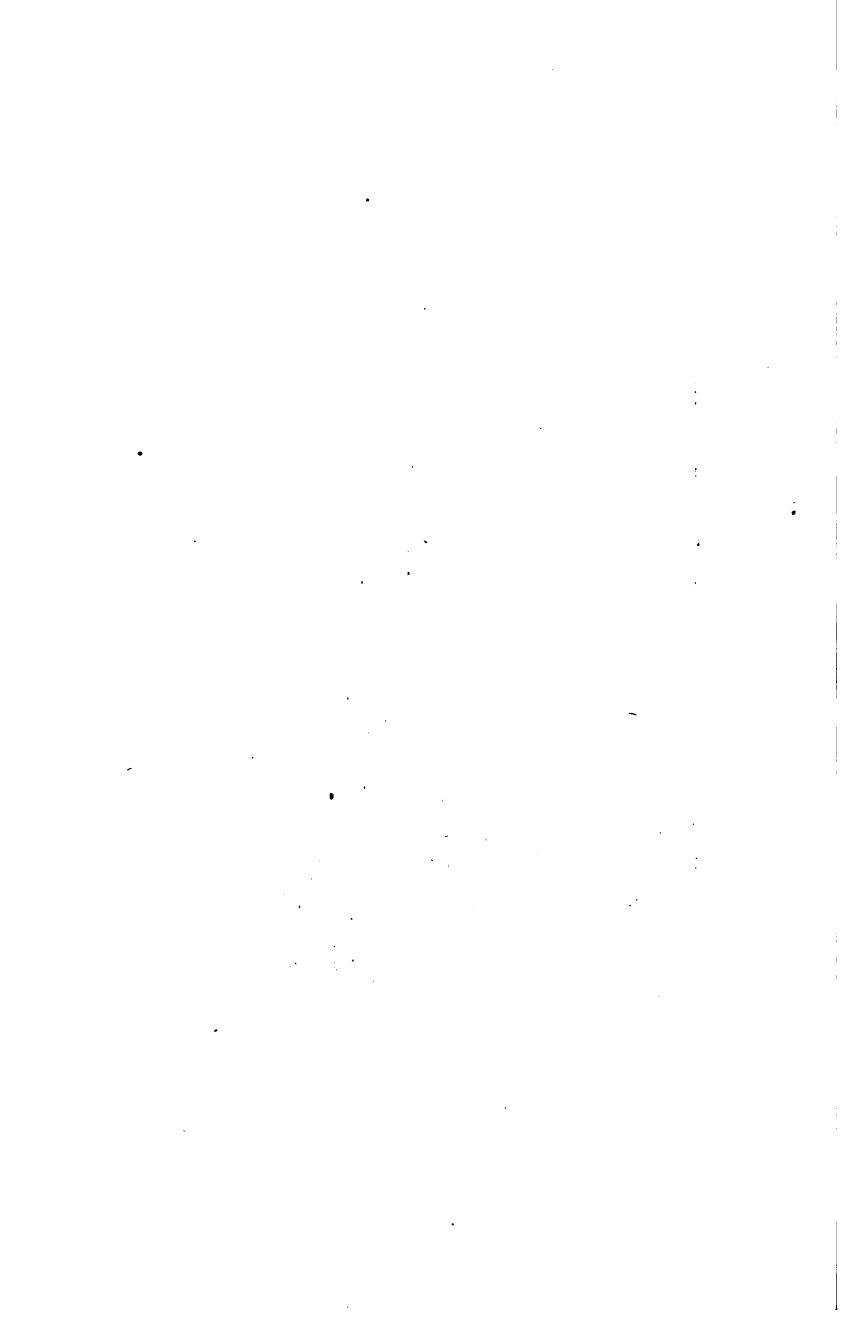
"Yes," murmured Mr. Jago, fervently. "I feel that we owe our lives to you. On returning to the *Defence*, we shall have to present you with an illuminated address, in memory of the occasion."

"Or perhaps," I suggested, "one of Van Stoker's numerous love sonnets might be found to meet the necessity. It would save trouble, and would be full of warmth and sentiment."

"I doubt if Van Stoker would spare one out of the many thousands he has written," returned Mr. Jago;—"even to you. That young man is to me a



**OLD ROMAN ARCH, TANGIERS.**



most interesting psychological study. I shall watch his future career with the greatest interest."

"As for me," returned Broadley, "neither love sonnets nor illuminated addresses could ever express a tithe of my emotions. When I think how nearly we were all three——"

"Never mind that now," I interrupted, hastily. "Be satisfied, amico mio, that nothing so terrible has happened. We are all safe and sound. The only mystery to me is that I have not been the invalid instead of you. Depend upon it that lemon tea may be good for the Moors, but it is poison to an Englishman. See there," I added, pointing onwards.

For in the distance we could discern the outlines of the Squadron in Gibraltar Bay. The steamer was making good way. The Rock loomed up and grew in size and majesty. As we neared the ships, it was observed that the *Defence* had a distinct list to starboard. For a moment we felt a flash of alarm.

"What can it be?" cried Mr. Jago.

"I can't conceive," returned Broadley. "Never saw such a thing in the whole course of my existence."

"I have it," said I, under the influence of a bright idea. "Without doubt this is produced by the weight of Van Stoker's love letters." And so it proved.

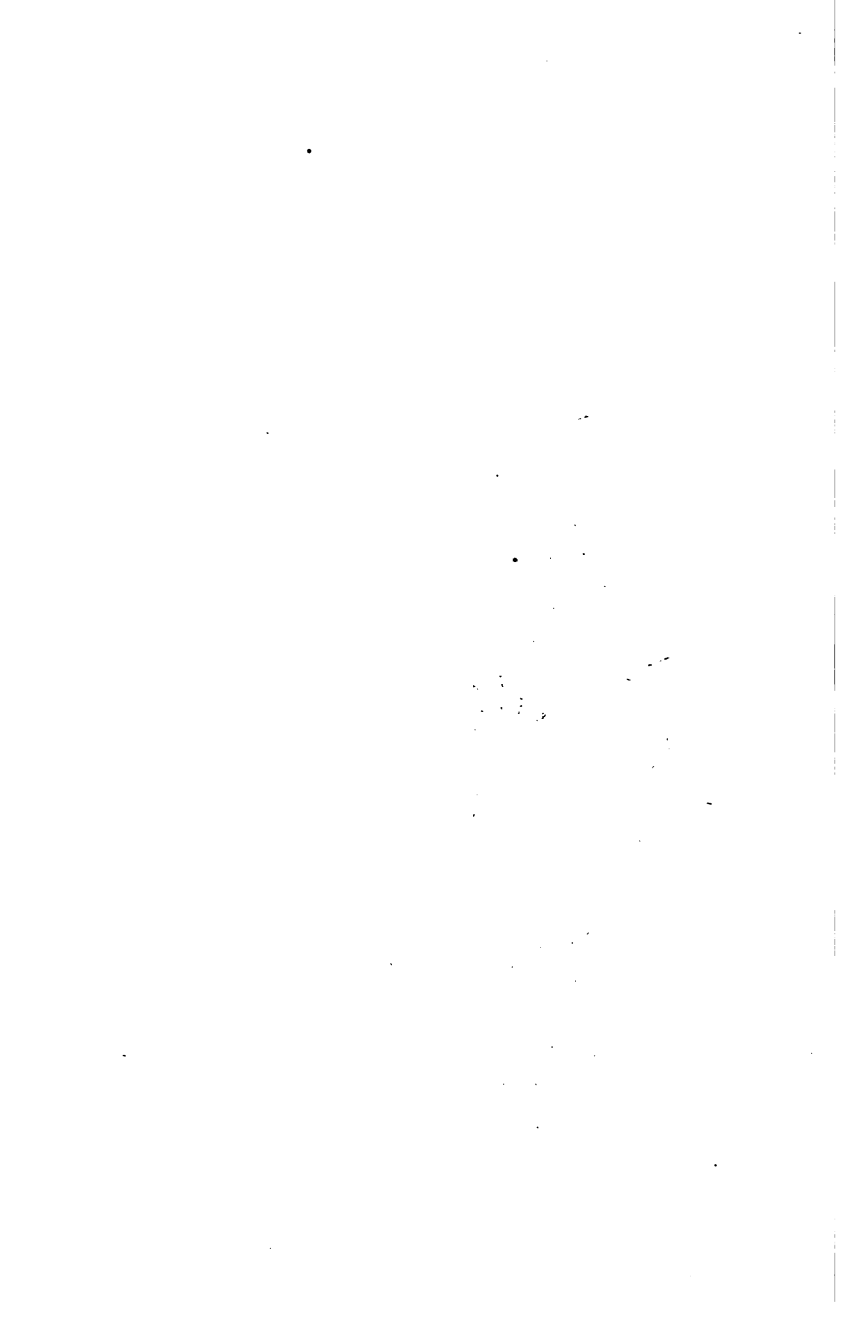
We advanced nearer and nearer. There was a good deal of swell upon the water to-day; so much so, that the Regatta, which was to have taken place

that morning, had to be deferred ; and we were not sorry, presently, to find ourselves at anchor. A boat shot out from the *Defence*, and ere long we were once more pacing the old familiar decks. We knew it not then, but it was the beginning of the end.





MOORISH BEGGARS, TANGIERS.





## CHAPTER X.

*The Caves—Ten Minutes Late—Much Concern about Pyramid and Van Stoker—Table d'Hôte—Night and the Alameda—A Last Landing—Searching for Vigo Plates—The Rocks of Shetland—Happy Cruises—Good-bye to Gib.—A Summons to the Flag Ship—The Cruise Cut Short—Van Stoker Cultivates the Flute—Homeward Bound—In the Bay of Biscay—Rough Weather—The M. B. Depressed—Pyramid and de Keyser go in for "Beggars My Neighbour"—Up Channel—Van Stoker Endeavours to Raise a Mortgage on his Irish Estates—Correspondence Thereon—At Portland Again—Cruising about the Channel—Torbay—Portsmouth—The Isle of Wight—A Royal Salute Off Osborne—Diminishing Numbers—Plymouth—Round the Coast—St. George's Channel—Up the Mersey—H. M. S. Defence Reaches her Moorings—A Last Good-bye.*

WE returned from Tangiers just in time to hear that they were illuminating the caves with blue lights, and on the chance of being not too late, Broadley and I started up the Rock in the rear of those who had gone before. Alas ! ere we could reach the caves the last light was extinguished, and profound darkness reigned once more. A few blue-jackets, who had assisted at the ceremony with candles, were still there, but with the best will in the world they only made



darkness yet more visible. The caves looked huge, mysterious, and impenetrable: and now you unexpectedly stumbled down half-a-dozen unseen steps, and now nearly fell into unprotected abysses on the right hand and on the left. Great columns of rock and high vaulted roofs gave one the impression of being in some ancient heathen temple that might have belonged to an extinct race of giants, and no doubt under the blue lights the effect was startling and splendid. We regretted our untoward fate; but to be ten minutes too late has before now turned the current of a life, and changed the fortunes of an empire.

After the intense outside heat, too, the caves were freezingly cold, and in a few minutes we were shivering as if ague stricken. So after sundry falls and half-a-dozen breakneck escapes, we were glad to get back to daylight.

Not much longer would the Reserve Squadron grace the waters of Gibraltar Bay. The view from this point, half way up the Rock, was, and ever must be, one of singular beauty and interest. The hill sloped gradually to the town, and nearly all it possessed of verdure and vegetation immediately surrounded us. The town, reaching to the calm bay, seemed hot and crowded. To the left, Europa Point looked towards the African coast. We fancied ourselves just able to discern its outlines, and mark the spot where stood Tangiers, late scene of our exploits and anxieties. Broadley, indeed, had recovered marvellously, and was himself again. But merely to gaze

across the straits and imagine the outlines and undulations of Tangiers brought back all yesterday's experiences.

"Nothing less than a shame," said Broadley, looking out over the water in a dreamy sort of way, "that you should have been so bothered, and half our short visit wasted by the indiscretion of lemon tea! Who knows when we may find ourselves there again? Don't you think we ought to warn everybody against that tea?"

"Hardly necessary," I returned. "The decoction was particularly nauseous. I wondered how in the world you got through so much of it. But we left one trouble behind us only to come back to another."

"What's that?" said Broadley. "You mean that after all we are not to see the waters of Vigo?"

"No," I replied. "That is disappointing, of course, but I referred more particularly to Van Stoker. If he continues to write letters and love sonnets at this rate, his brain must inevitably give way. Did you observe the cargo he sent on shore in the steam pinnace just before we landed? The pinnace was nearly swamped. He will surely have to raise a mortgage on his Irish estates to cover the expenses of postage. And do you see that the *Defence* has nearly righted herself?—that list to starboard has all but disappeared."

"Wonderful!" cried Broadley, unable to restrain a laugh, notwithstanding the solemnity of the subject. "He was sitting on the locker when we got back from Tangiers, gazing into vacancy, and looked wan

and pale. I tried to rouse him into better spirits, but it wouldn't do ; he sighed profoundly, and seemed to measure the depth of the water. The poor fellow's terribly unstrung, but the homeward voyage will do wonders for him."

"Then there's Pyramid," I continued, "who is getting almost as bad. I went down into his cabin for a few minutes' chat, and there he was, Sanskrit in one hand, pressed lily in the other, dividing his attention between the two. 'Congratulate me!' said he. 'The Admiral has given orders that instead of proceeding to Vigo we are to return to Arosa Bay. He must have heard about the lily and done this for my sake. When I think that in a few days I shall once more see *her*, have an opportunity of rescuing *her* from those barbarian gaolers, I feel transported to Elysium realms. Tell me,' he added (calling me by my nickname on board: we all had our distinguishing titles, which more or less fitted into some individual trait or distinctive characteristic), 'do you think it would be possible to smuggle her into the *Defence*?'"

"Sheer madness!" cried Broadley to me, in consternation. "Surely you didn't hold out any encouragement?"

"I'm afraid I did," I answered, guiltily. "For the life of me I can't help sympathizing with him. 'Would you give up your cabin to her?' he asked, 'and I'll give mine up to you, and get Dr. O'Thwartigan to certify that I am suffering from accelerated action of the heart, and must have an uninterrupted current of fresh air. I can have a temporary shake-

down under the wind-sail in the ward-room, or take up my quarters among the charts.' "

"And what did you say?" cried Broadley, looking like Jove ready to launch forth thunderbolts.

"Said I'd help him all I could," I answered. "But as that amounts to a mere nothing, I felt I was not committing any great indiscretion. I left him contemplating the lily; no doubt he is gazing at it now. But," I continued, "what a disappointment to *us*, who have no fair captive to rescue, to miss the waters of Vigo; to lose Seville, with its rich orange groves, its beautiful women, famous in song and story, its ancient buildings. We might almost have had a second edition of the Alhambra—if, indeed, that were possible."

"And what about the bull-fight?" demanded Broadley.

"A case of playing Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. To us it will be no loss, since we had made up our minds never to see another. If one love in a life is enough, so is one bull-fight."

All this time we were gazing on the broad waters of the Straits. Across the bay the little town of Algeciras reposed under the shadow of the hills. On all sides mountains rose in wavy outlines, sleeping and hazy in the hot sunshine. On the waters below us, the Fleet looked noble and stately. We could almost fancy we saw Van Stoker gazing into vacancy, hear Pyramid sighing from intense bliss. Darrille was lying down with an attack of neuralgia, a more constant friend to him even than it was to me.

Darcy had landed, and was ransacking the town for art treasures and curious photographs.

The afternoon was on the wane ; we were hot and tired. Instead of returning on board to dinner, we decided to take it quietly, dine at the hotel, join the "idle throng" on the Alameda, and get back in the cool and darkness of the night.

In the broiling sun we made our way down to the pleasant but as yet deserted gardens, whiled away half an hour in the well-supplied Reading-room and Library, and then found it was time to saunter towards the hotel. The table d'hôte was crowded, the heat tropical. Some of the male guests had started fans, which they used diligently as ladies. It looked slightly ridiculous, but was probably an aid to digestion. The dinner was well-dressed, the wines were well-iced ; but when it came to dessert, I remembered a scene in the hall not many days ago, when the old Jew brought out a lovely basket from the unlovely folds of his abba—and I passed the fruit. "Where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise," is more true than many sayings that have become proverbs. And, seeing others' going in extensively for luscious figs black with ripeness, and sweet water grapes, and apricots and greengages, that here are more countless than the stones in the streets, I kept my own counsel and regretted my own experience.

When the sun had gone down, and the stars began to appear one by one in the darkening skies, the Alameda was crowded with people taking the air, and enjoying the strains of the band that, in the still night,

went floating far away over the water. Spanish women, some graceful and captivating in mantillas, others, following the fashion of their English sisters, very much less so in hats and bonnets, coquetted to and fro, and threw out killing glances from their deep-fringed lids, and looked out upon the water where the vessels of the Fleet had gradually become misty and intangible, like so many Flying Dutchmen, and now could be discerned only by the lights flashing from port and starboard. English and Spanish mingled and fraternized. Yet how different were the dark, southern beauties from our own fair countrywomen. The one all fire and passion, swayed by their emotions, ready to risk all for love and intrigue; the other, inwardly pure as outwardly they are fair and lovely and of good report.

It was our last night in Gibraltar, but we knew it not. As we went down to the Ragged Staff, and put off for the *Defence*, we flattered ourselves we should have one more evening on shore. It was not to be. Instead of sailing on the Friday morning, according to our original programme, we were to weigh anchor at five o'clock on Thursday afternoon and begin the turning point in the cruise—our homeward journey.

Thus on Thursday morning, after lunch, we went into Gibraltar for the last time. Only a few of us cared to do so. Like the end of all things: the last pages of a novel, the conclusion of a long day's journey, even the accomplishment of a hard task: enthusiasm with many began to flag, and the mild excitements of novelty and change, that on first

reaching the old Rock had been sufficient to raise a human interest, now grew flat, stale and unprofitable. And yet it is not necessary to read sermons in stones to make them attractive. All phases of life have their daily record of light and shade. Those who live in view of an exquisite landscape never weary of it, because it has its changes for every hour of the day, almost for every day of the year. So he who observes character ever so slightly, will, in the humblest life and most ordinary occupation, find some new fact or freak of fancy worthy a passing thought. Under such conditions all days, all phases, and all lives have their charm.

We landed and made the most of our last afternoon. I had undertaken a commission that I thought would be difficult, and which proved impossible. Pyramid wanted some more Vigo plates to add to his already abundant store, and the greater part of the afternoon was spent in fruitless endeavours to collect a few scattered specimens. The shops had been too well ransacked already ; an army of human locusts had passed over them, and not a fragment had escaped.

Gibraltar is very different from Tangiers, and bazaars innumerable tempt the speculative and the daring. I do not think one was left unvisited, and we spent a small fortune in cab hire. Useless labour and cost. The bazaar owners will long remember the visit of the First Reserve Squadron, and probably prayed that this year might bring it again to its shores.

But for this year a far different and less interesting cruise was mapped out. Heligoland and Bergen, the quiet waters of Shetland, and the dull regions of Orkney formed the greater part of a monotonous and uneventful programme. And Orkney and Shetland are essentially spots not to be visited unless you have friends in the islands who will acquaint you with their bearings, and bring to light the hidden secrets and beauties of the waters.

The rocks of Shetland, indeed, might well tempt one to a long sojourn amidst them, and day by day they will only be more passionately loved. But many a wanderer to the islands returns without any idea that he has been in the neighbourhood of a rocky coast, wilder and more beautiful than anything we possess in England; where myriads of birds make their home, rise at your approach, and darken the air with their numbers, and scream and cry with that wild clang that to many an ear is sweeter than the sweetest music.

I never hear the passing cry of a sea-gull but at once there rises up a vivid picture of days and weeks spent in that distant archipelago; cruises in and out of rocks and caves; nooks so gigantic, so hollow, so reverberating, that the cry of a single bird would startle you with its power and its echoes. Days when the sea was tossing and the winds blew, and our little yacht was the only craft bold enough to venture out upon the waters. Scenes indescribably wild and grand, when the waves dashed against the rocks and the spray fell back with passionate force,



or the advancing swell rolled into the hollows and broke with a sound of thunder; and the wind would tear round and round the rocks, and over the water, and sweep down from the land with treacherous force; and we with difficulty, and a temerity that never came to grief and defied warnings, would steer our little boat into some small natural harbour formed by the rocks and the ages.

There we would land and rest, and revel in the fury of the elements and the sense of wild freedom that is the most delicious experience on earth. And the birds in countless numbers would rise and wheel around, and clang and scream, and watch us curiously as we lighted our lamp and boiled our coffee, and brought out our sandwich boxes. The smell of the salt sea, and the fresh blowing wind, the blue skies, and the bright, hot sunshine, all remain in the memory, tinged with that melancholy that all pleasures past and gone for ever carry with them.

Many a time on these wild days, when the less venturesome folk of Lerwick prophesied the return of an empty and inverted boat, we have rounded the rocks by the "Giant's Leg," and turned the corner which brings the still distant harbour into view. Perhaps we have been two hours beyond our time—dinner was ordered for seven, it is now nine: but who can measure the uncertainty of winds and waves?—and in the gathering twilight, on the point beyond the Widows' Asylum, stands the figure of a woman, with her hand shading her eyes and her garments fluttering in the wild wind. And we have recognized

our good and anxious landlady, Mrs. Sinclair of Leog, who, perhaps for the twentieth time, has wended her way to the point, to gaze seawards in the hope of discovering signs of the tardy wanderers. No one without experience can even faintly imagine the unspeakable pleasure of such days and scenes. Nature is here in her grandest aspect, her wildest moods, her most solemn influences. In a word, we have reached the height of all healthy and possible emotion.

But we have wandered far from Gibraltar and the Reserve Squadron, and if we do not hasten back we shall be left behind. For on that Thursday afternoon we were to depart, and bid farewell to the town, the Rock, the monkeys that we had never seen, the submarine and mysterious passage leading across to Africa that we had no wish to see. So, our afternoon wasted in fruitless search after Vigo plates and Lisbon pottery, we returned to the *Defence*.

On the very point of departure, a signal was made for the Captains of the Fleet to assemble on board the Flag Ship. The result was awaited with some wonder and speculation. Only too soon we learnt that the cruise of the Reserve Squadron for 1882 was virtually over. Orders had arrived from England for our immediate return. Affairs in the East looked unsettled and alarming; England was left without ships of war; we were to proceed at once to her shores. Vigo had already been abandoned, and we should not again see Arosa Bay. All this was matter for regret. I had had a longing once more to enter the wild and

lovely wilderness where that "rosebud garden of girls" had showered hospitality upon us ; had longed once more to revel in those rich geranium blooms, those shady avenues, the exquisite view of the blue waters of the bay, and the undulating hills surrounding the harbour. There would be no fresh lily for Pyramid, no rescue for the Fair Maid, who must now rattle her captive chains in transports of agony and despair. Nothing but the direct voyage home awaited us : the coast line of Spain and Portugal, the capricious waters of the Bay of Biscay, the English Channel—and Finis.

Instinctively I looked for Pyramid. He had disappeared. Had gone down to the M. B., borrowed "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs," and a volume of "Tracts on the Misdirection of the Affections," with which he retired to the solitude of his cabin. But an opposite effect was produced in Van Stoker. His spirits began to rise from the first, his complexion returned, all signs of approaching decline dissolved and disappeared. Instead of writing love sonnets, he took to playing the flute, and whilst congratulating him on his improved appearance, we consoled with one another on his diversified occupation. All day long he rang the changes of, "In my Cottage near a Wood," and "Orinthia ; or, the Pilgrim of Love," until we felt that the Dead March in Saul or the chromatic scale, would have been a welcome and enlivening variation.

Soon after five o'clock, then, on the Thursday afternoon, the ships weighed anchor, and in solemn

state steamed away from Gibraltar. Leaving the quiet waters of the bay, they passed out into the broader channel of the straits. The Rock, the town, Algeciras on one hand, the coast of Africa on the other—all would soon be to us a scene of the past. They took up their positions in two lines of four and three, and began the return journey. For many days we should not touch land. All change and adventure was over. Sail drill and manœuvres would alone break the monotony of the days; and for our evenings we might return to our books, Sanskrit, whist, our improving conversations, and our "Small and Early" parties.

At the latter the M. B. as a rule took the chair, for they were generally held in his cabin, and serious topics were the special delight of his life. Tea and coffee were occasionally handed round as restoratives, but the most popular beverage was what the French call *eau sucrée*, flavoured with a few drops of orange-flower water. Everything of a stronger nature was strictly banished from the meetings. In some of the other vessels of the Fleet, the favourite refreshment patronized was a horrible distillation known as Plymouth gin; but the small quantity on board the *Defence* was in the safe keeping of the worthy Dr. O'Thwartigan, who served it out in cases of emergency as he would any other of his nauseous pills and drugs. Before the end of the cruise we had most of us decided to join that excellent institution, the Blue Ribbon Army.

Pyramid even went further. We all agreed that

his splendid figure gave him the opportunity of doing good that he was at present culpably wasting. It would go far towards winning converts for the Salvation Army, especially in securing recruits for the "Hallelujah Maidens." He promised to take the matter into consideration. Thus we might be said to have amongst us on board all the elements of a Revival. But it is grievous to add that Pyramid, our strongest hope and most influential member, from a personal point of view, completely fell away from his enviable state of mind before the end of the cruise. We had a foe in the camp; a Canaanite in the land; for at the very last "Small and Early" on board, he made us vibrate with horror, by declaring that the Salvation Army was all humbug, and before joining the Blue Ribbons he would see them at Halifax.

Quietly and uneventfully the days passed after leaving Gibraltar. But the Bay of Biscay, calm and civil to us when outward bound, determined, in returning, to prove her powers of caprice. One day, especially, the sea from early morning transformed itself into great moving hills and valleys of water. The ships tossed and tumbled about in a manner alarming to weak nerves. It was impossible to walk the decks, or to keep even the semblance of a well-balanced mind and body. Now the other vessels disappeared as we sank into a watery vale that threatened to engulf us; and now we rose to the occasion on the top of a mountain, whence we could see our companions tossing about like floats, powerless as pigmies in the hands of a giant, yet holding on

their way, guided and kept in check by their small helm.

It was a grand sight and a grand day ; the only day during the whole cruise on which we saw a really heavy sea. And even on this occasion, the liquid hills and valleys went rolling along majestically, rising and falling, increasing and diminishing, but never breaking. Never breaking except when a roller hit the good old *Defence* a sharp broadside, that made her shiver as she ploughed through the angry trough. Then a shower of spray would break over her, and drench all those who stood in the way of this copious shower-bath, and swamp the decks, from which the water poured away through the scuppers, back whence they had come.

So it went on, hour after hour. The skies were dark and lowering. Throughout the afternoon we had a semi-darkness ; the waters looked now a dismal green, and now a cold, inky black. One shuddered at the very thought of the thousands who had gone down into its cruel depths. The wind roared and whistled through the rigging ; the timbers strained and cracked in vain protest against the fury of the elements. Worst of all, the temperature was cold, damp and shivery. From the moment of leaving Arosa Bay, outward bound, we had revelled in a tropical climate. If the weather had been intensely hot, the lightness of the air had made it not only bearable, but delicious. Letter after letter from England recorded a cold summer and wet days and grey skies, with no warmth or beauty in them. And

we had made the most of our happier lot whilst sympathizing with a state of things that in England seemed to have become chronic, since year after year brought much the same experience.

To-day, in the Bay of Biscay, we had returned to a northern, unwelcome climate. How we regretted the warm days of Arosa Bay and Gibraltar, Granada and Tangiers—how we longed to return to that climate that now by comparison seemed a very paradise—cannot be told. To attempt to sit down to meals might be described as Love's Labour Lost. Now a watery valed sent us all rolling one way into each other's arms, a confusion of tongues, chairs, unseated members, groans and laughter; and now rising to the summit of a billowy Mont Blanc, everything and everyone went sprawling in an opposite direction.

At tiffin it was bad enough, but at dinner it was worse, and after sundry attempts one or two of us gave up the experiment and retired to the sofas. Notably Pyramid, who having received the contents of a plate of scalding soup over him, excused himself with what sounded very like an inverted benediction, and took up a recumbent position. I quickly followed so good an example, and from our grateful couches we watched the manœuvres of those still at table, the miracles hungry human nature can accomplish, the difficulties determination will overcome.

There was no whist that evening, no improving conversation, no "Small and Early." Even Darcy, in vain attempt to take his usual interest in his art

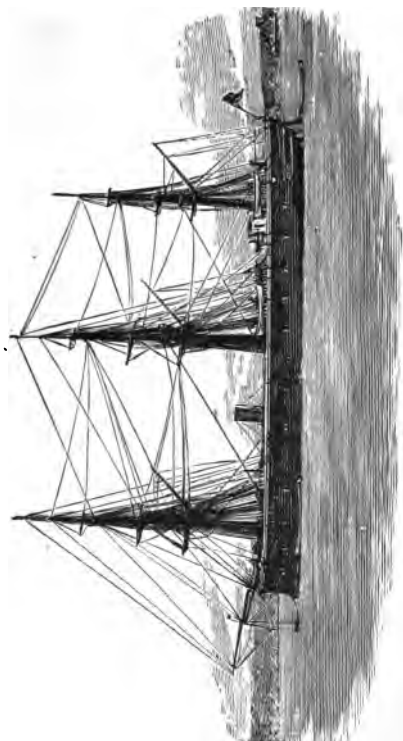
treasures and black paper silhouettes—as improving to the mind in their peculiar way as the M. B.'s little lectures—put them up and went to bed. The M. B. himself was dull and dispirited, and appealed to his senior on board, the worthy Dr. O'Thwartigan, as to whether, under the circumstances, his usual evening dose of eau sucrée might be flavoured with a few drops of Plymouth gin in place of the usual orange-flower water. But the worthy doctor not seeing sufficient reason for a breach of the ordinary rules (he was as anxious as we were for the M. B.'s welfare and happiness, and they were excessively attached to each other), negatived the suggestion. Whereupon the amiable M. B. retired in wretched spirits to his cabin, and spent the remainder of the evening among the tombs with his favourite Hervey. (Pyramid had returned him the book by this time, much consoled by its cheerful and comfortable pages, and inspired with an exhilarating conviction of the mutability of all earthly things.)

Greatest miracle of all, Wakeham this evening was silent. De Keyser had taken a dose of anti-fat, and abandoned his evening deck-walk of four miles, measured by a pedometer, and had retired to his own cabin in company with Pyramid, for a game of "Beggar My Neighbour." They were both partial to this very innocent distraction; never played for money if they could help it; and "Beggar My Neighbour" was just sufficiently exciting to make the time pass pleasantly. I once thoughtlessly proposed a game at Loo, and shall never forget the combined



horror of the countenances around me. A proposal to blow up the Fleet would hardly have created as much sensation. Not only was it against the rules of the Service, but it was a device of the Evil One for the ruin of soul and body. They first thought of reporting my suggestion to the Captain, but finally contented themselves with composing a special prayer for me against the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, to be publicly used in next Sunday's service. I am glad to say that I was soon brought to a better frame of mind, and restored to their full favour and confidence.

Time passed; we entered the waters of the English Channel, and felt very near home. Having started from Portland, so in like manner we were to return to it. Again that subtle change crept over everyone that marks the end of all things. During the cruise our interests had all been in common; now each looked at life from a separate point of view. There would shortly be a sort of general break-up in the camp. Broadley was leaving on promotion. Wakeham had applied to be sent out to Egypt, and received an affirmative answer. Van Stoker, who had joined merely for the Cruise, was naturally burning to be away. He had packed up his flute, turned generally restless and unsettled, and felt like Othello, his occupation gone. It was useless to write love letters, since he would himself precede them. The expense of postage, moreover, had been ruinous, and he confided to me that in the unsatisfactory state of Ireland, he doubted whether a mortgage upon his



H.M.S. "DEFENCE."



estates would realize sufficient to cover his postal liabilities. Under the present management, every possible facility had been given for a general division of Irish property to everyone who could prove that he had no possible claim thereon. This being the state of affairs, who, in their senses, would accept a mortgage? We all declined it on the spot, even under the most favourable conditions. Wayle alone—another supernumerary lieutenant, who, during the cruise, had developed a general talent for argumentativeness—said he would have taken the mortgage if he could, but he couldn't. So, on reaching Portland, Van Stoker wrote to his solicitors, and received in due course the following answer:—

“DEAR SIR,—We have done our utmost to raise a mortgage upon your Irish Estates, but without success. Half a dozen of our best and most venturesome clients quite refuse to accept them even at a gift. Others remark that, in course of time, Irish property will be cut up into portions, and divided amongst the people as a reward for general good conduct, love of peace, and a singular regard for the laws of *meum* and *tuum*. Under these circumstances, we recommend you to endeavour to *sell* the property. We might possibly obtain a price which would enable you to cover the legal expenses of our claim in this transaction. Yours truly,

“HOWARD & DEVONSHIRE.”

This would never do. So Van Stoker proceeded

to memorialize the Home Office for a remittance of the immense sums he had spent in postage. Everyone said he must be mad to expect a favourable reply. But the result proved that his confidence had not been misplaced. It ran as follows :

“DEAR SIR,—We shall be happy to return to you the enormous amounts spent in franking your letters. (Permit us to ask by the way—not from vulgar curiosity, but as a guide for ourselves—how many hundred secretaries you employ.) We cannot, however, afford to send you so large a sum in specie, and have therefore arranged to hand you over 10,000 acres of Irish property in the County of Donoughmore. A mutual benefit will thus be conferred, and we remain, dear Sir, yours gratefully,

“WHITEHALL & CO.”

Van Stoker took time to consider, and the matter dropped.

To go back.

In state and dignity the Reserve Squadron proceeded up Channel. With what mixed feelings we passed again each well-known point and object ! How much had we seen and experienced since, outward bound, we had gazed upon those ruddy cliffs and bold rocks, those verdant slopes and undulating hills ! The very sunshine had seemed gilded with the pleasures of imagination. Now our ardour was damped by the ending of a cruise that had been singularly pleasant, the dispersion of companions

distinguished by a harmony of tastes and pastimes, profitable studies, and a love for discussions on profound and serious topics. The give-and-take principle of life, secret of all good fellowship, had never been absent. Very soon, how widely dispersed would our various lines become!

Dr. O'Thwartigan longed for that repose which domestic felicity could alone impart. His junior, the amiable M. B., panted for the hour when he should rejoin his debating society, and give forth to the world the pamphlet that should revolutionize modern thought, and bring lasting confusion to all followers of Darwin. Wakeham was wild with excitement at the prospect of going out to Egypt, where undoubtedly he would distinguish himself, and add to his already numerous decorations. It is unnecessary to describe Van Stoker's emotions, or his immediate destination. So we all had our various lines to traverse, except those who, like Darrille and Darcy, Pyramid and the Commander, must still, for many a long month to come, stand by the good old *Defence*.

So passed the final hours. One morning, in the grey, cold dawn, I was awakened out of a sound sleep by a message to the effect that "Captain Broadley, sir, would be glad if you could join him on the bridge."

Up I went, in the chilling atmosphere. It was neither night nor day, though light was momentarily increasing. In solemn silence, the vessels of the Reserve Squadron, were passing within the breakwater

of Portland. Before us was the well-known little island, singularly enough bearing in outline some faint, diminutive resemblance to Gibraltar. We had left the Rock in the warmth and glow and brightness of sunshine—how grateful by comparison ! Portland looked gloomy and cheerless, cold and inhospitable ; reflecting, as it were, the sorrows of its destiny. Weymouth, to the right, still slept. It would wake up to find once more the vessels of the Fleet exactly where they were some weeks ago, and to wonder whether the interval had been a dream, the vacant waters imagination. One by one the vessels passed round the breakwater, and took up their positions. Then, at a given signal from the Flag Ship, down went the anchors with a simultaneous splash and rattle. The cruise was over.

Yet not quite over. We had returned to England, it is true, but our time was not up, and it was soon found that the vessels were not yet to disperse. As usual, contradictory rumours were afloat. Now it was said that we were merely to cruise about the Channel ; and now that we were to go over to Cherbourg to pay our French neighbours a visit. Time would show ; and time very quickly showed that we were not again to leave English waters, or to lose sight of the English coast.

The succeeding days were not the least delightful of the whole cruise. The hours passed in that delicious idleness that is the height of luxury to those whose ordinary life is one of hard work. In the morning, sometimes we would go a-fishing—and

invariably return with empty baskets. It was evident that there were no fish in the sea ; or they had all been caught ; or they had gone cruising to other shores. In the afternoon we would land and stroll about Portland, or the quiet, very uneventful streets of Weymouth, and lounge away an hour at the club, and always get back in time for dinner—that most important event of daily life. Here, too, off Portland, we had the long-deferred regatta. The day was perfect, and the afternoon passed in the excitement of competition. The men of the *Defence* carried off the First Prize, and one or two of the funnier races provoked roars of laughter.

One afternoon we went from Weymouth to see the famous Swannery at Lord Ilchester's. Nowhere else in England exists the singular sight of many hundred birds flying across the water at the whistle of the keeper, flapping their wings and clamouring to be fed. It is one of the prettiest drives out of Weymouth ; the village is interesting, and the inn was everything that was pleasant and comfortable. A neat-handed Phyllis, with more than her share of good looks, waited on us : whilst a modest bride and bridegroom, who had not expected an invasion, went and hid their blushes and their happiness in the lanes, wandering about the earth that for them was just now evidently a paradise. From an old piano in the corner, we did our best to draw forth strains of triumph in honour of the happy pair, but they were not to be charmed into return. No melody or harmony could equal that existing in their own



hearts. We passed out of their existence, and presently returned to the *Defence*.

We steamed down Channel, and put into Torbay one Saturday night. The unexpected advent of seven ships of war surprised the good people; perhaps alarmed them, until they found out that our intentions were friendly, and our motives honourable. Never during the whole cruise had the vessels looked to greater advantage than when at anchor in these waters, framed, as they were, in an exquisite setting of fertile, undulating hills. There are few lovelier spots in England. We landed on Sunday morning, but the sea was so rough, the wind so boisterous, that we had hard work to reach the steps. There we battled with wind and water and stone, which did their best to swamp us, but failed. A few hours on shore passed only too quickly, in finding out old friends and wandering about the beautiful "irregularities" of Torquay; and then we found that getting back to the Fleet was a yet harder task than we had had in the morning. At five o'clock in the evening we started again for Portland.

The Fleet left Portland for Portsmouth. Here we went round the Isle of Wight, one of the prettiest and pleasantest sights of the whole cruise. The green spots of the island, the graceful undulations, so beautifully wooded, the well-placed houses, form, as it were, a succession of park-like scenes. We felt very much as if gazing upon enchanted ground. Opposite Osborne, where Her Majesty was then

in residence, we fired a Royal salute. The ships anchored off Portsmouth, and, soon after, the Admiral finally resigned Command of the Squadron. Passing between the lines, his Royal Highness made for Osborne.

The Cruise of the Reserve Squadron was now virtually over. It remained only for each vessel to return to its station. Here Van Stoker left us, and the ward-room went into mourning. Wayle also departed. Broadley, alas, had left us days and days ago, within a few hours of first reaching Portland ; and the old *Defence* looked so strange without him, and the ward-room so empty, that I would fain have departed also. But Captain Jago (now Admiral Jago, for he has since obtained Flag Rank) declared he would treat me as a deserter if I left the ship ; and it required neither humorous threat nor great persuasion to induce me to accept the invitation, and take up my quarters with one of the kindest, most hospitable and most courteous men in this wide world of ours ; who, out of the abundance of an overflowing heart, made the weeks that followed, weeks never to be forgotten ; charged with a grateful recollection neither time nor change could efface.

Our numbers were diminishing. The *Defence* proceeded on to Plymouth, where Wakeham left for Egypt, via London. We were fortunate enough to come in for the Plymouth Regatta, and one of the prettiest sights imaginable was to see the graceful yachts with their white sails, flying out seawards from one end of the breakwater, and coming in at the

other. Here, alas, another of our diminishing numbers departed: one who had contributed much to the life and soul of the cruise; had been full of fun and wit; always ready for anything that was going on, often the first to propose some active scheme of enjoyment. Mr. Edward Jago left us amidst lamentations and mourning and woe.

It now remained for us to make our way round to Rock Ferry. The weather was simply celestial. The lovely Devonshire coast never looked more tempting. I know not whether day or night was the more exquisite enjoyment. Not a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the water. All through, it was a sea of glass; a painted ocean. We rounded the Land's End and passed the grand rocks of Tintagel and Boscastle, and all that lovely and romantic coast. By day we had broad sunshine and blue skies, and by night the time of full moon had once more come round.

It was impossible not to draw a comparison between this hour, pleasant as it was, and that other hour when the moon, in full orb'd brightness, had lighted up that magic scene in Granada—the halls and courts of the Alhambra. How vividly it came back to us! How, not only the whole marvellous panorama, but every minute detail seemed stamped for ever upon the memory. How we longed to put back the dial of our lives and find ourselves once more in the midst of those days and experiences that never could return; even though fate or fortune might very possibly at some future time lead us

over the same ground. The first press of the grape is the sweetest. Things never do repeat themselves ; there is always a difference ; and imagination magnifies that difference into a mighty change.

Onward up St. George's Channel. Every hour was bringing us nearer the final end. The last morning dawned, and outside Liverpool the *Defence* halted to discharge her quarter's ammunition. It was a second edition of our work outside Arosa Bay. Pyramid alone shrank from the ordeal. It opened up old wounds, and called to remembrance a fair captive, languishing in hopeless expectation of his return. I found the lily between his Sanskrit, and on the margin of the page he had written the pathetic verses beginning "The heart bowed down." Darcy had more than once asked him for the lily, to add to his matchless collection of photographs and black paper silhouettes, gathered from all parts of the world, and combining many of the beauties of nature and of art. But Pyramid could never be brought to part with it. He confided to me that when they had settled down again, he intended to have the lily cremated, and wear the ashes in a locket.

Round after round of ammunition went thundering out to sea. We all grew black and smoke dried, and thought what a blessing it was this firing occurred only four times a year. Then the torpedo had to be launched, and we had lost our gunnery lieutenant, and his successor had not yet joined, and what was

to be done? Darrille came to the rescue. He had read up for the occasion, and the torpedo went off with signal success. The target disappeared into the depths of the sea or the heights of the clouds; and the firing was over.

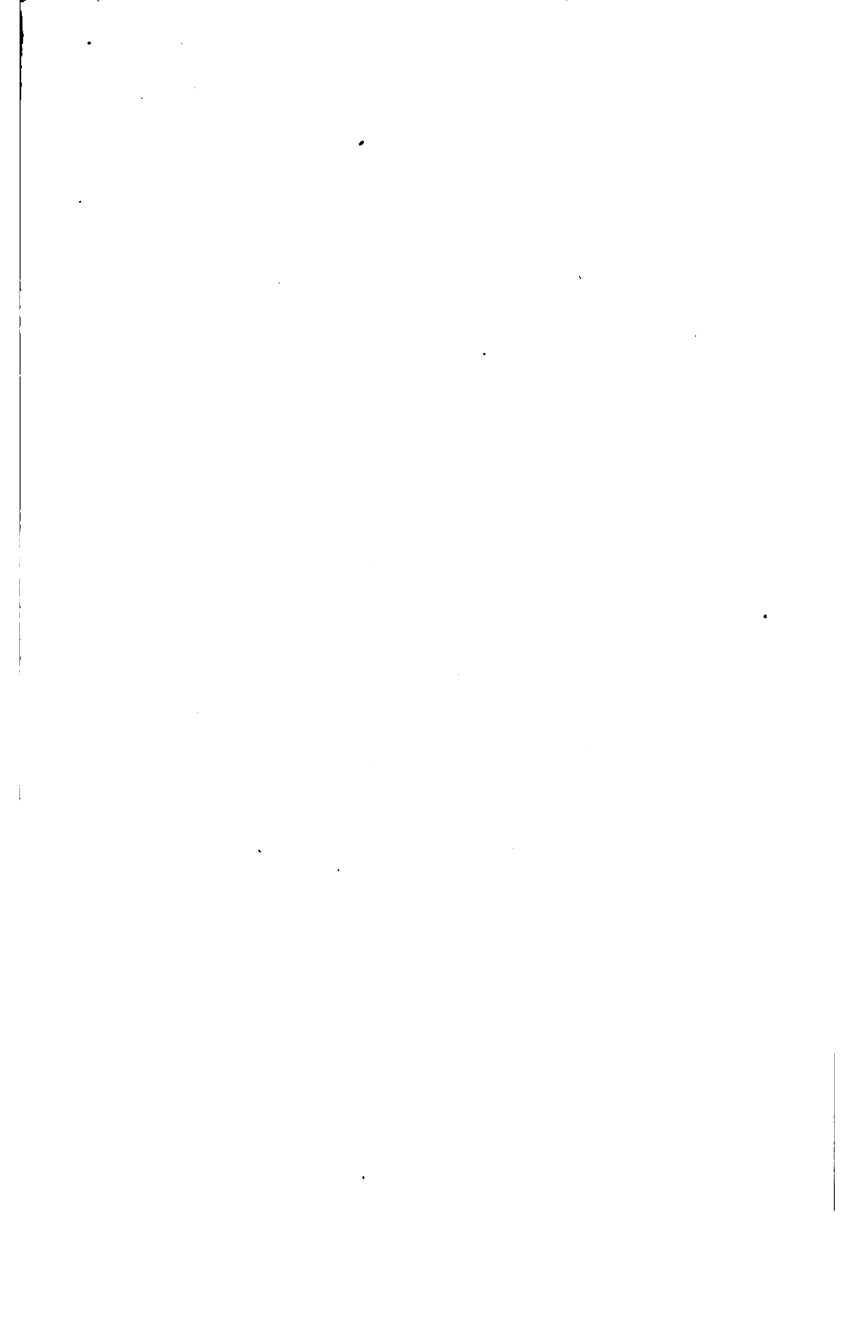
Up the Mersey: the banks on each side narrowing and showing more and more life and activity as we neared that centre of wealth and industry. Reaching Liverpool we found ourselves in a forest of masts, a world of energy and enterprise, a hive of human bees; everything that was great and prosperous, but prosy and commonplace. So great a contrast to our late life was too violent and unromantic to bear contemplation. What consolation is there in telling us that we cannot have our cake and eat it too? Very few of us are philosophers, and none of us are always philosophic. Yet must we make up our minds to adopt the motto of the Eastern King: "THIS ALSO SHALL PASS AWAY." To-day we visit the tombs of our friends, and tomorrow other friends visit ours. So when, at 1.40 on that Monday afternoon, the *Defence* reached her moorings at Rock Ferry, and the anchors went down with a last run and rattle, the sound fell upon the ear with something of the knell of departed hope.

Yet there had not yet been one drawback to record, one regret to register. The glass of life had been turned for us with glowing hands. Our days had been gilded with sunshine. Perhaps we might realize the full pleasure of the cruise only when the flight of

time should prove how much memory had laid up in store for the future. A recollection of scenes, events, adventures, infinitely pleasant companionship, that in the passing away left behind them no sorrow and no sadness save the inevitable penalty of retrospection.

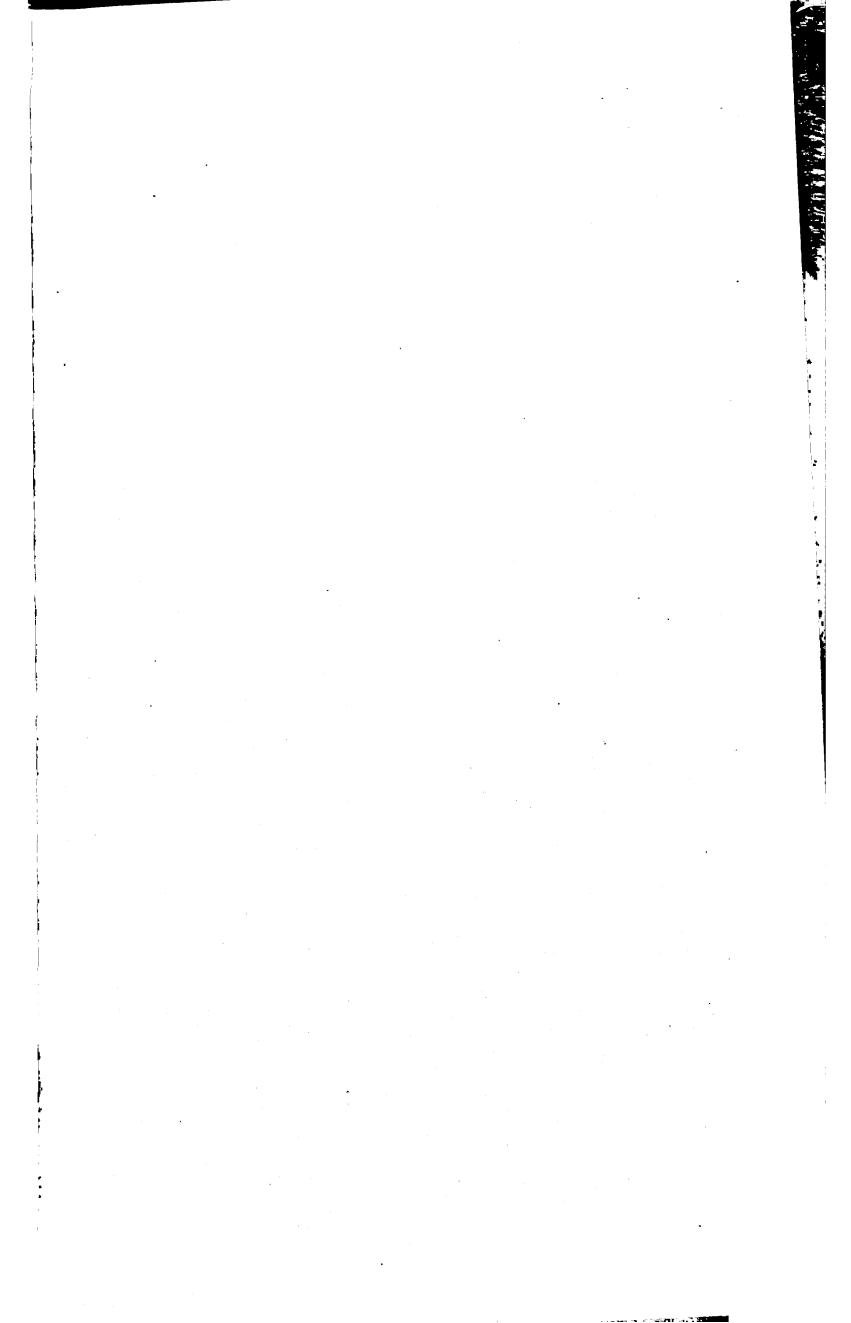
THE END.

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